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A Week Inside the WHITE HOUSE

By ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

•

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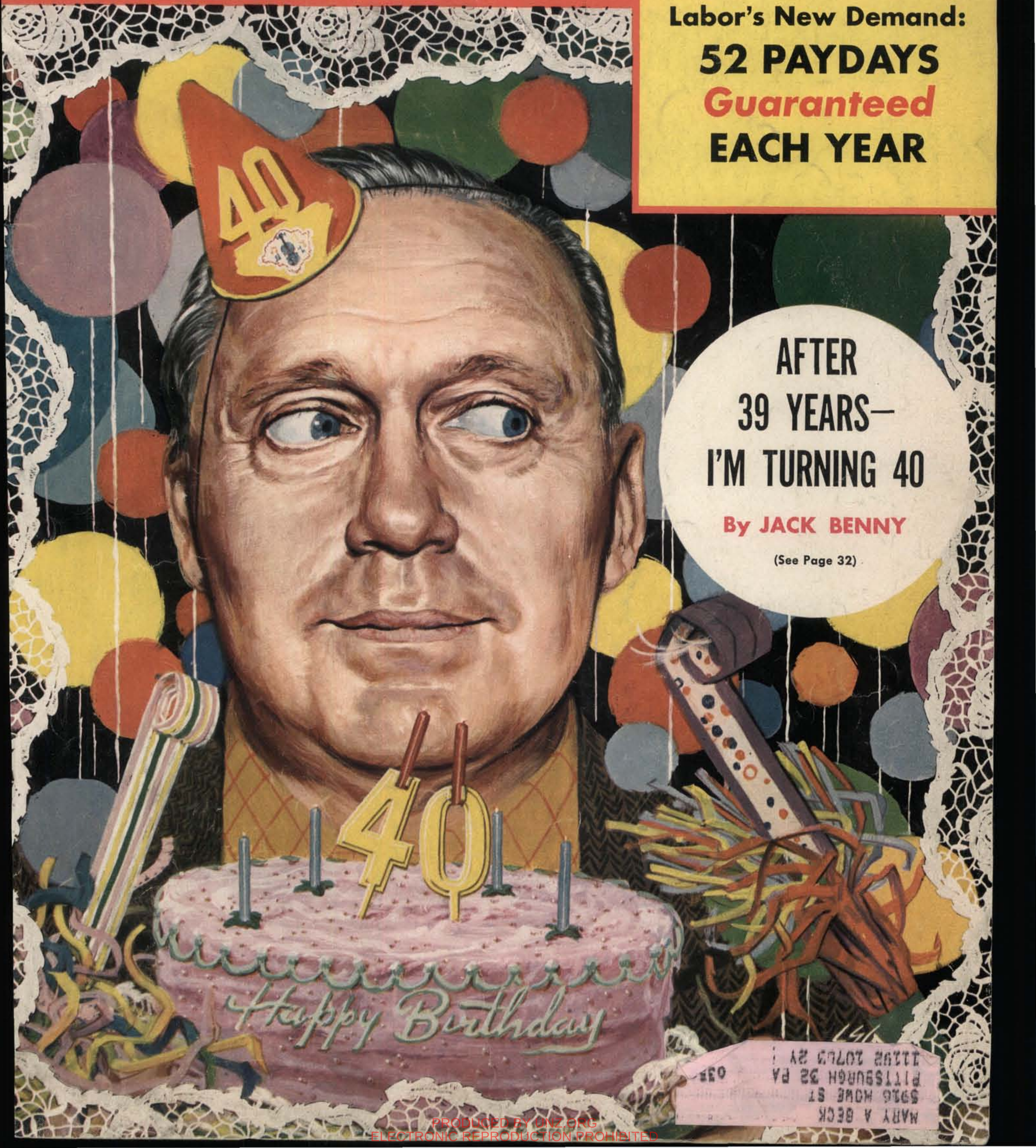

AFTER 39 YEARS— I'M TURNING 40

By JACK BENNY

(See Page 32)

MARY A BECK
5916 HOWE ST
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Which Hot Toddy has the Calvert?

DON'T GET ALL STEAMED UP when we tell you that there truly is a difference. Although these Hot Toddies both look delicious and are equally spiced with cloves and cinnamon, your taste could tell which one has the smoother, mellower Calvert Reserve.

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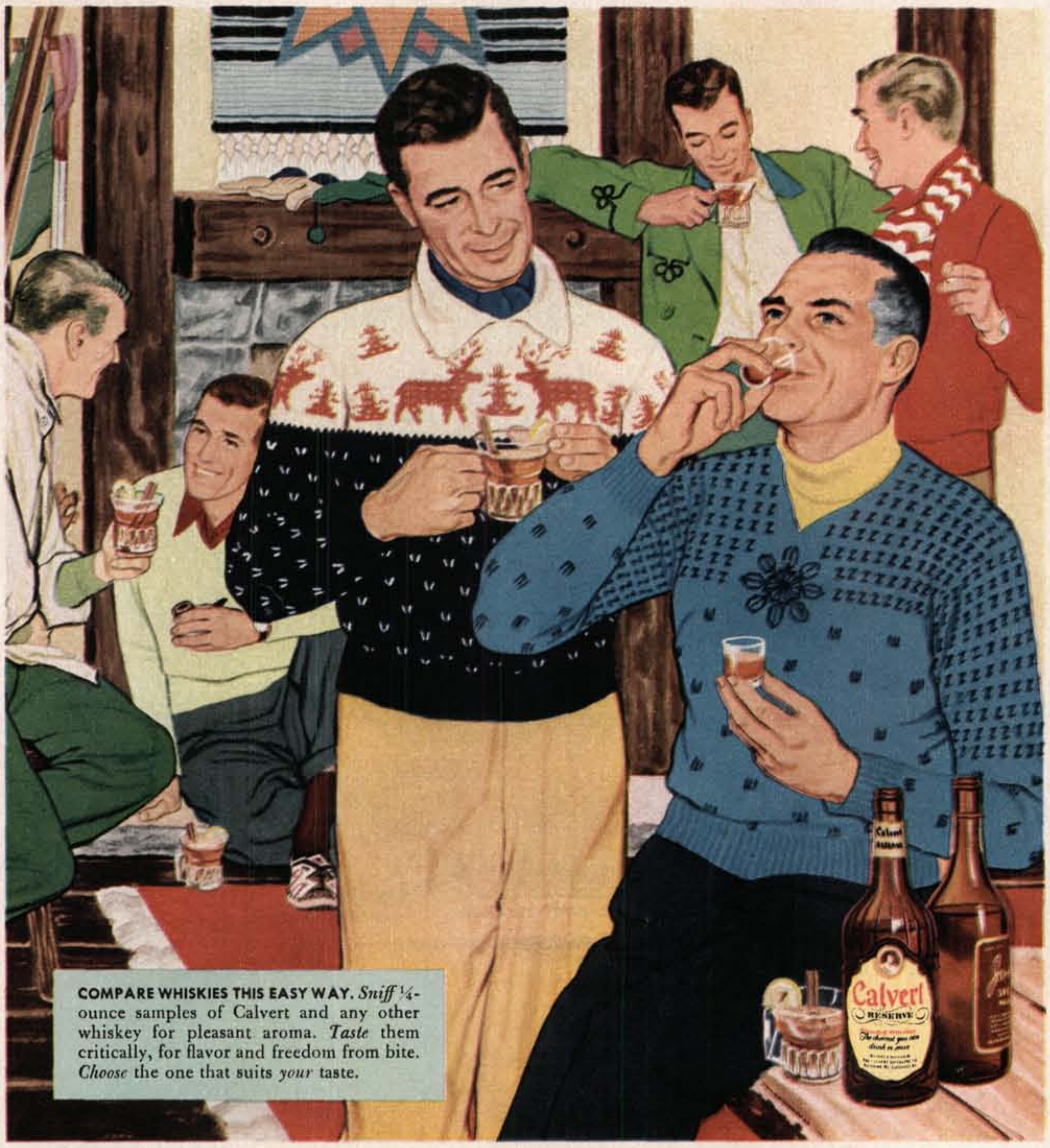

COMPARE WHISKIES THIS EASY WAY. *Sniff* ¼-ounce samples of Calvert and any other whiskey for pleasant aroma. *Taste* them critically, for flavor and freedom from bite. *Choose* the one that suits *your* taste.

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It's a solemn occasion when a young fellow turns forty after being thirty-nine as far back as folks can remember. The big day has sneaked up on Jack Benny—it couldn't have caught him any other way—and on page 32 he lets the world in on the full story: how it feels, how it happened, future plans

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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FOR THE

Your HEART never takes a "holiday"

THINK for a moment of the work of your heart. In *one hour* it beats well over 4,000 times and pumps over 200 gallons of blood throughout the body. On and on it works for you . . . with only a fraction of a second's rest between beats. In fact, the heart is one of the hardest-working organs in the body.

Since the heart can never take a "holiday," it is wise for everyone . . . especially those who have reached middle age . . . to observe certain rules of living that may help the heart by lightening its load.

1. Keep your weight down. As we grow older, the heart finds it harder to do the extra work which excess weight places on it. While a normal heart is handicapped by obesity, the burden of excess pounds may be a particularly serious hazard for the heart that is impaired.

2. Make moderation the keynote of your daily living. When you rest, so does your heart. This is why sufficient sleep every night and plenty of relaxation are so important. You may help spare your heart possible strain if you avoid all excesses such as too much work under tension or strenuous exercise taken in "spurts."

3. Have all heart symptoms promptly investigated. Such symptoms as pain or a feeling of oppression in the chest, shortness of breath, rapid or irregular heartbeat cause untold worry and anxiety. While these symptoms *may* indicate heart trouble, they frequently are due to other causes and may be of little importance. Under any circumstances it is wise to have such symptoms promptly checked by your doctor.

4. Do not neglect periodic medical examinations. Regular check-ups often reveal heart disorders in their earliest stages when the chances for control . . . and perhaps cure . . . are best. It is wise to have complete examinations yearly . . . or as often as the doctor recommends.

Although heart disease is a major health problem, important gains are being made against it. Methods of diagnosis have become more exact and means of controlling many heart conditions increasingly effective. As a result, more and more heart patients today can lead happy, useful lives . . . and frequently enjoy their full span of years.

"New Hope for Hearts" is a slogan which reflects the objectives of many research agencies, including the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund. The latter, supported by 146 Life Insurance Companies, devotes its entire research program to diseases of the heart and blood vessels.

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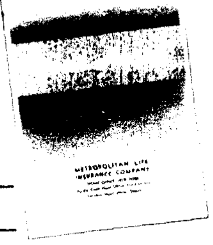

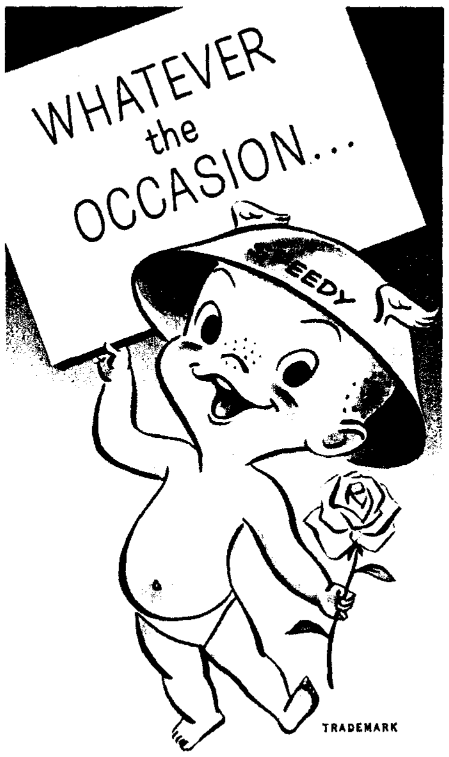

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Appointment with O'HARA

By JOHN O'HARA

IN WORK of this kind, no matter how hard we try to say nothing but nice things about the artistes, the authors, the producers and so forth, once in a while a slightly captious note may be sounded. But when I am compelled by my own artistic integrity to speak harshly of a performer, I always follow up with something sweet, if I remember to.

For example, I have to say (or my conscience wouldn't let me sleep nights) that Frank Sinatra's record of Birth of the Blues is the worst record he ever made. In conversation I might carelessly say it was the worst record I ever heard, but it is not the worst record I ever heard. It is only the worst Sinatra record I ever heard. My stand on Sinatra, by the way, is as follows: if I never heard him again, I wouldn't miss him. On the other hand, he does not as a rule annoy me. His imitators do. His imitators sound as though they all came from the same poolroom, somewhere in Kings County, New York. Before leaving home they might with profit have paid a visit to Kings County Hospital (2,509 beds) and had something done about those adenoids.

There, you see? I put the knock on Frankie Boy, and then immediately pat him on the back, and it is in much the same spirit that I offer my assistance to tyro radio announcers. If, after having examined the whole field of human enterprise, from abattoirist to zookeeper, you finally decide that what you'd rather be than anything else in the world is a radio announcer—I wish you luck. You should be warned that it is a fairly crowded occupation, with long waiting lists, but if you have completed the sixth grade, you have the necessary schooling. If you can master the mirthless laugh (*Ha ha HAAAAA*, with sharply rising inflection), you will fulfill the personality requirements. And if you like the jackets of your suits to be topcoat length, you pass the appearance test and are ready to go to work. It is said to be a good idea to get a job on a 50-watter for the experience, but this might throw you. The things you have to say might just possibly insult your intelligence, and that very fact would disqualify you from the Big Time. The things you have to say on a 50-watter are no different from the things you will have to say at 50,000 watts. On a 50-watter you merely say them oftener. So if you are going to be revolted, why not be revolted nationwidely?

Let us, then, pretend that you have signed on with one of the major networks and have been entrusted with the responsibility of conducting a coast-to-coast giveaway program. This is your big chance. You never have been a master of ceremonies before, but if you study Lesson XV of the O'Hara Institute How-To Courses (radio division) you will have nothing to worry about.

Lesson XV will prepare you for practically any morning or afternoon program and goes like this:

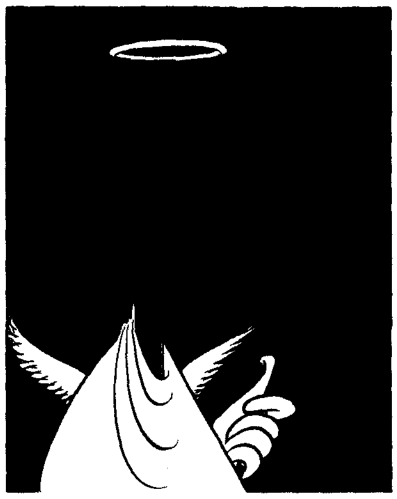
Master of Ceremonies: Good morning.

Contestant: Good morning.

M.C.: Wonderful! And what is your name, little lady?

Contestant: Mrs. Walter T. Carriman.

M.C.: Mrs. Walter—was that Walter? W-a-l-t-e-r?



AL HIRSCHFELD

I put the knock on Frankie Boy and then I pat him on the back

Contestant: That's right.

M.C.: Just wanted to get it straight, you know, Mrs. Carrington. And what's your first name again?

Contestant: Mary.

M.C.: Mary! Isn't that a grand old name? The late George M. Cohan used to sing about Mary. Did you ever hear of him?

Contestant: Don't think so.

M.C.: Well, that was a long time ago, Mary, and you don't look like you been around a very long time.

Contestant: That's right.

M.C.: And where did you say you were from?

Contestant: Bivalve, New Jersey.

M.C.: Wonderful! Wonderful! And do they listen to our program there?

Contestant: That's right.

M.C.: Wonderful! I hope they're all listening right now. Do you think they are?

Contestant: I don't know.

M.C.: Well, let's hope they are.

Contestant: Maybe my sister is.

M.C.: Ah, you have a sister?

Contestant: That's right.

M.C.: And what is her name?

Contestant: Which one?

M.C.: You have more than one sister?

Contestant: Two.

M.C.: Two sisters! Wonderful! Audience, the little lady has two sisters. And you're married, Mary? Well, naturally, if you're Missus, you must be married, eh?

Contestant: That's right.

M.C.: Wonderful! And of course there's a Mr. Carrington.

Contestant: That's right.

M.C.: Walter? That his name? Walter?

Contestant: Uh-huh.

M.C.: And what business is he in, may I ask?

Contestant: What business? How do you mean?

M.C.: His occupation. Your husband, what does he do for a living?

Contestant: Nothing. He don't do anything.

M.C.: Wonderful! Boy, I wish I could get work like that.

Contestant: Yeah, he lost his job.

M.C.: Ah, I am sorry, Mary. In other words, your husband lost his job and just now he's temporarily unemployed. Is that about right, Mary?

Contestant: That's right.

M.C.: I see. And children? Do you have children, Mary?

Contestant: That's right.

M.C.: And what are they?

Contestant: How do you mean?

M.C.: Well, boys or girls?

Contestant: Four of each. Four boys and four girls.

M.C.: Wonderful! In other words, you have four little boys and four little girls.

Contestant: They're not so little. I got one of my daughters weighs 240 pounds.

M.C.: Two hundred and forty pounds! Well, in other words, you have a daughter that weighs two hundred and forty pounds.

Contestant: That's right. . . .

In cases of this kind it is usually wise to give the contestant six boxes of the Product and ask her to name the county seat of Deaf Smith County, Texas, for the grand jackpot prize. Win or lose, you get rid of her. Above all, keep smiling.

★ ★ ★

WHEN Miss Lillian Gish marched all the way across the stage without saying a word in a production of Anton Chekhov's Uncle Vanya some years ago, a major contribu-

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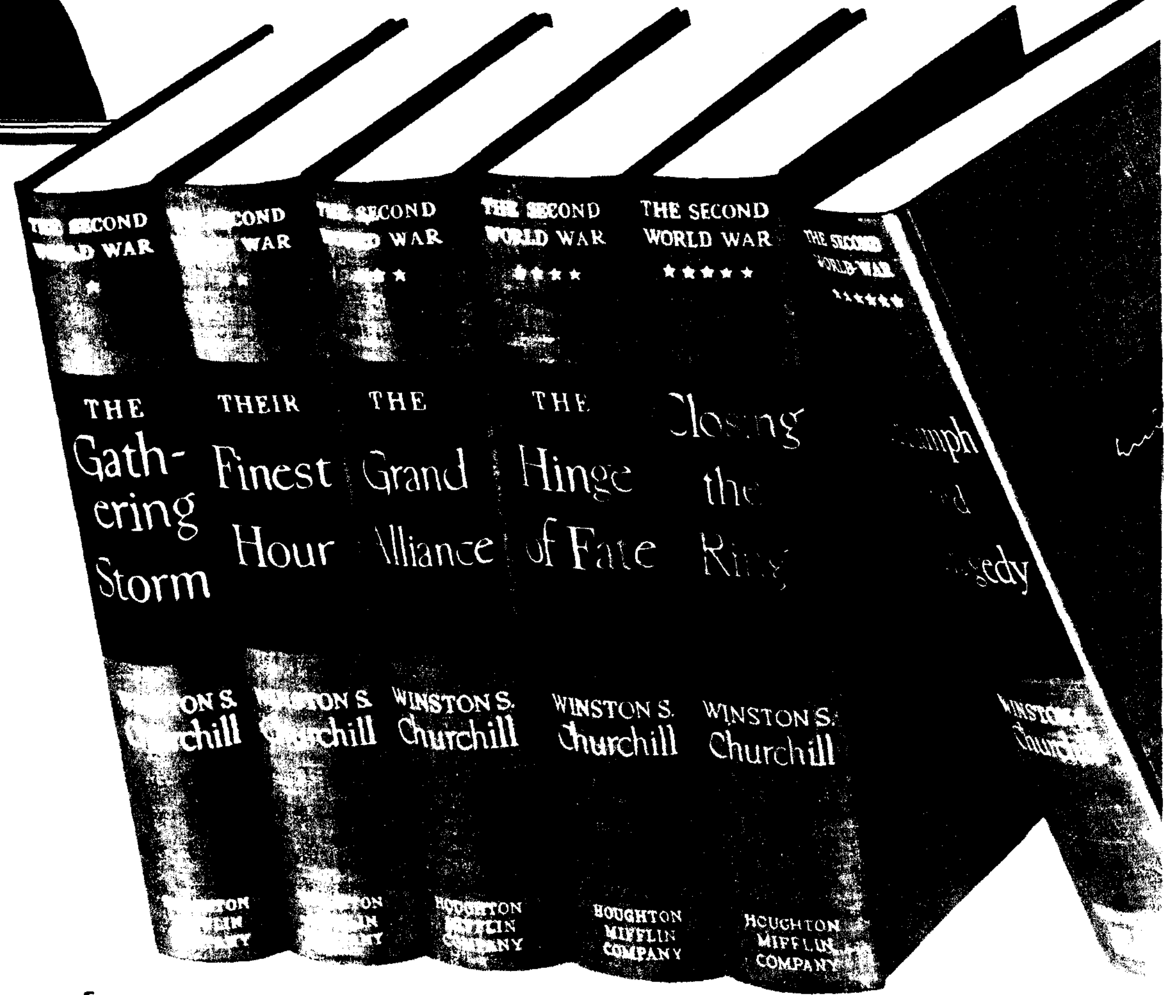

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tion to the eloquent walk was made. Another contribution was that of Miss Toni Sorel, ascending a staircase in George Washington Slept Here. Miss Sorel, who up to that time had been a show girl, ascended so eloquently that the other people on stage could have shot one another dead and the audience would have paid no attention. In the original appearance of Pal Joey, Miss Amarilla Morris, from—surprise!—Amarillo, Texas, who was even more abundantly blessed than Miss Sorel, needed no lines from the author to get her point across. In the films we can remember the forthright walking of Miss Lana Turner in *They Won't Forget*. And Miss Marilyn Monroe is getting some telling footage, if that's the word, in all of her pictures.

This historical background—a singularly happy choice of a word, I think—is provided for the gentlemen among my readers, who may like to know that Miss Ruth Woods is carrying on the tradition in a play called Sabrina Fair, current on Broadway. I shall try to keep the gentlemen in the audience posted on all such developments.

* * *

I AM NOT acquainted with Miss Jackie Loughery, Miss U.S.A. 1952, but I read that in suing to divorce Guy Mitchell, the singer, she charged among other things that he liked his horse better than he liked her. I *am* acquainted with horses, having taken care of everything from a Shetland to a mule, and it seems to me Miss Loughery may have had reason for resentment. Horses are not very bright, and they are good company only *after* you tire of a pretty woman. A man who puts horses first has no proper sense of order, so if Mr. Mitchell's beloved steed should haul off and kick him in the shins Mr. Mitchell has only himself to blame. Woman, as a matter of fact, have many qualities that make them preferable to horses, and the sooner this singer finds it out, the better for him.

* * *

ON THE way home yesterday I got my shoes shined in Penn Station and I recognized the man sitting next to me. "Mr. Monteux?" I said.

"Yes," said Pierre Monteux. "I see we both need the same thing."

"What we need is more of your beautiful music," said I.

I print this because I want M. Monteux to know that it isn't every day I come through so quickly with such a graceful compliment.

By the way, fellow whistlers will be glad to know that Pierre Monteux is a whistler too, although a quiet one. I couldn't identify what he was whistling, but I think it was Debussy. (I had just been whistling Borodin.)

He has narrow feet and wears black calfskin shoes.

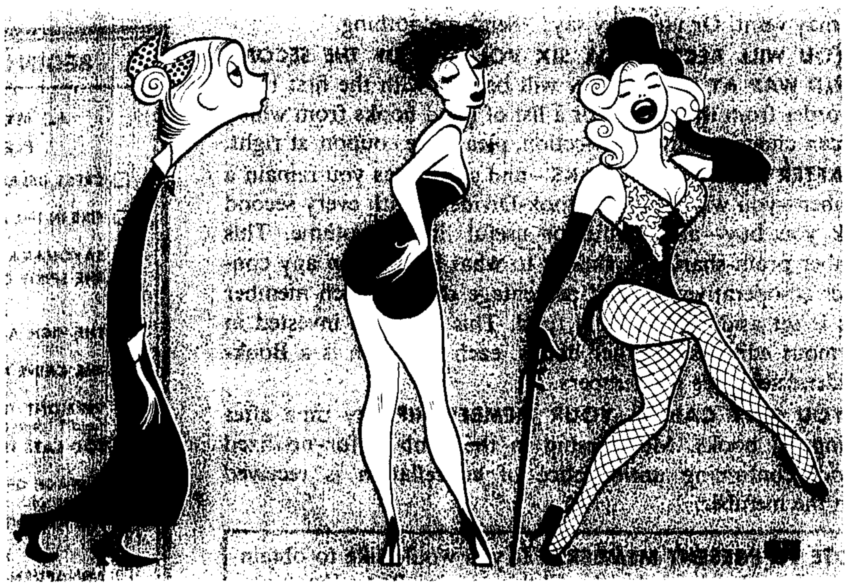
* * *

IN THE last year or so I have done considerable traveling up and down the Eastern seaboard and I have an interesting detail to report: "You're welcome" is slowly disappearing from American speech. If you thank a waitress for getting you an extra pat of butter, or a filling-stationmaster for wiping your windshield, or a bank clerk for making change, they do not say, "You're welcome." They invariably say: "Uh-huh," or "Mm-h'mm." I don't know how it started or what it means, but there are a whole lot of things I don't understand or know the meaning of.

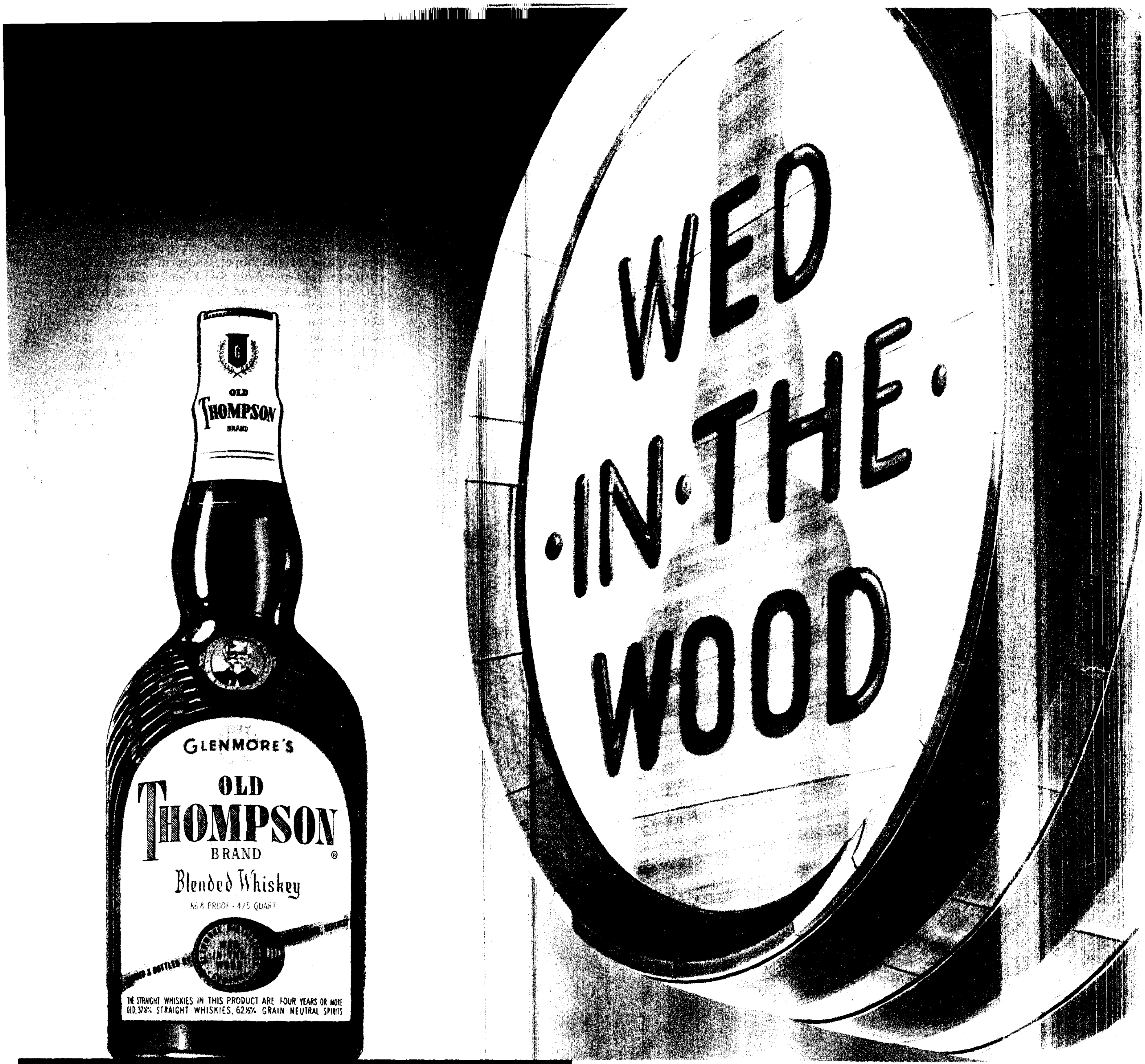
* * *

LET ME tell you about an almost forgotten musician who was born in Mannheim ninety years ago. He studied at the Leipzig Conservatory and, with Jean Becker and F. Langer, worked as a conductor, taught at the conservatory in his home town and even, in 1900, founded a *Hochschule* there. From 1907 to 1919 this serious practitioner was head of the Conservatorium der Musikfreunde in Vienna. I do not know, for my music encyclopedia does not tell me, when he died, and frankly, I never heard of the man and his work before I began browsing in the book. But his name lives today, not as he would have wished, but in homonymic form.

His name: Wilhelm Bopp. I guess he cooled.



Lillian Gish, Toni Sorel and Marilyn Monroe: they are among those who have made major contributions in the art of the eloquent walk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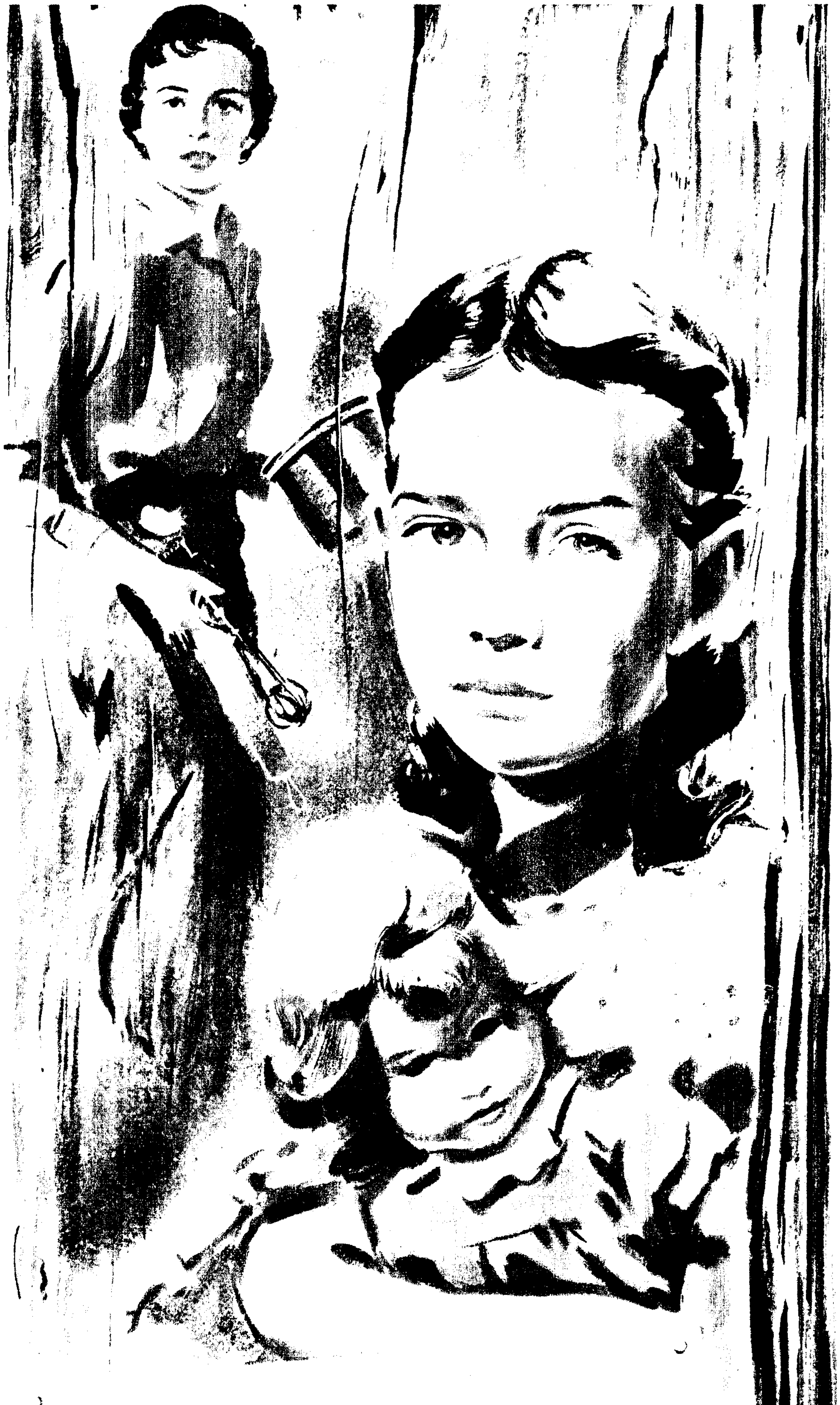

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT

A Life of Our Own

By PEGGY SIMSON CURRY

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE

JIM JAMISON didn't see the porcupine until he'd almost run over it. He slammed on the brakes and got out, carrying the .22 rifle. It was a young porcupine, and as he drew a bead it turned and looked at him.

"Why are you cryin' at me?" he asked impatiently. "I've got trouble enough now." But he lowered the rifle, for the look in the little eyes reminded him of the hopelessness in Mary's eyes when he'd told her about Sue-Ellen. "Get on with you, Spike," he said, and turned back to the truck.

He drove on down the dirt road. In a few minutes the buildings of the lower ranch came into view, the red roofs bright in the amber sun, the big barren cottonwood trees towering above them. It was here that he had brought Mary as his bride so many years ago, and it was here that their daughter, Sue-Ellen, had come only six months ago with the shiny new wedding ring on her finger.

He and Mary had never had either the money or the time to fix up the ranch house for themselves. They'd talked about it a lot, pretending they had money to spend, and they'd planned every room in detail. But the years had gone by, and the house had stayed the same.

Then Sue-Ellen wrote that she and Roy, her husband, would be coming back to stay, and Jim and Mary had moved up to the old house, the original homestead on the property, which was too far gone to permit any daydreaming about it. Jim had hardly noticed the moving; all the available hours had been spent getting the lower ranch house ready for the day Sue-Ellen and her husband would move in. He'd felt a great sense of pleasure and accomplishment when that day finally came; his and Mary's dream had finally come true—for their daughter.

He got out of the car now and walked slowly toward the house, remembering sharply the money he had spent on it. He'd had it remodeled and had put in a gas stove and electric lights. He'd even started a lawn.

His daughter was in the kitchen, packing the last of her cooking utensils. "Sue-Ellen—" he began and then paused, not knowing how to go on. Instead of a young woman of twenty he seemed to see the grave face of a little girl with dark pigtails. For a moment he wished with all his heart and soul to return to that time.

"I'm sorry, Pa," she said. There was a stiff set to her lips, and she did not look at him.

She was prettier than Mary, he thought. Mary had been a sturdy little bride with strong capable hands and a way of walking that set the dishes jiggling in the kitchen cupboard. But Sue-Ellen was like a willow growing along the ditchbank in spring, tall and slender and beautiful.

Jim looked down at his big hands and his heavy wrists. How had he fathered a wonder like Sue-Ellen? And then the pain of losing her came up in him and he blurted out: "Your mother and I—the hard years with nothin' fancy—and then fixin' all this up for you and—"

"I know," she said softly. "But Roy doesn't like the ranch. And I—I get lonesome for town, Pa."

"And so you're pullin' out and leavin' me to run this place and the homestead too." He couldn't keep the bitterness from his voice.

"The boys," Sue-Ellen said. "They'll help you."

"A fat chance of that," Jim said sourly. "They get home from that high school in town and what do they do? Mike has to practice the violin. All Joey wants to do is ride the calves." He glanced around, seeing the open, empty cupboards. "You're not leavin' this afternoon?"

There was a long silence. "Yes," Sue-Ellen said finally. "Roy's gone to borrow his father's truck. I've got to finish packing." Then she began to cry. "Don't try to keep us, Pa," she said. "Just leave us alone. We only want to live where we like—"

"And where's that?" Jim shouted. "What's he got to offer you? Where's he gonna work?"

"In a filling station."

"A filling station!" he muttered. He yanked his

"I'm sorry, Pa," Sue-Ellen said stiffly. Instead of a young woman, through blurred eyes he saw the grave face of a small girl

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1472 AN HOUR OF SPANISH AMERICAN MUSIC: Concert Style—Andalucia; Malaguena; La Comparsa; Poinciana; Siboney; Granada; Frenesi; La Cucaracha; Mexican Hat Dance; El Rancho Grande; Cielito Lindo; Adios Muchachos; Tico Tico; Chipanecas

1473 AN HOUR OF LEROY ANDERSON and DAVE ROSE TUNES: Jazz Pizzicato; Promenade; Syncopated Clock; Sleigh Ride; Blue Tango; Holiday for Strings; Our Waltz; Stringopation; Nostalgia; Dance of the Spanish Onion; Vienna Sings Again; Da Easta Time

1474 AN HOUR OF PIANO ENCORES: Liszt—Liebestraum; Valse; Chopin—Impromptu in A Flat; Berceuse; Mendelssohn—Prelude; Chopin—Valse in E Minor; Czerny—Etude; Chopin—Mazurka in A Minor; Mazurka in G Minor; Field — Rondo; Mendelssohn — Duet; Liszt — Waldesnaushen; Chopin—Etude in G Flat; Nocture in B Flat, Polonaise in G Sharp; Schumann—Aufschwang. Miklos Schwalb at the Piano

1467 AN HOUR OF ITALIAN-AMERICAN SONGS:
LOUIS PRIMA: Angelina; Please No Squeeza Da Banana; Oh Marie; Felicia No Capicia; Josephina Please No Lean On the Bell; Marguerita; Baciagaloop
PHIL BRITO: Tango Della Rosa; Ciditencello Vuie; Comme Bella A Stagione; O Marie; Come Back to Sorrento; Where Do You Worka John; Neapolitan Nights

1466 ARTIE SHAW HOUR: My Heart Belongs to Daddy; What Is This Thing Called Love; Love for Sale; I've Got You Under My Skin; I Get the Sun in the Morning; Get Out of Town; You Do Something To Me; And So to Bed; Don't You Believe It Dear; It's the Same Old Dream; When You're Around; Along with Me; Connecticut; Let's Walk

1464 BEETHOVEN: Moonlight Sonata in C Sharp, Op. 27, No. 2
BRAHMS: Rhapsody in B Minor; In G Minor
BRAHMS: Waltzes, Opus 39. Miklos Schwalb at the Piano

1470 SCHUBERT: Moments Musicale: Variations Liszt "Source De Vienna"
LISZT: Rhapsodie Espagnole: Etudes—Miklos Schwalb at the Piano

1471 CHOPIN SONATAS: Sonata No. 2 in B Flat, Op. 36; Sonata No. 3 in B, Op. 58—Miklos Schwalb at the Piano

1465 STRAVINSKY: Le Sacre Du Printemps
MILHAUD: Suite Francaise—Berlin Symphony Orchestra conducted by Karl List

1468 RAVEL: Daphne Et Chloe—Suite No. 2
Ma Mere L'oye—Dresden State Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Fritz Schreiber

SYMPHONIES

1302 BEETHOVEN: SYMPHONY No. 1 IN C MAJOR, OP. 21
1251 BEETHOVEN: SYMPHONY No. 2 IN D MAJOR, OP. 36
1218 BEETHOVEN: SYMPHONY No. 3 IN E FLAT "BROICA"
1243 BEETHOVEN: SYMPHONY No. 4 IN B FLAT, OP. 60
1219 BEETHOVEN: SYMPHONY No. 5 IN C MINOR, OP. 67
1225 BEETHOVEN: SYMPHONY No. 6 IN F MAJOR, OP. 68
1303 BEETHOVEN: SYMPHONY No. 7 IN A MAJOR OP. 92
1240 BEETHOVEN: SYMPHONY No. 8 IN F, OP. 93
1267/8 BEETHOVEN: SYMPH. No. 9 IN D MINOR (Choral) Berlin Symphony Orch. and Cathedral Choir—Conductor Gerd Rubahn 2 Record set
1325 BERLIOZ: SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE
1237 BORODIN: SYMPHONY No. 2 IN B MINOR
1289 BRAHMS: SYMPHONY No. 1 IN C MINOR, OP. 68
1232 BRAHMS: SYMPHONY No. 3 IN F MAJOR, OP. 90
1239 BRAHMS: SYMPHONY No. 4 IN E MINOR, OP. 98
1317 DVORAK: SYMPHONY No. 4 IN G, OP. 88
1257 DVORAK: SYMPH. No. 5 in E MINOR (New World)
1288 FRANCK: SYMPHONY IN D MINOR
1327 HAYDN: SYMPHONY No. 92 "The Oxford"
1223 HAYDN: SYMPHONY No. 94 IN G MAJOR "Surprise"
1328 HAYDN: SYMPHONY No. 100 "The Military"
1356 HAYDN: SYMPHONY No. 101 IN D "CLOCK"
1329 HAYDN: SYMPHONY No. 103 "The Drum Roll"
1308 MAHLER: SYMPHONY No. 4 IN G MAJOR
1330 MENDELSSOHN: SYMPHONY No. 3 "The Scotch"
1331 MENDELSSOHN: SYMPHONY No. 4 "The Italian"
1229 MOZART: SYM. No. 31 "Paris" IN D MAJOR kv 297
MOZART: SYMPHONY No. 27 IN G MAJOR kv 199
1231 MOZART: SYM. No. 38 "Prague" IN D MAJOR kv 504
MOZART: SYMPHONY No. 54 IN F MAJOR kv 216
365 MOZART: SYMPHONY No. 35 IN D "HAFFNER"
MOZART: SYMPHONY No. 36 IN C "LINZ"
309 MOZART: SYMPHONY No. 39 IN E FLAT, kv543
222 MOZART: SYMPHONY No. 40 IN G MINOR
321 MOZART: SYMPHONY No. 41 IN C MAJOR "Jupiter"
260 RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF: SCHEHERAZADE
236 SCHUBERT: SYMPHONY No. 3 IN D MAJOR
220 SCHUBERT: SYMPH. No. 8 IN B MINOR "Unfinished"
333 SCHUBERT: SYMPHONY No. 9 IN C MAJOR
334 SCHUMANN: SYMPHONY No. 1 IN B FLAT
361 SCHUMANN: SYMPHONY No. 2 IN C MAJOR, OP. 61
366 SCHUMANN: SYMPHONY No. 3 IN E FLAT "RHENISH"
234 SCHUMANN: SYMPHONY No. 4 IN D MINOR, OP. 120
258 SIBELIUS: SYMPHONY No. 2 IN D MAJOR
335 TSCHAIKOWSKY: SYMPHONY No. 4
224 TSCHAIKOWSKY: SYMPHONY No. 5 IN E MINOR
226 TSCHAIKOWSKY: SYMPHONY *No. 6 "PATHETIQUE"*
247 THE HEART OF THE SYMPHONIES
Beethoven: Symphony No. 5, 1st Mvt.; Schubert: Symphony No. 8, 1st Mvt.; Tschaikowsky: Symphony No. 5, 2nd Mvt.; Mozart: Symphony No. 41, 1st Mvt.; Haydn: Symphony No. 94, 4th Mvt.; Mozart: Symphony No. 40, 1st Mvt.

414 BRAHMS—SYMPHONY NO. 2
The Berlin Symphony Orchestra conducted by Gerd Rubahn

1420 PROKOFIEFF—CLASSIC SYMPHONY IN D, Op. 25—LOVE FOR THREE ORANGES SUITE—Leipzig Symphony Orchestra, directed by Hermann Forster

1406 MOZART—SYMPHONY No. 30 IN D kv 202—SYMPHONY No. 26 IN E FLAT, kv 184 CONCERTO No. 17 IN G (PIANO) kv 453
Berlin Symphony Orchestra conducted by Herbert Guthan

1410 SCHUBERT—SYMPHONY No. 2 IN B FLAT & SYMPHONY No. 6 IN C
Berlin Symphony Orchestra conducted by Joseph Balzer

ORCHESTRAL

1227 MUSIC OF THE BALLET
SCHUBERT: Rosamunde, Op. 26; BORODIN, Dances of "Prince Igor"; DELIBES: Intermezzo Naila Ballet
1216 TSCHAIKOWSKY MUSIC
1812 Overture, Romeo and Juliet Overture, Swan Lake
2117 GRIEG PROGRAM—Peer Suite No. 1, Morning Concerto in A Minor for Piano, Norwegian Dances Nos. 1 and 2 Opus 35, Triumphal March
1246 PROKOFIEV: PETER AND THE WOLF—Orchestra under the direction of R. Leopold Narrator: B. D. Walker
DEBUSSY: CHILDREN'S CORNER SUITE—Arthur Sanford at the Piano—
1259 STRAUSS: TILL EULENSPIEGEL; SIBELUS: FINLANDIA; BACH: BRANDENBURG CONCERTO No. 4
1275 FALLA: NIGHTS IN THE GARDENS OF SPAIN
MOZART: EINE KLEINE NACHTMUSIK, K 525—
1319 TSCHAIKOWSKY: SWAN LAKE BALLET
1342 STRAVINSKY: PETROUCHKA
1344 STRAUSS, R.: DON JUAN and OTHER SELECTIONS
1324 PROKOFIEFF: LT. KIJE SUITE
1313 DEBUSSY: AFTERNOON OF A FAUN
RAVEL: BOLERO
1311 SMETANA: DIE MOLDAU
HINDEMITH: DER SCHWANENDREHER
1300 GRIEG: PEER GYNT SUITES NOS. 1 & 2
1294 KHACHATURIAN: GAYNE BALLET SUITE
RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF: CAPRICCIO ESPAGNOL
1283 MOUSSORGSKY: PICTURES AT AN EXHIBITION (Orchestral)
1338 DELIBES: COPPELIA BALLET
DELIBES: SYLVIA
1357 HOUR WITH TSCHAIKOWSKY:
Swan Lake, Pathetique, Piano Concerto, Violin Conc. etc.
1352 WAGNER: SIEGFRIED IDYLL
BRAHMS: VARIATIONS ON A THEME BY HAYDN
1370 HOUR WITH RICHARD STRAUSS
Der Rosenkavalier, Till Eulenspiegel, Don Juan
1371 HOUR WITH FRANZ SCHUBERT
Rosamunde, Ave Maria, Sym. No. 8, Sym. No. 3 Exc.
1374 HOUR WITH MENDELSSOHN
Violin Concerto, "Italian" Sym., Midsummer Nights Dream, Exc.
1375 HOUR WITH MOZART—Piano Concerto, "Jupiter" Sym., Don Juan, Magic Flute, Abduction from the Seranglio
1380 BEETHOVEN OVERTURES—Leonore No. 1, Characteristic Ov., Leonore No. 2, Egmont, Namensfeier
1382 BERLIOZ OVERTURES—Carnival of Rome, Benvenuto Cellini, King Lear, Beatrice & Benedict
1384 BERLIOZ: HAROLD IN ITALY
1385/6 LISZT: A FAUST SYMPHONY & FESTLANGE
1388 LISZT: Mephisto Waltz, Mazeppa, Tasso
1364 HOUR WITH CHOPIN: Piano Concerto No. 1 & No. 2 excerpts; Waltzes in A, C sharp Minor, G Major; Polonaises in E Minor, A Flat major
1399 AN HOUR WITH WAGNER—TANNHAUSER OVERTURE, etc.
1398 THE HEART OF THE BALLET

MUSICAL COMEDY · OPERETTA

1423 THE HIT SONGS—"ME AND JULIET"—"CAN CAN" Keep It Gay, No Other Love, I Am In Love, Can Can, etc.—Royale Singers and Orchestra

1242 EVERLASTING SHOWS—PORGY AND BESS, and SHOW BOAT—I Got Plenty o' Nuttin', Bess You is My Woman, It Ain't Necessarily So, A Woman is a Sometime Thing, Summertime, Bill, Cain't Help Lovin' Dat Man, etc.

1248 THE IMMORTAL MELODIES OF JEROME KERN—Royale Concert Orch.—All the Things You Are; Why Was I born; Don't Ever Leave Me; You're Devastating, etc.

1263 LEHAR: MERRY WIDOW and LAND OF SMILES excerpts Dresden State Operetta Soloists, Orch. and Choir conducted by G. Rubahn

1280 AN HOUR OF OPERETTA FAVORITES—Royale Operetta Singers and Orchestra
ROSE MARIE: Rose Marie, Indian Love Call; The Mounties; Totem Tom Toms; Reprise (Inst); MERRY WIDOW: Merry Widow Waltz; VAGABOND KING: Only a Rose; Song of the Vagabonds; DESERT SONG: Desert Song; One Alone; Riff Song; Romance, Foreign Legion March; NEW MOON: Softly as in a Morning Sunrise; SWEET ADELINE: Why Was I Born; Don't Ever Leave Me

1228 OKLAHOMA and THE KING AND I—all the songs from the Rodgers and Hammerstein Shows—Royale Operetta Singers and Orch.—Oklahoma, People Will Say We're in Love, I Cain't Say No, Out of my Dreams, etc.
I Whistle a Happy Tune; Hello Young Lovers; Something Wonderful; Shall We Dance; We Kiss in the Shadow; Lord and Master

1238 SOUTH PACIFIC and CAROUSEL—The Wonderful Songs From the Rodgers and Hammerstein Shows—Some Enchanted Evening, Younger Than Springtime, etc.

1235 OPERETTA TIME: STUDENT PRINCE (Romberg) and V. HERBERT—Deep in my Heart, Dear; Just We Two; Serenade, Drinking Song; Golden Days; To the Inn We're Marching; Gaudeamus; Come Boys, etc.

1241 BROADWAY HITS arranged by R. BENNETT—Royale Concert Orch.—Rose Marie Overture, Soft Lights and Sweet Music, With a Song in My Heart, What is This Thing Called Love, Oh What a Beautiful Morning, etc.

OPERA

1266 STRAUSS, J. GYPSY BARON (Abridged) Dresden State Opera Soloists, Orchestra and Choir
1278 JAN PEERCE and MARIAN ANDERSON RECITAL
JAN PEERCE
L'Amour, Toujours L'Amour; Mattinata; Macushla; Because; Vesti la Giubba from "Pagliacci"; La Danza; La Donna E Mobile from "Rigoletto"; Oh Promise Me—
MARIAN ANDERSON
Heav'n, Heav'n; Oh Mio Fernando from "La Traviata"; Oh Love from Thy Powers from "Samson and Delilah"; Air des Adieux from "Jeanne d'Arc"
1204 CARMEN (Bizet)—The Complete Arias
1203 DON GIOVANNI (Mozart)—Overture and Arias: Vedrai Carino, La Ci Darem La Mano, Open Thy Window, Il Mio Tesoro, Batti Batti O Bell Masetto, etc.
MAGIC FLUTE (Mozart)—Overture and Arias: Bei Mannern, Welche Liebe Fuhlen, In Diesen Heil'gen Hallen
1206 AIDA (Verdi)—Arias: Celeste Aida (R. Schock, ten.), Ritorno Vincitor, O Terra Addio, Soloists with Berlin Opera Orchestra
LA TRAVITA (Verdi)—Overture—and Arias: Un Di Felice Ah, Fors' e Lui, Sempre libera, Dei Miei Bollenti Spiriti, Di Provenza Il Mar, Parigi, O Cara Ti Lascieremo
1208 THE BARBER OF SEVILLE (Rossini)—The Complete Arias, Soloists with Orchestra and Chorus of the La Scala Opera House
1209 IL TROVATORE (Verdie)—Arias: Stride la Vampa, Ah Si Ben Mio, Di Quella Pira, Miserere, Ai Nostri Monti, Die Hande in Schweren Ketten, Soloists with Berlin Opera Orchestra
MIGNON (Thomas)—Arias: Wie Ihre Unschuld Auch, Kennst Du Das Land, Soloists with Berlin Opera Orch.
ABDUCTION FROM THE SERAGLIO (Mozart)—Overture and Arias: Wer Ein Liebchen Hot Gefunden, Soloists with Berlin Opera Orchestra
1256 TENOR ARIAS—Rudolph Schock with Berlin Opera Orchestra
1210 THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO (Mozart)—The Complete Arias: Soloists with Orch. and chorus of the La Scala Opera House
1211 LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR (Donizetti)—The Complete Arias: Soloists with Orchestra and Chorus of the La Scala Opera House
1213 OPERA HIGHLIGHTS
TALES OF HOFFMANN (Offenbach)—Barcarolle, Sparkle Diamond, Hail to Love, Musical Reprise, Soloists with Berlin Opera Orchestra
BORIS GODOUNOW (Moussorgsky)—Varlaams Song; Death Scene (G. Frei, bass) with Berlin Opera Orch.
AFRICANA (Meyerbeer)—Oh Paradiso (R. Schock, ten.)
RIGOLETTO (Verdi)—La Donna E. Mobile (R. Schock, ten.) with Berlin Opera Orchestra
1207 FRA DIAVOLO (Auber)—The Complete Arias:
1212 WILLIAM TELL (Rossini)—The Complete Arias: Soloists with Orchestra and Chorus of the La Scala Opera House
1205 DON PASQUALE (Donizetti)—The Complete Arias:
1322 OFENBACH TALES OF HOFFMANN (Excerpts)
1323 HEART OF THE OPERA
Arias from Traviata, Mignon, Lucia, Pagliacci, Trovatore, Tales of Hoffmann, Aida and Barber of Seville
1282 GYPSY PRINCESS (Kalman) Arias; DIE MEISTERSINGER
1346 LA BOHEME (Puccini) Excerpts
Selections—Orch. Choir and Soloists conducted by G. Rubahn
1347 MADAME BUTTERFLY (Puccini) Excerpts
Selections—Orch. Choir and Soloists conducted by G. Rubahn
1348 TANNHAUSER (Wagner) Excerpts
Orch. and Choir conducted by H. Wentzel
1349 RIGOLETTO (Verdi) Excerpts
Soloists, Orch. and Choir conducted by G. Rubahn
1350 CAVALERIA RUSTICANA (Mascagni) Excerpts
PAGLIACCI (Leoncavallo) Excerpts
Soloists, Orch. and Choir conducted by G. Rubahn
1351 PAGLIACCI (Leoncavallo) Excerpts
Soloists, Orch. and Choir Conducted by G. Rubahn
1352 DER ROSENKAVALIER (Strauss) Excerpts
Soloists, Orch. and Choir conducted by G. Rubahn
1353 TRISTAN & ISOLDE (Wagner) Excerpts
Soloists, Orch. and Choir conducted by H. Wentzel
1354 THE FLYING DUTCHMAN (Wagner) Excerpts
Soloists, Orch. and Choir conducted by H. Wentzel
1355 MARTHA (Flotow) Excerpts
Soloists, Orch. and Choir conducted by G. Rubahn
1360 HOUR OF STRAUSS OPERETTAS
Excerpts from Die Fledermaus & The Gypsy Baron
1363 HOUR OF VERDI OPERAS
Excerpts from Rigoletto, Il Trovatore, & La Traviata
1387 HOUR OF OFFENBACH MUSIC
Excerpts from Gaite Parisienne & Tales of Hoffmann

HOUR "POPS" CONCERTS

1453 AN HOUR OF MUSIC FOR RELAXATION: Beautiful Dreamer; Old Folks At Home; Gentle Annie; Jeanie With The Light Brown Hair; Hard Times Come Again No More; Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming; Swanee River; My Old Kentucky Home.
To A Wild Rose; Will O' The Wisp; By A Meadow Brook; At An Old Trysting Place; In Autumn; A Deserted Farm; From Uncle Remus; Massa's In De Cold Cold Ground; Nelly Blye; Old Uncle Ned; Under The Willow She's Sleeping. Royale Concert Orchestra.

1277 DANCE PARTY—Royale Dance Orchestra
RHUMBA—Rhumba Fantasy; TANGO—La Cumparsita; SAMBA—Minute Samba; BEGUINE—I'm Living from Kiss to Kiss; BOMBA—Bomba; CONGA—Baila la Conga; MOMBA—Momba; FOX TROT—All through the Night; CHARLESTON—Charleston; POLKA—Clarinet Polka; AMERICAN WALTZ—Let Me Call You Sweetheart; VIENNESE WALTZ—Emperor Waltz; ONE STEP—Down Yonder; REEL—Virginia Reel, SQUARE DANCE—Red River Valley

1445 AN HOUR OF THE MOST POPULAR POLKAS
Beer Barrel Polka; Jump Polka; Too Fat Polka; Round Polka etc. Royale Polka Players

1214 CHOPIN— Arthur Sanford & Carlo Vidusso Piano Duet Etude in E Minor, Mazurka in F Sharp Minor, Etude in E Minor, Prelude No. 18, Waltz in A Major, etc.

1244 PIANO ENCORES—Rhapsody in Blue (Gershwin); Monlight Sonata (Beethoven); Polonaise, (Chopin); Malaguena (Albeniz); Clair de Lune (Debussy); Hungarian Dances (Brahms); Carneval from Ballet Suite Op. 9 (Schumann); Invitation to the Waltz (Von Weber)

1245 VIOLIN ECHOES OF VIENNA—Caprice Viennois; Liebeslied; Tambourin Chinois; Liebestreud; La Gitana; Rondo—Louis Stevens, Violinist
Danube Waves; Csardas; Romany Romance; Violets; Submission; Once Upon a Time;—E. Deutsch, Violinist

1281 MYSTERIOUS MUSIC OF ROMANCE—Hans Sieder and his Zither Music—Opera Ball; Tango Grinzing; etc.

1326 AN HOUR OF POPULAR FAVORITES
Begin the Beguine, Dancing in the dark, In the Still of the Night, You do something to Me, Body and Soul, Old Man River, etc.

1332 AN HOUR OF COLE PORTER TUNES
You're the tops, Easy to love, My heart belongs to Daddy, I've got you under my skin, I get a kick out of you, What is this thing called love, Just one of those things, Night and Day, etc.

1336 AN HOUR OF OPERETTA INSTRUMENTALS
Excerpts from popular operettas by Strauss, Kalman, Lehar, Offenbach and Romberg

1337 AN HOUR OF GEORGE GERSHWIN
Someone to watch over me, 'Swonderful, But not for me, Do it again, Summertime, Somebody loves me, Embraceable you, etc.

1343 AN HOUR WITH IRVING BERLIN
Soft Lights and Sweet Music, All by myself, Who do you love I hope, They say it's wonderful, Lady of the evening, You keep coming back like a song, etc.

1345 LATIN HOUR WITH NORO MORALES
Jack Jack Jack, Temptation, Zambumba, Un Poquito de Amor, Lover come back to me, Vem vem, El Tubito, Tombo, etc.

1274 AN HOUR OF STAR DUST—A POP CONCERT—Royale Concert Orch.—Star Dust; These Foolish Things; Charmaine; Syncopated Clock; Dizzy Fingers; La Golondrina; Stringcopation; Kitten on the Keys; Dolores; Snow White; Hollywood Concerto Pts. 1 and 2

1215 PIANO MELODIES OF CHOPIN—Arthur Sanford & Carlo Vidusso Piano Duet—Prelude No. 1, Prelude in C Minor, Polonaise in A Flat Major, Raindrop Prelude, Etude in F Minor, Polonaise in E Minor, Nocturne in C Sharp Minor
PIANO MELODIES OF DEBUSSY—Arthur Sanford at the Piano—Arabesque No. 1, Arabesque No. 2, Girl with the Flaxen Hair, Clair de Lune, Jardin Sous La Pluie, Reverie

1233 AN HOUR OF LIGHT CONCERT MUSIC—Royale Concert Orchestra—None But the Lonely Heart, Minuet in G, Serenade, To a Wild Rose, Souvenir, Traumerei, Andante contabile, Intermezzo, Hora Staccato, etc.

1249 AN HOUR OF VIENNESE WALTZES—Merry Widow Waltz (Lehar); Gold and Silver (Lehar); Vienna Beauties (Zither); Count of Luxembourg (Lehar), etc.

1250 AN HOUR OF AMERICAN WALTZES—Royale Dance Orch.—The Waltz You Saved for Me; Three O'clock in The Morning; Two Hearts in Waltz Time, etc.

1254 AN HOUR OF LATIN AMERICAN RHYTHMS—Royale Latin Orch.—La Cumparsita; El Choclo; A Media Luz; Chiu Chiu; The Peanut Vendor; Mama Inez etc.

1255 AN HOUR OF HAWAIIAN MELODIES—Lani McIntire Orch.—Song of the Islands; You are Like a Beautiful Flower; Sweet Constancy; One, Two, Three, Four, etc.

CHORALE & ORGAN MUSIC

1297/8/9 BACH: MASS IN B MINOR—3 Record Set
1290/1/2/3 BACH: THE ST. MATTHEW PASSION—4 Record Set
1310 AN HOUR OF LIEDER—Hugo Wolf
1368/9 BEETHOVEN: MISSA SOLEMNIS IN D MAJOR—2 Record Set
1377/8 VERDI: REQUIEM—2 Record Set
1451 AN HOUR OF POPULAR ORGAN SELECTIONS
In a Monastery Garden; Hearts and Flowers; Ave Maria; To a Wild Rose; Oh Promise Me; etc ANDREW ANDREWS, Organist
1450 AN HOUR REVERED ORGAN MELODIES
Lost Chord; Solemn Melody; The Rosary; Adeste Fideles; Holy City
1440 SHAKESPEARE—THE TEMPEST
Stratford-Upon-Avon Festival Company

CONCERTOS

1376 BEETHOVEN: PIANO CONCERTO No. 1 IN C
1304 BEETHOVEN: PIANO CONCERTO No. 3 IN C MINOR OP. 37
1305 BEETHOVEN: PIANO CONCERTO No. 4 IN G, OP. 58
1306 BEETHOVEN: PIANO CONCERTO No. 5 IN E FLAT "EMPEROR"
1307 BEETHOVEN: VIOLIN CONCERTO IN D, OP. 61
1367 BACH: VIOLIN CONCERTO No. 2 IN E: BRANDENBURG CONCERTO No. 2
1372 BACH: BRANDENBURG CONCERTO No. 5 & No. 6
1381 BOCCHERINI: CELLO CONCERTO IN B FLAT
BRAHMS OVERTURE: Accademic Festival & Tragic
1252 BRAHMS: VIOLIN CONCERTO IN D MAJOR, OP.77
1359 BRAHMS: PIANO CONCERTO No. 1 IN D MINOR
1253 CHOPIN: PIANO CONCERTO No. 1 IN E MINOR OP. 11
1340 CHOPIN: PIANO CONCERTO No. 2
1262 DVORAK: CELLO CONCERTO IN B MINOR—
1320 FRANCK: SYMPHONIC VARIATIONS FOR PIANO AND ORCHESTRA
LISZT: PIANO CONCERTO No. 1 IN E FLAT
1264 GRIEG: PIANO CONCERTO IN A MINOR—
1373 HANDEL: CONCERTO GROSSO—No. 1, No. 3, No. 5
1276 KHACHATURIAN: CONCERTO FOR PIANO AND ORCH.
1279 LALO: CELLO CONCERTO—
1287 LALO: SYMPHONIE ESPAGNOLE, OP. 21
1383 LISZT: PIANO CONCERTO No. 2
HEROLD: Zampa Ov.; BEETHOVEN: Creatures of Prometheus Ballet
1221 MENDELSSOHN PIANO CONCERTO No. 1 in G Minor
MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM—Prelude, Scherzo and Wedding March—
1286 MENDELSSOHN: VIOLIN CONCERTO IN E MINOR, OP. 64
1341 MOZART: PIANO CONCERTO IN D MINOR, kv 466
1379 MOZART: PIANO CONCERTO No. 12; 2-PIANO CONCERTO IN E FLAT
1339 PAGANINI: VIOLIN CONCERTO No. 1
CHAUSSON: POEME
1316 RACHMANINIOFF: PIANO CONCERTO No. 2 IN C MINOR
1273 SAINT-SAENS: PIANO CONCERTO No. 2—
1312 SCHUMANN: CELLO CONCERTO IN A MINOR, OP. 192
1358 SCHUMANN: PIANO CONCERTO IN A MINOR
1261 TSCHAIKOWSKY: PIANO CONCERTO No. 1—
1265 TSCHAIKOWSKY: VIOLIN CONCERTO IN D MAJOR
1272 HEART OF THE PIANO CONCERTO—Excerpts from Grieg, Chopin, Tschaikowsky & Mendelssohn concertos
1315 HEART OF THE CELLO CONCERTO—Dvorak, Lalo, Schumann
1314 HEART OF THE VIOLIN CONCERTO—Tschaikowsky, Beethoven, Brahms, Mendelssohn

COLLEGE SONGS · MARCHES

1455 AN HOUR OF ALL AMERICAN COLLEGIATE MUSIC: Buckle Down Winsocki; Alma Mater; The Screamer; The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi; Entry of the Gladiators; Thunder and Blazes; The Old Oaken Bucket (Brown); Triumphal March; Victorious Eagle March
Victory March of Notre Dame; Boola Boola; Minnesota Rouser; On Wisconsin; Go U Northwestern; Eyes of Texas; Far Above Cayuga's Waters; Victors (Michigan); Yellow and Blue (Michigan); Carmen (Ohio); Hail To The Orange (Illinois). Royale Varsity Band

1463 COLLEGE SONGS OF ALL AMERICA: Maryland My Maryland; Peruna; Hark The Sound of Tar Heel Voices; Washington & Lee Swing; Aggie War Hymn; Ramblin Wreck From Georgia Tech; Alma Mater; Auburn Victory March; Blue and White; Cheer For L.S.U.; Fight, Vols, Fight; Eyes of Texas
As The Backs Go Tearing By; Boola Boola; Fight On Pennsylvania; Harvardiana; On Brave Old Army Team; Roar, Lion, Roar; The Stein Song; Victory March Notre Dame; Fight On;Alma Mater; Victors Old Oaken Bucket. Royale Varsity Band

1457 AN HOUR OF MARCHES: SOUSA—Stars and Stripes Forever; The Washington Post; King Cotton; Semper Fidelis; The Loyal Legion; The Fairest of the Fair; Hands Across the Sea; Diplomat
NATIONAL AND SERVICES — Star Spangled Banner; Columbia The Gem of the Ocean; Battle Hymn of the Republic; America The Beautiful; Anchors Aweigh; Caissons Go Rolling Along; The Marines Hymn; Army Air Corps; Semper Paratus. Royale Military Band

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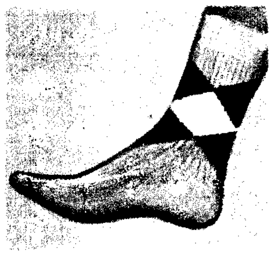

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dust-stained hat lower on his forehead and walked blindly out of the house.

Outside, he stood looking at the land. He'd paid for every acre in sweat and backbreaking labor. And Mary—Mary had worked just as hard. For what? For a daughter who didn't care about the land or the sheep and cattle that grazed on it.

He drove home, remembering how afraid he'd been that he couldn't keep Sue-Ellen here; that was why he'd spent so much money fixing up the house, while he and Mary went on doing without. The old homestead looked shabby in the afternoon light; the log walls were bleached silvery gray by time and weather. When he stopped outside the kitchen door, he heard young Mike's violin. Like a yowling she-cat, he thought.

He walked across the back porch and into the kitchen. "Mary?" he called. "Where are you?"

Mary was in the front room. She sat with her hands folded, a soft smile on her face as she watched Mike practice the violin. She looked up at Jim, her clear gray eyes shining, and motioned to him not to interrupt. Jim clapped his big hands over his ears and walked out.

He was part way to the corral when he stopped and stared, for his older son was riding the milk cow. "Joey!" Jim cried, running toward the fence. "Get off that cow! You want sour milk for supper?"

"Okay, Pa," the boy said and slid off the cow's back. He was short and stockily built, with a fine fuzz showing on his cheeks.

"If you've a mind for exercise you can begin shovelin' out this corral!" Jim leaned against the fence, breathing heavily. Then he looked at his son and added, "Didn't mean to yell at you, Joey. It's just—"

"That's okay," Joey said. "Listen, Pa, can I have a rodeo out here Sunday and invite the class?"

"No!" Jim shouted. "Think I spent my life learnin' to raise good steers so a bunch of kids can ride 'em thin?"

Joey frowned. "I already asked the kids, Pa," he said.

"Then tell 'em I won't have it!" Jim said, and turned back to the house.

INSIDE, the violin was still being worked over by his younger son, but Mary was in the kitchen starting supper. She paused beside him and put her hand on his shoulder. "Jim—" she began, and then stopped. The question in her mind showed in her eyes.

"Sue-Ellen's leavin'," he said. "She'll be finished packin' and gone by now."

Mary's mouth quivered and he wanted to hold her in his arms, to feel her softness against him. In the living room the sounds from the violin stopped. Mary turned and shouted, "Mike, get on with that practicing."

Mike appeared in the kitchen doorway, fair-skinned and blondheaded as Jim had been as a boy. "This stinky deal!" he said, glaring at the violin.

"Music lessons cost money," Mary said. "You practice."

Mike looked over at his father. "Is Sue-Ellen pullin' out, Pa?"

"Yes," Jim said shortly. "You better go check the sheep before supper."

"I can't, Pa. I gotta get started on a theme for Miss Murphy. I gotta have it in the mornin'. Ain't that a deal?"

"Isn't," Mary corrected. "Your grammar, Mike." She paused and then said, "Play the waltz for me, honey. I always wanted to be a violinist." Her eyes became soft and dreamy. "There's nothing like music."

"Lord," Jim said when the boy had left, "you don't call *that* music?"

"Hush, Jim!" Mary cried. "Let me think of something besides Sue-Ellen."

"I can't," he said dully. He picked up his hat. "I better check the sheep."

He knew Sue-Ellen and Roy were gone when he drove out the gate to the lower ranch. The curtainless windows reflected the red fire of sunset. He drove past, making a mental note to stop and milk the cow on his way back.

As he drove up the long slope toward the fenced pasture he saw the sheep there above him—three hundred purebreds with black faces, drifting slowly toward the flatter land with the blazing sunset behind them. He recalled suddenly the words of an old sheepman he had worked for as a boy: "Sheep don't like to look into the sunset, lad. It's too bright for their eyes. They'll go east with the evening."

He stopped the truck and sat quietly, the words ringing as clear in his mind as the tinkle of the sheep's bells. Beyond the flock, in the higher pastures, he saw his cattle standing dark against the crimson sky line.

MARY had supper waiting when he got home. "It took you a long time," she said.

"Yes," Jim replied. It had taken him years, he thought, but he didn't tell Mary that. Nor was there any need to tell her now that Mike wouldn't ever be a musician or that Joey might never want to carry on the ranches.

When supper was over, he asked the boys to do the dishes. "Mary, we're goin' for a little ride," he said. "I've got something to tell you."

She put on the torn sweater she wore outdoors to feed the chickens, and they got into the truck and drove down the narrow dirt road. When they came to the lower ranch, Jim turned in. "Get out," he said. "Come inside." And he held her small, strong hand tightly as he led her into the kitchen. He turned on the electric lights.

"Mary—" he said, and drew a deep breath, "we're movin' back here. I'll sell the other place or hire a man to run it. This is yours and always will be —if it suits you."

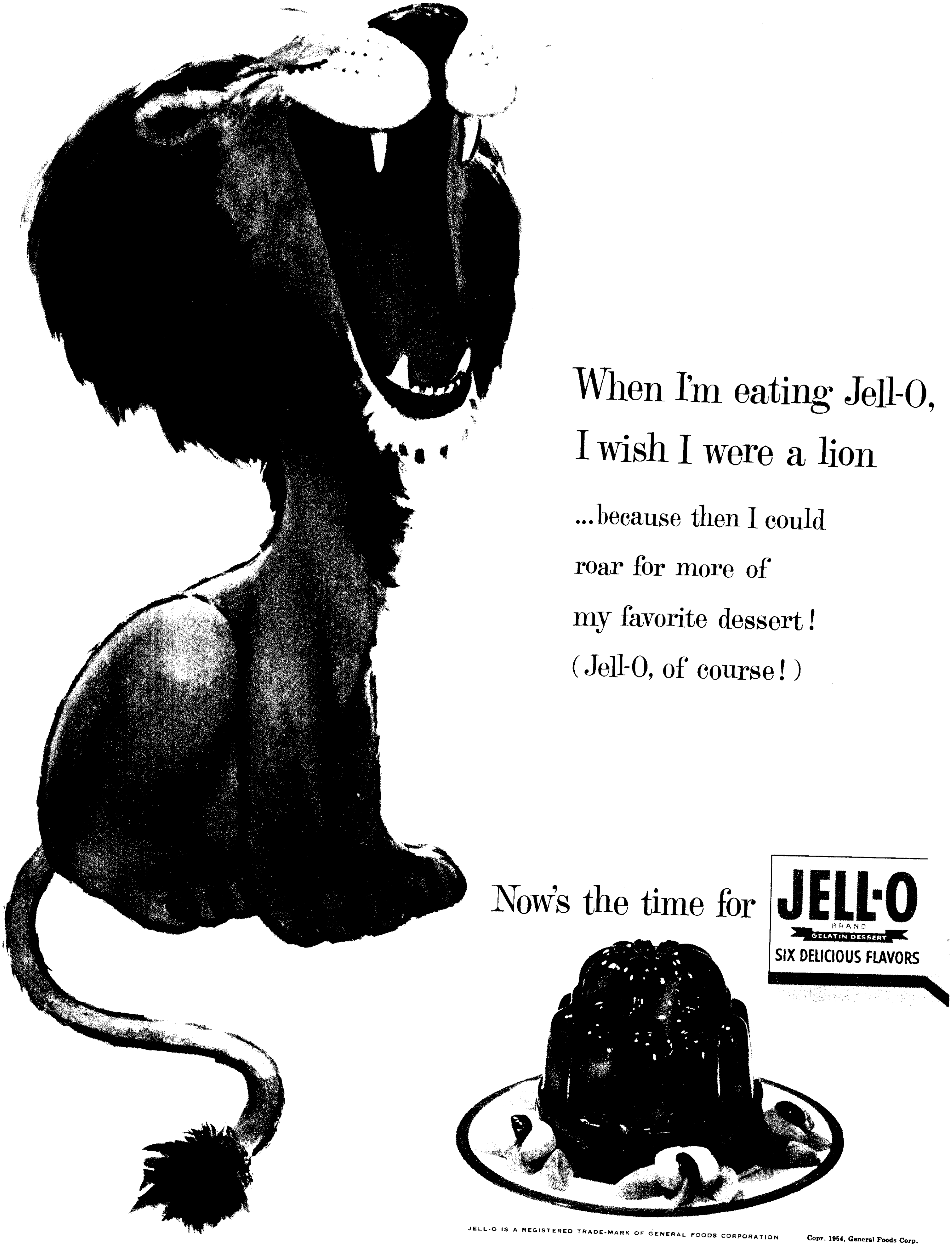
She touched the shining gas stove and the new sink. He saw a gleam of tears in her eyes. "It's fine, Jim," she said, "only—only I wish it could have been for Sue-Ellen. She's young. We're not, not any more."

For a moment a terrible ache was in Jim's throat and then he smiled. "We're still young, Mary," he said. "We just forgot it for a while."

He looked at Mary, and realized that it was true. She was still young—and even the torn sweater couldn't take away any of the beauty that was there. He reached out and brushed her hair back gently. "The way I figure it, Mary," he said, "a man can't live his kids' lives. It's hard to learn that, but it's true. And there's something else I want you to think about: A strong man shouldn't be afraid to look into the sunset—by himself, without his kids to lean on."

Then he put his arms around her, holding her hard. "It's only sheep," he said, "that go east with the evening."

—PEGGY SIMSON CURRY



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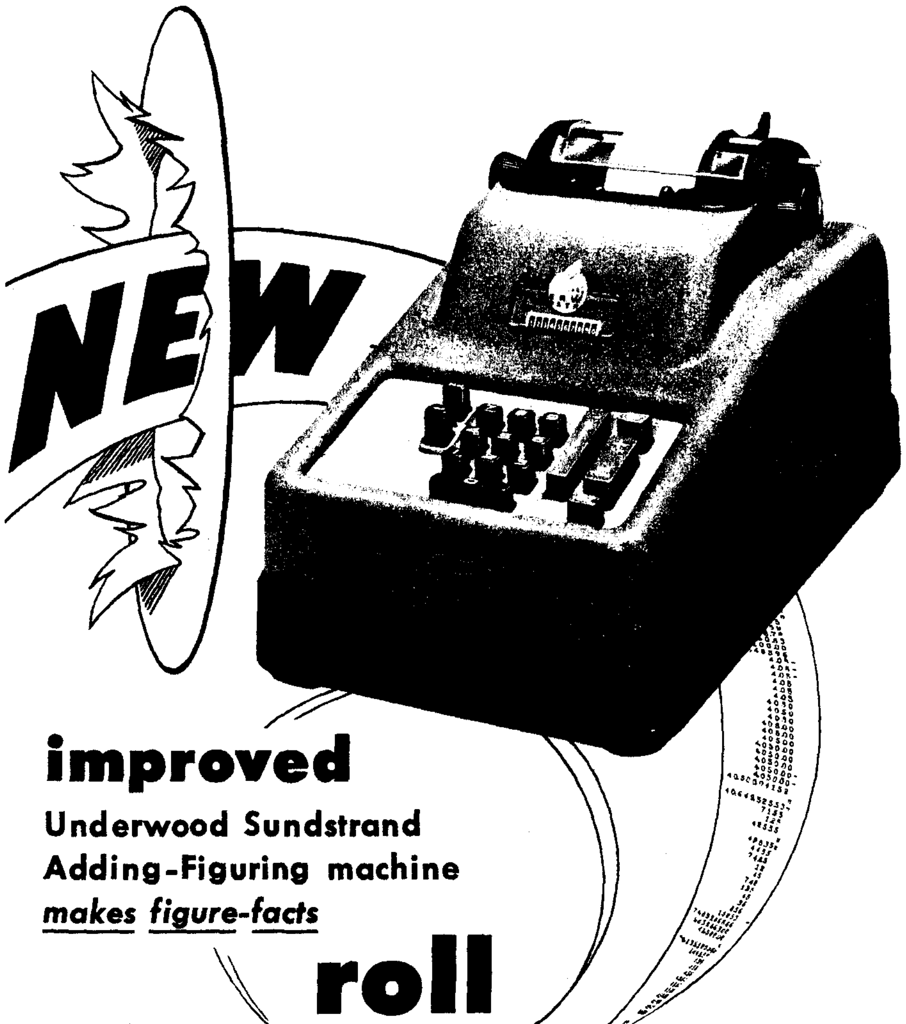

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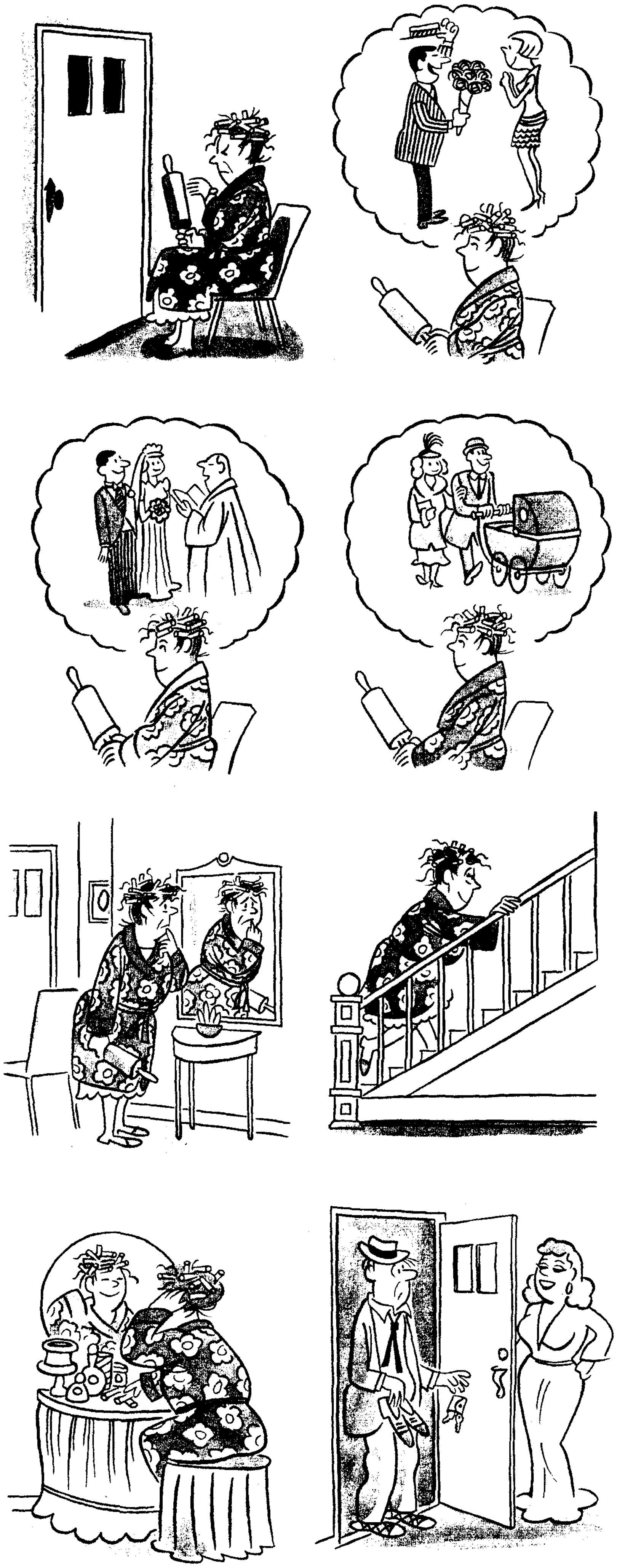
UNDERWOOD

Flash Back

By BOB SCHROETER



"Hello, dear. Have a nice time?"

"Jim, there's another man in my life..."

She makes no secret of it. Everybody including her husband, heartily approves. In fact, there's not a raised eyebrow in town!

Incredible? Not at all! You see, her husband works like a trooper all week. He lives for his weekends, when he can relax and enjoy his family. So, he takes a dim view of spending a Saturday morning getting the car lubricated.

Smart wife though. She knew that neglecting the car would result in costly repairs they couldn't afford.

Then it dawned on her! "I drive the car! I'll take care of it on a weekday—and leave Jim's weekends free!"

So, now every 30 days—on a weekday—she has an important engagement with the man she and her husband have selected to take care of their car. While she shops, he lubricates and inspects the car. It's ready when she returns. No rush, no waiting—because it's a weekday.

Milady—how about you seeing that the car's cared for? Make a date for every 30 days. Your husband will cheer you—your Alemite-equipped dealer will, too. And you'll get every consideration and attention.

MEMO TO A BUSY MAN

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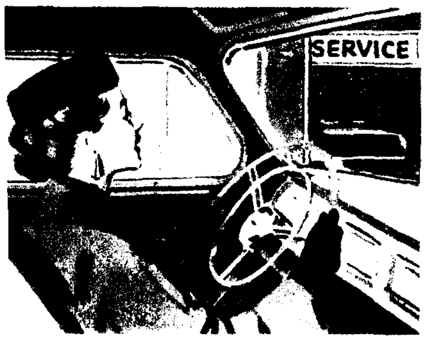
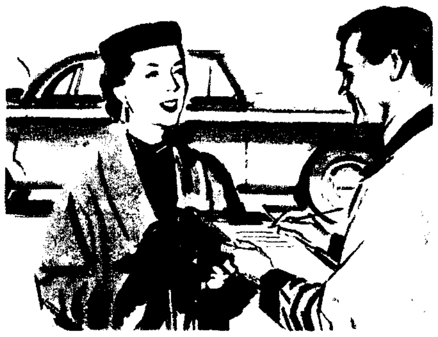
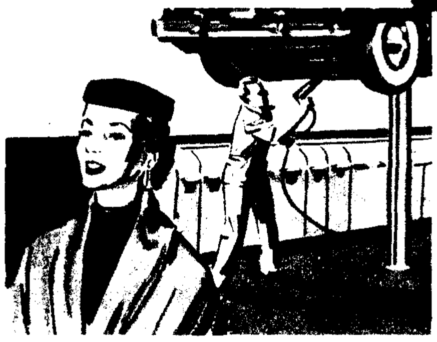


Drive in regularly every 30 days to keep your weekday date with your Alemite-equipped dealer. He has spent up to $10,000 for Alemite equipment to correctly lubricate your car.



He'll lubricate and check your car while you're shopping. His Alemite equipment is designed to scientifically lubricate the Alemite system that comes on your car.



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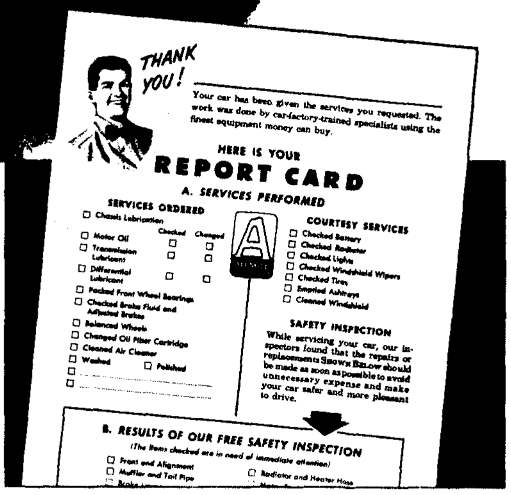

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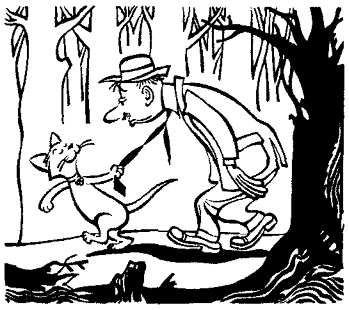
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

As if there weren't enough to get sore about, somebody had to get into a public sweat because the Texas flag and the Stars and Stripes were flying on the same level on the governor's mansion in Austin. This fetched a roar from patriotic Mr. Fernley Pruitt, of Fort Worth. "Give me one good reason," demands Mr. Pruitt, "why the American flag should not be flown on equal terms with the flag of Texas."

* * *

Mrs. Lydia Spruance feels sure you'd like to know that in northern Oregon a farmer wanted to get rid of a cat. Tried four times. Each time he drove farther away before dropping the animal. The cat always came back. Finally he took it so deep into the woods that he got lost himself and got home only by following the cat.



* * *

In Ada, Oklahoma, a number of important citizens are thinking of going to court to demand that the political group which calls itself Americans for Democratic Action either change its name or stop using the initials ADA. It all started when a visitor was overheard saying: "I see Ada has been denounced by Senator McCarthy. What have you guys been doing?"

* * *

Old 48's own investigating committee reports that at the present rate Congress won't have enough investigations to keep all members investigating. Unless something is done about it, some congressmen will have to resort to legislating. To prevent such calamity, we urge the creation of a permanent committee charged with stockpiling material for additional investigations, enough for everybody, thus keeping the boys out of mischief.

* * *

A customer in Wilmington, Delaware, understandably requesting anonymity, wishes it known that recent Democratic administrations should not be judged too harshly. They were, he says, constantly harried. He cites Harry Truman, Harry Hopkins, Harry Vaughan, Harry White and others.

* * *

This department of Collier's is not responsible if there isn't a tombstone in a North Dakota cemetery reading: "Here Lies an Atheist. All Dressed Up and Nowhere to Go." We're merely taking Mr. Dobe Pinkerton's word for it and relaying the news.

* * *

So far as we know, Mr. James J. McCoolen, of Louisville, Kentucky, has only one major complaint. He says he has bought Mrs. McCoolen so many laborsaving devices that he has to work fourteen hours a day, including Sundays, to pay for them.

* * *

Gentleman named Bibb, in Topeka, Kansas, says he asked an elderly Indian what ails the world. Elderly Indian thought a moment and said, "Ugh," adding: "everybody smoke pipe of peace, but nobody inhale."

* * *

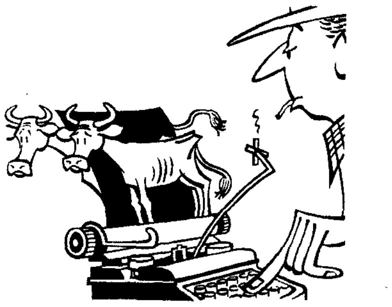
It says here in this newspaper headline: School Teachers Stop Necking in Classroom. Too bad. The kids must have had such fun watching them.

* * *

The United States Bureau of Human Nutrition and Home Economics has received a sharp letter from Mr. T. Sloakum Pingree, of Burlington, Vermont. The bureau sent Mr. Pingree a fancy brochure urging him to eat raw rutabagas garnished with salted peanuts. Also raw onions slathered with melted cheese. "I set right down and wrote an inquiring letter to the ladies," says Mr. Pingree. "Told them to let me know when it was served at big diplomatic dinners in Washington. Then I'd try some myself."

* * *

Craig Lovesy, of Russellville, Arkansas, reports that things are going from bad to worse. Some of the cattle in his area are so thin they could be rounded up and branded two at a time by using carbon paper.



IRWIN CAPLAN

* * *

Thinking unselfishly as usual of the welfare of his readers, the editor of The Lawrence Record of Mount Vernon, Missouri, gave prominence to the following notice: "A Boston man fell dead the other day while cursing an editor. Our citizens are invited to take note of the above circumstances and govern themselves accordingly." ▲▲▲

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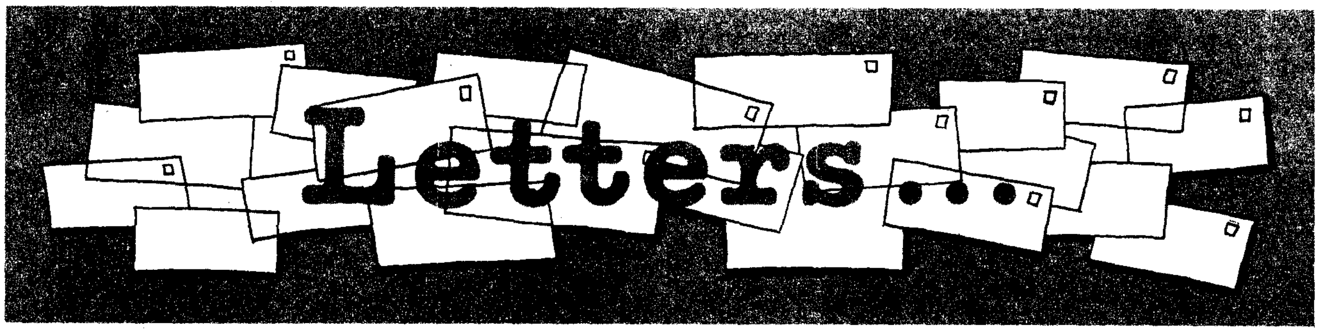


Letters . . .

The West & Water

EDITOR: Bernard De Voto forcefully and accurately describes our Western problems in Our Great West—Boom or Bust? (Dec. 25th). His emphasis on water, "the lifeblood of the land," is a factful recording of the present Western situation.

As supervisor of the Bridger National Forest in Wyoming, I manage lands in the headwaters of the Columbia, Colorado, Missouri and Great Basin watersheds. Every drop of water is used someplace in the many states downstream.

The principal objective in managing and protecting the watershed cover resources of the forest is to ensure a clear, usable flow of water in all streams. Other uses are secondary.

W. W. DRESSKELL, Kemmerer, Wyo.

. . . May I bring to your attention a slight error in captioning the beautiful color photo by Josef Muench? Sure enough, the river is the Colorado. However, when photographer Muench took the picture, he was not at the Grand Canyon, but at Dead Horse Point, Utah, approximately 200 miles northeast of where the Colorado enters Grand Canyon.

I have several color and black-and-white photos, taken within a few feet of where Mr. Muench set up his camera.

WILSON BADEN, Malba, N.Y.

. . . In his magnificent story Bernard De Voto states, "Nevada will remain the forty-eighth state . . ." The only possible inference that this reader could construe in that statement was that Mr. De Voto believes that Nevada was the last state to be admitted to the Union.

At the time Nevada was admitted, in 1864, Arizona was just a gleam in a prospector's eye. On February 14, 1912, the latter became a state—the last state to be admitted.

FAYE C. JONES, Tucson, Ariz.

What Mr. De Voto meant, and what we thought was clear from the context of his article, was that Nevada is in last place, economically, among the states, and that it probably will remain in last place even if other states are added to the Union.

. . . While Bernard De Voto is checking population figures of the "Great West," have him recheck his "third-" ranked city of Denver with the latest figures for Seattle (which always has been third).

C. BERNARD COLLINS, Seattle, Wash.

Collier's has rechecked and found reader Collins right. The population estimates as of January 1, 1954, are: Seattle, 545,000; Denver, 485,000.

Visiting Egyptologist

EDITOR: I read the story of Robert Ruark on my excavations in Egypt (Date with a Dame—Age 5,000, Jan. 8th) and it was great fun to see his comments on the work and on my person. I remember very well the day when we went together to Dahshur and how my three American companions were shivering and complaining that it was very cold while I did not find it cold at all. Now it is just the contrary; I feel your cold weather in Providence, and whether it is fair or not, I never go out without my overcoat, and yet I see some of the young people—and also elderly ones—walk in the streets in their shirts.

It might interest your readers to know that I am now in the States spending the academic year in the Department of Egyptology of Brown University where I am enjoying the society and hospitality of my archaeological friends and my other colleagues at Brown, and thanks to their good library, I am preparing my book on the Dahshur excavations. Ruark is right in saying that I am a happy man but I assure you that I am feeling happier than ever in your country.

AHMED FAKHRY, Providence, R.I.

Deficit or Service?

EDITOR: Thank you indeed for your editorial comment on postal deficits (A Little Logic Needed Here, Dec. 11th). I most certainly agree with the principle of a clear-cut definition by the Congress that the Post Office Department should function as a service to the public and not as a business. I know that the National Postal Transport Association, which represents 30,000 railway postal clerks and of which my husband is a member, has continuously recommended that thought to the Congress.

Postal salaries have not kept pace with the increased cost of living, and each time postal workers seek salary legislation they are reminded of the so-called deficit. Why should the two be related?

MRS. ARTHUR P. CARUCCI, New York, N.Y.

The Bishop Sheen Series

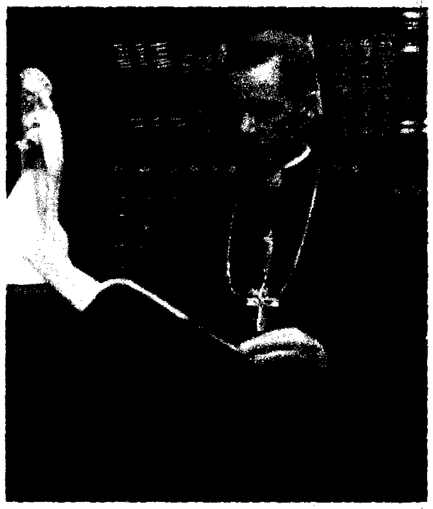
EDITOR: Would it be possible for you to grant us reproduction rights to Bishop Sheen's story of The Birth of Christ for use in our church publication? I am aware that this is an unusual request and one which is not lightly granted. The reason for my request might be worth your consideration.

In the first place, Bishop Sheen's article is, in my opinion, the most notable statement of its kind ever published in a popular magazine. Secondly, the widest possible dissemination of this type of material is in itself the greatest possible deterrent to the isms of our day.

In a day when there is little good will among men, it is a gesture which might justify the effort it will take on your part to get us permission to reproduce this material.

THE REVEREND HOWARD L. HALTER,
The Village Church (Lutheran),
Bronxville, N.Y.

Permission has been granted by both Bishop Sheen and Collier's.



. . . It was indeed a pleasure to read Bishop Sheen's story of The Birth of Christ (Dec. 25th) and am looking forward to the next issue. The portrait of him is a marvelous piece of photography.

We always watch Bishop Sheen on television and consider it a great privilege. Then after seeing and reading his words in your magazine, it was an extra treat, for which I know many are grateful.

MRS. LORENE BENEVIDES,
Oakland, Cal.

. . . Why does Bishop Sheen attempt to tell the story of The Birth of Christ when it has already been done by Saint Matthew and Saint Luke, and so very much better?

Is there anything in Bishop Sheen's diffuse and wordy story more convincing than the genealogy of Christ as set out by Saint Matthew, or anything more soul-stirring than the tremendous announcement as recorded by Saint Luke, Chapter 2, Verses 8 to 21 inclusive?

SIDNEY BUSHELL,
Hazel Hill, Nova Scotia

Pictorial Explanation

EDITOR: To the average layman, your surplus-commodities picture (Here's *Your* Share, Jan. 8th) should be vastly more comprehensive than the dry facts and figures published by the government and copied under financial news. Congratulations on a fine article.

M. R. JUNGBECK, New York, N.Y.

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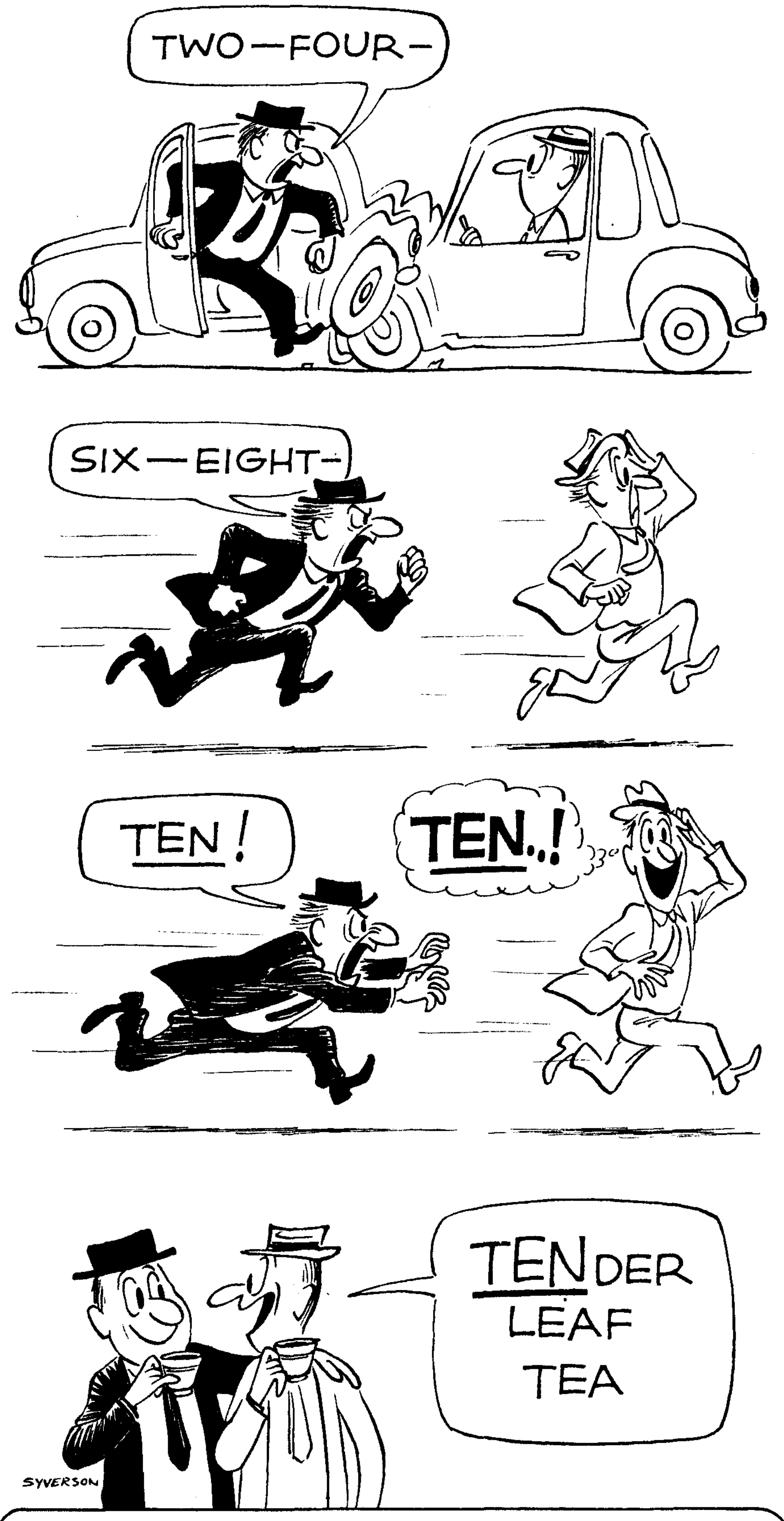
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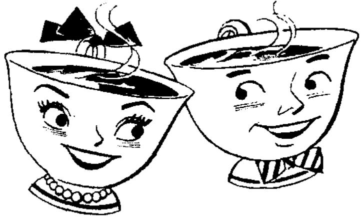


COLLIER'S CREDITS..

Writer Robert Lewis Taylor

MAKING like a bird watcher for the benefit of his wife's camera outside their Connecticut home, Robert Lewis Taylor recalled his introduction to A Week Inside the White House, a few days of which are related in the first of two parts beginning on page 23.

The noted author of W. C. Fields; His Follies and Fortunes (1949) and Winston Churchill; An Informal Study of Greatness (1952), was impressed by the current military pace of a White House operation once a decision has been reached. "In this case," he told us, "it was whether or not I would get to see the President. Having pulled all the strings I knew, I had more or less given up the battle, when one noontime, after a brisk morning of interviewing aides and advisers, I decided to cross Pennsylvania Avenue and relax on a park bench in the sun. I had no sooner reached a pleasantly comatose state when I became aware that, across the street, the White House guards were urgently wigwagging at me.

"Normally, when any uniformed person gives me a hail, I drift away, but in this case I sprinted across, inquired what was up and was told that the President wanted me. Inside the lobby I learned that Tom Stephens, the appointments secretary, had alerted my hotel (greatly improving my seedy standing there) and was about to canvass the downtown saloons. All in all, they searched me out in less than seven minutes. There was no nonsense to it; and as an old Navy man, crippled by red tape, I was unable to avoid reflecting that government, under Ike, has taken a quick turn for the better."

★ ★ ★

THE picture below was taken by associate editor Howard Cohn during tests before making the multiple-exposure color photograph on pages 30 and 31. The problem to be solved was to keep a stroboscopic light trained on the ball as Bob Houbregs tossed it hoopward. The man for this sharpshooting job was Harold E. Edgerton (left) of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who pioneered the "strobe" 20 years ago and is the outstanding authority on electronic flash lighting. At right is photographer George Woodruff, as Houbregs warms up. From the looks of the basketball positions, this trial shot was a near miss.

WE'VE been clobbered by one of those incredible coincidences editors dread but rarely experience.

In this department for November 27, 1953, writer Harry Henderson quoted a chemist friend as saying a mysterious fellow named Katchurian had cornered the aspirin market in 1920. The name and the incident were purely fictitious, as Henderson had discovered, and so stated, but a few weeks following publication of the item a young man appeared in the office and announced that he was Mr. Leon Kachurin, coproprietor with his mother of the American Pharmaceutical Company of New York. His friends, he said, had thought our reference was to his father, Mr. Philip Kachurin, founder of the firm and now deceased.

No such association was intended, of course, but the coincidence—Katchurian and aspirin, Kachurin and pharmaceuticals—naturally had caused Mr. Leon Kachurin great embarrassment and we embrace this opportunity publicly to explain the matter.

★ ★ ★

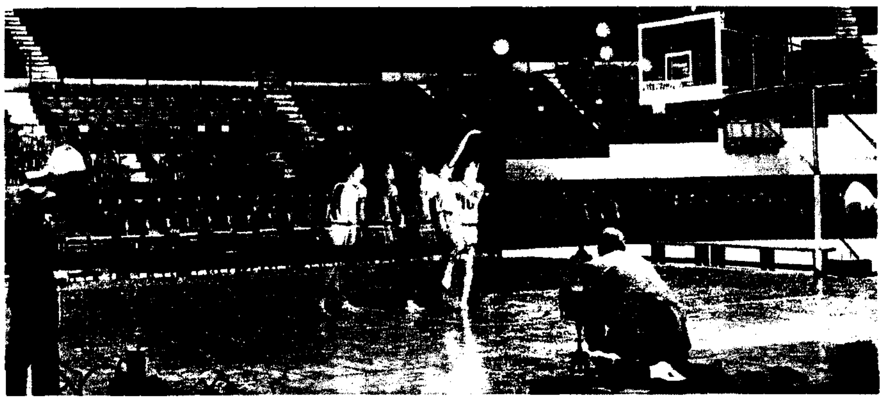
WHILE the Henry Holt people are busily stitching together copious copies of Frank X. Tolbert's first novel about an antic character named Bigamy Jones, to be released on March 8th, we give you a preview peek on page 54 which speaks eloquently for the book. Let us now speak of the author.

Tolbert first appeared in Collier's November 22, 1941, when he was twenty-nine, living in Fort Worth, Texas, and (although he didn't know it at the time) about to become a Marine. During 1943 and 1944 he was a combat correspondent in the Pacific for the Marine Corps magazine, Leatherneck, and in 1945 he became its managing editor.

Since 1947 he has newspapermaned for The Dallas News and has sold half a hundred magazine pieces, many of them to this one.

X, the known quantity in his name, stands for Xavier and we're as good as dead for tipping you off.

—GURNEY WILLIAMS



Harold Edgerton kept his eye on the ball for photographer Woodruff

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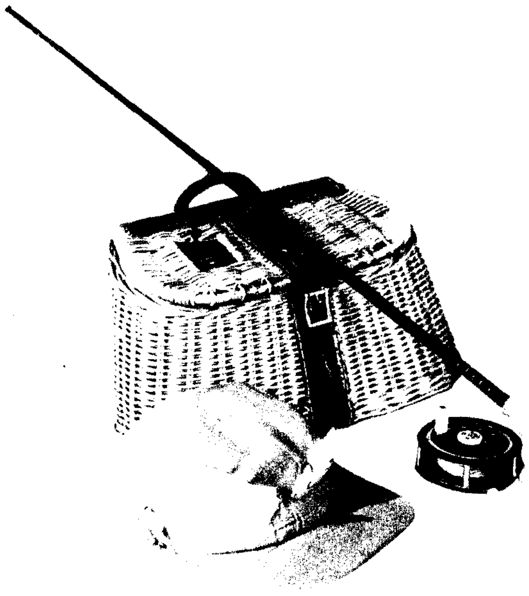

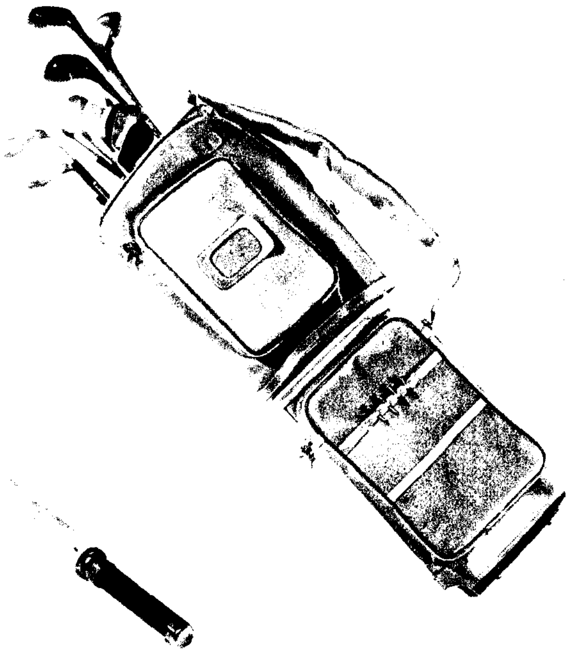

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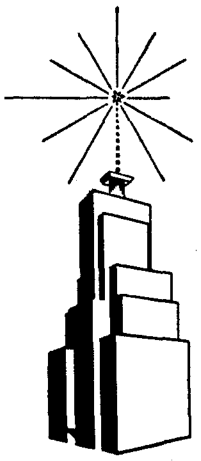

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A Week Inside
THE WHITE HOUSE

A top writer, granted an extraordinary opportunity to observe White House operations close up, offers an intimate, day-by-day account of President Eisenhower and his staff at work

By ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

To get the material for this story, Robert Lewis Taylor, assigned by Collier's, was permitted freedom of movement within the Executive Mansion to a degree very rarely granted to any reporter. Within certain practical and security limits, Mr. Taylor had virtually free access to the working quarters of the White House. He met with key officials, interviewed minor staff members, including those who serve the chief executive personally, and enjoyed an informal meeting with Mr. Eisenhower himself—while the President was having his hair trimmed

IN THE long and varied annals of the Presidency, Dwight D. Eisenhower stands out as a man with self-effacing reverence for his job. He has taken on a third-person attitude toward life. "The President feels—" and "It seems to the President—" have become standard marks of his speech, supplanting the widespread and overworked "I." The impression he gives is of standing aside, as employer, and viewing himself as employee. Simultaneously he has a good look at his colleagues. Mr. Eisenhower has put the White House on a working basis.

Many of his assistants, men with only a hearsay knowledge of alarm clocks, have been obliged to overhaul their habits. The President arises sometime between six and six thirty and takes exactly 20 minutes to bathe, shave, dress and in general prepare himself for breakfast and the day's duties.

The President's clothes are laid out by his Negro valet, Sergeant John Moaney, who served as his bat boy in the Army and resigned when the boss did, to help him campaign for President. Moaney has a pretty good idea what Mr. Eisenhower wants to wear for any given occasion but is apt to overrule him in subtle ways. There are about 30 suits and as many sport jackets to choose from, and mild clashes are perhaps inevitable. Like Mrs. Eisenhower, the President is fond of clothes and enjoys having numerous swatches sent down from New York by his tailor (who, curiously enough, prefers to remain anonymous).

As Mr. Eisenhower dresses, his Army aide, Lieutenant Colonel Robert L. Schulz, comes to the second-floor living suite with a satchel full of memos for the day.

The status of the military aides to the President has undergone a noteworthy change under the present administration. In times past, the aides usually fell into two broad categories: experienced career officers who acted as authentic advisers, and former civilian cronies who were expected to take the field and play poker above and beyond the call of duty. President Eisenhower's three military aides (Army, Navy and Air Force) strike a fresh note, being established in their jobs mainly to provide communication between the President and their respective branches of the military.

Colonel Schulz's responsibilities as aide extend slightly further than liaison. President Eisenhower leans on him in a personal way and considers him the ablest shopper for pulp Westerns on the current political scene. "President Eisenhower likes to

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARVIN KONER

The White House staff, organized on military lines, briefs the boss daily—and wit

***Jackson*—Foreign affairs expert C. D. Jackson, a special assistant, weighs effect of U.S. actions abroad, especially in Russia**

read Western magazines when he's relaxing," says the colonel, "and it's my job to dig them up. There's a very obliging woman in Newark, Delaware, who sends them in by the boxful, and we keep a card file to avoid duplication, but sometimes the stock runs low and then I have to sprint out to a drugstore and replenish."

When Colonel Schulz arrives each morning, he and the President chat about coming events, frequently while the latter shaves. At this extraordinary hour of the day, reports the aide, Mr. Eisenhower is in an excellent humor and keenly alive to whatever briefings may come his way. Colonel Schulz may have a list of recommendations for Army promotion; if so, the President will probably sign them as he paces back and forth in his dressing room, meanwhile recalling this or that officer from the old days of gunfire and quick movement. "That would be Pete Higgins," he might say. "He was a major on Frank O'Doul's staff in Sicily. Middle-sized fellow with a blond mustache, a crank on close air support. Let's sign him up."

He Hadn't Forgotten the Old Hatrack

Colonel Schulz and others of Mr. Eisenhower's associates are astonished at his memory. Commander Edward L. Beach, his naval aide and former skipper of the submarine Trigger, about which he wrote a very successful book, recalls that the President, during a visit to his boyhood town of Abilene, was going through one of the old residences and hauled up suddenly to observe, "There used to be a mahogany hatrack there."

Ordinarily President Eisenhower eats breakfast alone in his suite, although occasionally he invites groups of congressmen in for a kind of pregame huddle at breakfast. Mrs. Eisenhower prefers to begin the day's worries about the management of a 132-room house somewhat later than 6:00 A.M.; she sleeps until 8:00 or 8:30 A.M., by which time her husband is up to his neck in the nation's business.

It is the custom for Colonel Schulz to hand the President a stack of newspapers as a possible digestive aid during the solitary morning repast. In this line, the operation leaves much to be desired. As he downs a half grapefruit, some toast and a cup of coffee, Mr. Eisenhower scans The New York Times, Herald Tribune and Daily News; the Washington Post, Times-Herald, Evening Star and News; and the Baltimore Sun. In at least a few of these, on any normal day, he can expect to find himself artistically lambasted. The Washington Post, for example, may berate him for being a reactionary, while the Times-Herald is pretty certain that he's a dangerous left-winger.

The President absorbs it all in stolid silence. Then he arises from his table, shakes it off as he might once have risen above news of small military setbacks, and heads with Colonel Schulz out of the main White House, across the grounds, and into the executive offices. There is a more convenient indoor route, but Mr. Eisenhower prefers to sniff the morning air before tackling the principal problems of state. He measures the lawn with his practiced golfer's eye, hopes he can duck out for a few iron shots during the day, and, with a visible deep breath, turns in to face his crushing schedule.

Visitors to the White House are likely to be awed by its air of portentous grandeur: the sentry boxes, the frowning height of the columned north portico, the spacious formal rooms, the quiet magnificence of the *décor,* and, perhaps of supreme influence, the disciplined hush of continuous official bustle, conveying a feeling that the world's destiny is being largely shaped within its walls.

The executive offices, occupying a far-flung west wing of the main residence, form the nerve center of government. There the President begins his working day, seated behind the great mahogany desk of Theodore Roosevelt, in a large oval room of unusual beauty. Arriving around eight, Mr. Eisenhower spends the following 10 or 11 hours meeting callers on errands of importance, and rejecting those involved with the trivial. The tough decision about this separation of the sheep from the goats is lifted from Mr. Eisenhower's concern by his appointments secretary, Thomas E. Stephens, a dapper New York lawyer who has performed the difficult feat of becoming a professional no man and achieving warm popularity in the process. Even Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, to select a high-flown example, must clear through Stephens if he wishes to see the President.

When Mulishness Proves a Handicap

"Needless to say," explains Stephens, "the President is constantly available to certain groups, chief among them congressmen, Cabinet officers and governors. These have no difficulty making appointments." (To this note it has been added by another White House staffer that a fair number of congressmen, not necessarily Democrats but chronically mule-headed, have considerably more trouble making appointments than others of sweeter disposition.)

Hundreds of requests to see the President pour in from organizations of great and small degree. The heads of large civic-minded bodies such as the Red Cross and the Boy Scouts can nearly always be sure of a hearing, but Stephens cheerfully votes down excessive demands by lesser functionaries. That is, while the national treasurer of The American Legion could undoubtedly succeed in talking to Mr. Eisenhower, the commander of an outlying post might have trouble.

Press agents, members of a traditionally ingenious guild, come forward with a bewildering variety of dodges. Recently, Stephens rather wearily turned down a fevered suggestion that the President be photographed watching a bevy of chorus girls paddle in formation in the White House pool. The ap-

Shanley

Bernard Shanley is special counsel to Mr. Eisenhower

Snyder

Maj. Gen. Howard McC. Snyder, White House doctor, has known Ike 13 years

Cutler

Administrative assistant Robert Cutler, former Boston banker, is a key adviser

Hagerty

Press secretary James C. Hagerty i former aide to Gov. Dewey of N.Y

care. "If there's a weak spot in the research," says one member, "he'll pick it out"

pointments secretary takes understandable pride in the fact that thus far no "queens" have wangled access to the executive presence.

"Neither the California Doughnut Queen, the Persimmon Queen of Eastern Idaho nor any others have fought their way past my guard, and none will if I keep my strength," he has stated.

Personal Secretary on the Job Early

Before beginning the day's appointments, President Eisenhower goes over his mail, which is arranged on his desk by his personal secretary, Mrs. Ann C. Whitman, like Stephens a fashionable New Yorker, who once arose in midmorning in the comfortable style of many in that city. Mrs. Whitman now arrives at her desk at 7:25. From the 6,000 or so letters delivered to the White House each day during the busy seasons, she sees only those that seem to warrant the President's personal attention. She studies them, drafts replies to some and puts them all, perhaps 30, on his desk, then, poised for flight, pencil and pad at the ready, awaits his signal.

There can be no question that Mr. Eisenhower is one of the great rapid-fire dictation-givers of this era. His first summons, via a desk buzzer, usually comes at about 9:20 A.M. "As a rule," says Mrs. Whitman, "he starts dictating as I open the door and continues as I cross the room." Once Mrs. Whitman is seated, *he* gets up and starts to pace. His voice is resonant and firm, and his enunciation remarkably distinct, but he dictates like a man suffering from deadline-itis, a commonplace malady of the atomic age.

Usually, Mrs. Whitman is enormously relieved if she is permitted to retire from the room without any playbacks. "I like time to sort it all out first," she says. Although she is sufficiently talented to be at the peak of her profession, and probably the envy of every personal secretary in the land, Mrs. Whitman admits to the standard confusion when her boss asks her to read something back. At the same time, she feels that Mr. Eisenhower is one of the courtliest men she has ever met; the two engage in a kind of fit-and-start game before following each other through doors. It is Mrs. Whitman's hope to stand aside deferentially so the nation's leader will pass through first, but President Eisenhower pulls up with a slight bow, waits, starts, and waits again. He always wins; she walks on ahead, with a wry look of guilt.

The President likes to have the letters and speeches he dictates brought back later, in the form of drafts. These he pores over like a student working on a Ph.D., frequently taking off his horn-rimmed glasses and putting them on again. Mr. Eisenhower's hands are in motion almost constantly, either fussing with the glasses, gesturing, clenching and unclenching, or drumming on his desk. Surveying the drafts, he makes numerous corrections in syntax, word choice and punctuation. "The President has a very quick eye for a comma," says Mrs. Whitman. "He knows exactly where he wants each one."

Apart from this specialized whim, Mr. Eisenhower is unfailingly grateful for help and advice in doing his literary chores. He often asks Mrs. Whitman, and her assistant, Wave Chief Warrant Officer Helen Weaver, if they "think this is the way to do it?" He talks over his speeches with assistants Bryce N. Harlow, one of his staff, and Kevin C. McCann, the president of Defiance College, in Ohio, who compiled the Eisenhower biography, The Man from Abilene. They prepare the drafts.

It has been remarked by historians that most professional military men display a high degree of exhaustion with the foibles of femininity. The women at work for President Eisenhower, who share an idolatrous regard for him, are nevertheless aware that he is horrified by people who allow their feelings to be hurt. The clashing of personalities is perhaps the most unsettling facet of civilian life to him. He expects soldierly demeanor under the heaviest fire of the workaday world, and he gets it.

Cemetery—the "Intellectual Man"

About the only key figure of the President's entourage who goes contrary to this rule is his Negro caddie in Augusta, who is known as Cemetery. Cemetery and the President ride around the course together in a small three-wheeled motor scooter. They share its only seat and are seen in spirited conversation over most of the route. It has been conjectured by members of the White House staff present that they may be arguing politics. When Tom Stephens once observed to the habitually tardy caddie, after a particularly fervent row over the synchronization of watches, "Cemetery, I sometimes wonder why Mr. Eisenhower has you working for him," the caddie replied, "What the President wants on the golf course is an intellectual man."

The White House work week is tightly organized by Mr. Eisenhower and his staff. It begins on Sunday afternoon, when the Monday agendas of several White House and other government offices are drawn up. At 8:30 Monday mornings, when Congress is in session, the legislative leaders meet with the President in the great Cabinet room that opens off Mr. Eisenhower's office. After each of these discussions, it is customary for the leaders to file into the nearby chamber of Press Secretary James C. Hagerty, former Albany correspondent for The New York Times and later aide to Governor Thomas E. Dewey, and receive the White House correspondents, who have been waiting in the luxurious lobby of the executive wing. The reporters are not loath to ask pointed questions, and Hagerty, watching the congressmen like a mother hen, is equally ready with a genial "None of your damn' business." His decision is not challenged; Hagerty is a tough, fair, much-respected secretary, and the reporters know that he will allow them what he can.

Meanwhile, Mr. Eisenhower resumes his ap-

***Adams*—Former N.H. governor Sherman Adams, President's right-hand man, is rated most influential member of White House staff**

Rabb

Maxwell Rabb works under Adams, specializing in minority problems

Stephens

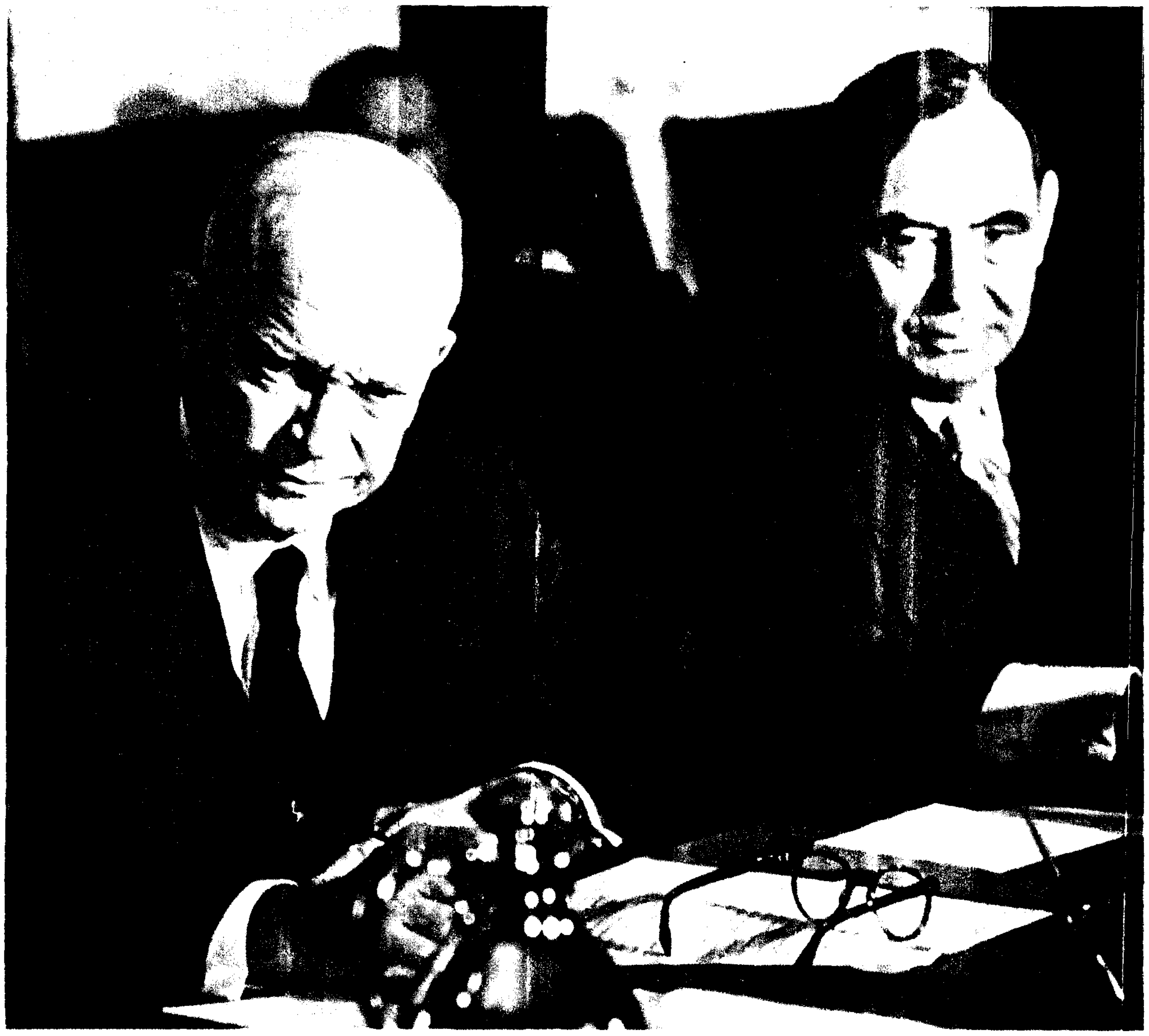
President's appointments secretary is Thomas E. Stephens, New York lawyer

McCann

Eisenhower biographer Kevin McCann now one of President's speech writers

Persons

Maj. Gen. Wilton B. Persons is liaison man with Congress



President meets weekly with Congressional leaders, usually including Speaker Joe Martin (r.). Ike's face often shows such concentration at meetings that newcomers mistake it for anger

pointments when the leaders have gone. Ordinarily on Mondays he is visited by Admiral Arthur W. Radford, the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and by Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson, for the top-priority briefing of the day; all other appointments are subordinated to it.

Tuesday might be described as cleanup day, involving rapid-fire appointments from early in the morning until around six at night. Stephens ushers in a dazzling miscellany of visitors, clearing the decks of requests that have accumulated in weeks past. A good many of these may be officials of the foreign embassies; others will include representatives of domestic organizations. It is not uncommon for the ambassador of some small country to arrive with ornate presents from his head of state, and the representatives, as likely as not, wish to be photographed with Mr. Eisenhower. This can be annoying, but the really trying day of the week is Wednesday, the press conference day. (It is possibly significant that President Eisenhower's only truancy of his average week—eighteen holes of golf at the nearby Burning Tree Country Club—is snatched, when possible, Wednesday afternoon, not long after his press conference. In bad weather, he stays indoors and, presumably, thinks about golf.)

At the Security Council Meetings

On Thursday morning, restored to serenity, the President meets with the National Security Council, the top-level strategic planning board headed by a pivotal member of his staff, Robert Cutler, an administrative assistant. One of the foremost voices at high-level White House sessions is that of C. D. Jackson, Mr. Eisenhower's specialist in psychological warfare. It is his job, supplementing the work of the council, to determine what effect the pronouncements and actions of Congress and government leaders will have on foreign nations, with special reference to the "enemy," or political enemy, or Russia. Along with the meetings of the Security Council, the President is briefed by Allen W. Dulles, brother of the Secretary of State and chief of the Central Intelligence Agency.

A full-dress meeting of the Cabinet on Friday completes the essential deliberations of President Eisenhower's week. These form the skeleton, the bare bones of the executive commitments, and provide the staple knowledge from which he takes first nourishment and proceeds to a minute development of the nation's management.

Obviously, there is very little room for frivolity in sessions of such serious import. President Eisenhower addresses his associates by their first names or nicknames but has never encouraged even the most intimate of them to reciprocate with Ike, or even Dwight. He calls the Secretary of State "Foster," and Hagerty, "Jim," and does not demur at their "Mr. President" on occasions of the most compulsory informality, such as long travel aboard the Presidential airplane, Columbine. In the opinions of those nearest him, Mr. Eisenhower expects "Mr. President" as a tribute to the dignity of his office and has no motive of personal austerity. However, he has a very healthy temper and can become volubly irritated over the verbose or the slipshod. His profanity, even under extreme duress, extends no further than an infrequent "Hell," "Damn," or "By God," all of which are dutifully filtered out by the press.

"The President is completely wonderful about big things but he's apt to blow up over small things," says one of his aides. Hagerty remembers a chilling incident of his early days as press secretary. Mr. Eisenhower called him in and peeled off several layers of his ego for forgetting some trivial arrangement. Hagerty stood impassively by, waiting to tackle the next item of business.

At length the President broke off and observed, "You don't scare very easy, do you?"

"No," Hagerty said simply.

"We'll get along fine," said Mr. Eisenhower, and sent him away.

"There's nothing casual about the President," says Jackson. The big meetings plunge into the middle of business with no preliminary interchange of traveling-salesman humor that often enlivened things in the past. The weekly Cabinet session, which President Eisenhower is thought to view as his most important meeting, leads off with a silent prayer. In the beginning, he asked Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson to start the proceedings with a brief invocation, but this practice was abandoned. Secretary Benson, an elder of the Mormon Church, is regarded as one of the genuinely powerful prayers of his denomination and is apt to construe "brief" as half an hour.

At all important meetings, the President's manner is friendly, businesslike and almost painfully attentive. As the items of business evolve, his expression settles into an alertness of such ferocity that newcomers often wonder if he can be angry. The tension has been known to mount. Not long ago at a significant Cabinet meeting, there occurred a rigid test of the President's nerves.

Wrist-Watch Alarm Eased Tension

"A critical point of the national welfare was under discussion," says a man who was there, "and everybody was yapping so you could scarcely hear yourself think." The President finally began to speak, in carefully modulated tones, and straightaway an outrageous racket broke out. A member of the company, wearing one of the large, omnibus wrist watches that tell when to plant soybeans, forecast the weather, record high and low tides, mark out the phases of the moon and so forth, had forgotten to shut off the alarm. It exploded with a melodious clatter. President Eisenhower looked nettled for a second; then he burst into a roar of laughter. The meeting proceeded on an easier footing.

To assist him in the multifarious operations of his office, the President has assembled a White House staff very much along military lines. At its head is Sherman Adams, his principal adviser. Adams, formerly governor of New Hampshire and now a torchbearer of the liberal faction of the Republican party, unquestionably has more influence with the President than any other person. He is in and out of Mr. Eisenhower's office half a dozen times a day, and expounds his views in detail on all decisions that confront the chief executive.

The staff meets every morning of the working week, including Saturday, with Adams usually presiding. On Wednesday, the press conference day, Hagerty will take the chair, perhaps to discuss the topics that he thinks the reporters will bring up and to fix on a suitable official reaction. One or the other of these two presides even if Mr. Eisenhower attends, which he sometimes does.

C. D. Jackson, who also attends staff meetings, is impressed by the fact that there is no "cliquism," and Commander Beach, the naval aide, points out that the staff duties closely resemble those of a high-command staff in a military organization. "It is traditional for a commander to listen *intently* to his staff men," he says. "They are experts in their fields and are presenting information which the boss doesn't know. He *must* listen carefully, and it becomes a point of pride to get the whole story on the first round. His job, the real job, is to decide later what ought to be done."

When Mr. Eisenhower sits by in the meetings, listening to Adams or another of the group deliver a report, he may break in occasionally with an astonishingly well-placed question. "It can be damned embarrassing," says another member. "If there's a hole in the argument or a weak spot in the research, he'll pick it out. And if it indicates skimpy digging, his voice may turn quite icy. On the other hand, he will back you all the way. One gets the feeling of total responsibility."

If asked to state his views, the President habitually leads off with, "Well, I'll tell you," which is possibly his most familiar speechism.

Strangers greeting President Eisenhower for the first time are impressed by his cordial politeness. True, a few of them have remarked afterward that he also seemed, if not abstracted, businesslike and serious. Occasionally somebody is privileged to meet the President under conditions of enforced idleness, when he is effectually removed for a time from the vexing problems of state. At these moments he is a man of warmth and ease, conveying the impression that he would be an ideal compan-

Wave CWO Helen Weaver is assistant personal secretary

Mrs. Ann Whitman, personal secretary to the President

ion on a fishing trip—which is, as often noted elsewhere, true.

He received this correspondent in his office while bundled up to his chin in a white cloth, getting a haircut. His barber, Steve Martini, a well-barbered fellow himself, with shiny black hair, manicured nails and a fine toothbrush mustache, was snipping at the fuzz on the President's neck and wearing an expression of such artistry as to suggest a modest endowment from the Medicis.

The route into Mr. Eisenhower's chamber from the White House lobby would be fraught, one gathers, with lethal peril for an ambitious thug. It is forbidden for a writer to dilate on the methods and whereabouts of the Secret Service, those silent, shadowy, ever-moving young men of rocklike visage and football background, but it is easy to imagine their quick reaction to any slight, suspicious move. It is permissible to say, for example, that a visitor who snatched up his coat to carry in on his arm would be courteously about-faced and urged to jettison his load. Even today, after fifty-three years, the awful consequences of Leon Czolgosz' handkerchief-draped hand, concealing the pistol and McKinley's tragic fate, are fresh in the minds of the White House bodyguard.

Reception of Visitors Is Impressive

A summons to the executive presence has overtones of magic; doors are swiftly opened by pretty secretaries and military aides and advisers, who survey the visitor with genuinely inquisitive interest, as if this introduction were of supreme importance among the high-level talks of Mr. Eisenhower's day. This feeling, the air of unhurried and dignified reception, is not a calculated piece of public relations, but an outgrowth of leanings native to the President. "Mr. Eisenhower believes in doing one thing at a time, and putting everything possible into it," explains one of his assistants. "You might say that he's stubbornly insistent that even a spoken 'good morning' be given its due and proper treatment."

Confinement, however brief, in the billowing folds of a hair-cloth (in the trade term) is usually an impatient experience for President Eisenhower, who prefers to have his hands free and moving as an aid to fluid speech. He remarked upon having to receive a caller while in such condition, and laughed when it was suggested that the public would probably be reassured to reflect that the busiest man in the world had to knock off and get a haircut like anybody else. Maneuvering his right hand out of the cloth to shake hands, the President observed ruefully that he really didn't call it a haircut any longer, but a neck trim, at which Signor Martini gave an almost imperceptible shrug of deprecation.

While Mr. Eisenhower's hairline has retreated far back from his forehead, the hair at the back of his head, at the sides and on his neck is a strong brown, giving him the general appearance of an athlete whose premature baldness is perhaps the result of klieg lights and needle showers, rather than age. His physician, Major General Howard McC. Snyder, reports that the President's condition approaches the "4-H" club variety. "He is one of the soundest persons, physically, I have ever examined," General Snyder states flatly. Mr. Eisenhower's skin is remarkably youthful in tone, clear and slightly ruddy, and he has a good, muscular neck, which also belies the advancing years. Though he is now sixty-three, his blue eyes have an almost startling clarity and a fixity of gaze that can be disconcerting. Altogether, the impression taken away by most visitors is that of a man of exceptional vitality, and a self-discipline unyielding and deeply ingrained.

After an invitation to pull up a chair, the President discussed his job, as an aid in the preparation of these articles. During the course of his remarks, he made a careful effort to compare the rigors of running the nation with those of running a great Allied army on the attack. It is not difficult to sense that President Eisenhower is a more harried man than ever General Eisenhower was in the hottest press of battle. Some of his aides, too, feel that he is much more irritable now than at any time during his military days; however, the White House press photographers, who often view the President at close range and under comparatively intimate conditions, think he has made noticeable gains in repose since the days of his candidacy.

"He used to be balky as hell," says a representative of one news service. "You could ask him to pose such-and-such a way, and he might tell you off pretty briskly. We had a lot of trouble getting him to hold his head up, to keep the bald spot from showing. He was inclined to stand any way he pleased. He's better now, more relaxed, more helpful. Of course he's always fine when Mamie's around—she keeps him in line."

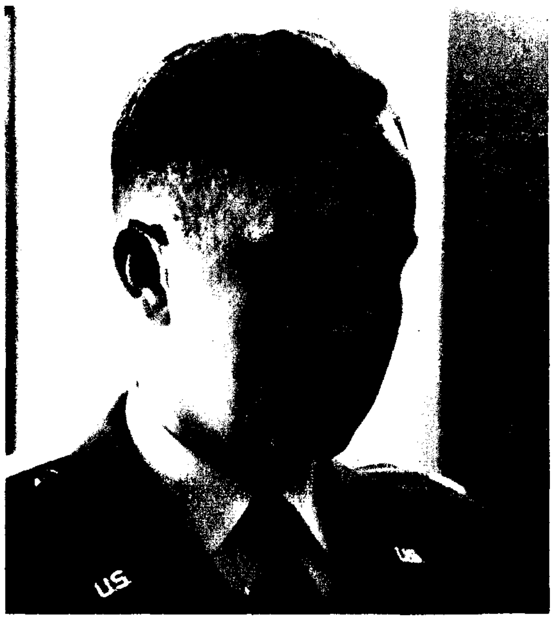
About the peskiest feature of the Presidency, Mr. Eisenhower indicates, is its lack of opportunities for physical exercise. The President is an active man and accustomed to the regular Army and Navy "break for exercise after lunch," or stated periods of near-compulsory workouts. Speaking of a proposed journey to meet with representatives of several other nations, he broke off to observe to Stephens, who came into the room, "Say, remind me to take a couple of irons down and get in some practice shots. I didn't have time for nearly enough golf on that last trip to Augusta."

Adjourning for Secret Golf Practice

Every now and then at the White House, whenever he can, Mr. Eisenhower gathers up his clubs and Sergeant Moaney (who arrays himself in a vivid chartreuse jacket) and pads inconspicuously out to the greensward that rolls down toward Constitution Avenue and the Potomac River. There, as happy as the children who hunt Easter eggs in this pleasant spot, he begins whacking out two-iron and wood shots. Hopping around with cheerful alacrity, Moaney shags the balls.

The commotion is pretty sure to attract the attention of passers-by, and the President ducks into a nearby police shack until the pedestrian traffic resumes its normal flow. Then he steps rapidly out, places a ball on a tee, and sends it whistling down the line. He is apt to break into a broad grin over the long, straight drives, and look grimly determined at the bobbles. Sooner or later, though, the curious collect in such numbers that he retreats before the friendly intensity of their gaze. "You know," he said, with the wistful expression of a man forever on exhibit, "once in a while I get to the point, with everybody staring at me, where I want to go way back indoors and pull down the curtain."

The concluding installment of A Week Inside the White House will be in Collier's next issue



Lt. Col. William G. Draper, Air Force aide, pilots President's personal plane, Columbine

Lt. Col. Robert Schulz, Army aide, keeps Ike supplied with Westerns, among graver duties

Cmdr. Edward L. Beach, the President's naval aide, commanded famous submarine Trigger

He was in trouble up to his wings, and his bride's good name was at stake. So he had *to get himself a big, noisy, official court-martial*

Write me

By PAT FRANK

N THE entire history of Higher Hyannis, California, there had never been anything like the reception for Lieutenant Bob Bisbee on his return from Korea. In noise and enthusiasm, St. Louis hadn't done any better for Lindbergh or New York for Ike—per capita, that is.

Almost everybody in Higher Hyannis met Bob Bisbee's bus. The mayor made a speech, short and discreet but warm with admiration. The Legion Fife-and-Drum Corps played martial music, and there was a parade that included the entire Higher Hyannis Civil Defense unit, which had purchased new white helmets especially for the occasion.

Most important, Bob Bisbee was embraced by a beautiful young woman the instant he got off the bus. They kept on kissing, at intervals, as they sat together in the back of an open convertible while the parade moved through town. Every time they kissed, the crowd cheered. The girl was Mrs. Bisbee. The cheers were for her too.

What was so remarkable about this rousing public reception, in a town known to be stodgy and reserved, was that Bob Bisbee was no great hero.

He was no jet ace—although he did own half a MIG-15—and he had not suffered in a Communist prison camp. As a matter of fact, so far as Higher Hyannis knew, there was even a minor blemish on his military record. But he had proved himself intrepid, courageous, and loyal beyond belief, and there was no censure in Higher Hyannis.

How it came about that Bob Bisbee received this extraordinary welcome—instead of being snubbed, or even greeted with covert smirks and jeers—is best told via an exchange of cables and letters between John R. Phelps, the foreign-news editor of the San Francisco Globe, and Sam Wicker, his correspondent in the Far East. Wicker had just returned to Tokyo from Panmunjom. For three days there was no word from him, and then came a very short and unimportant paragraph, press-collect. Stripped of its cablese, a language unintelligible as Sanskrit to most humans, it read:

SAN FRANCISCO GLOBE
FOR PHELPS
URGENT WE PUBLISH FOLLOWING IN STATE EDITIONS:

TOKYO—FIRST LIEUTENANT ROBERT BISBEE, FIGHTER-BOMBER PILOT OF 710TH WING WAS OFFICIALLY REPRIMANDED TODAY BY MAJOR GEN. THOMAS CULINAN, COMMANDER OF FIGHTER BOMBERS IN THE FAR EAST. IT WAS CHARGED THAT BISBEE LEFT THE FAR EAST THEATER IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE TRUCE AND FLEW TO THE ZONE OF THE INTERIOR. BISBEE ADMITTED SPENDING A NIGHT IN HIGHER HYANNIS, CALIFORNIA. END STORY.

WICKER

Under the circumstances, John Phelps's reply to Sam Wicker was natural:

SAM WICKER
CORRESPONDENTS CLUB
ONE SHIMBUN ALLEY
TOKYO, JAPAN

WHAT GOBBLEDYGOOK IS THIS?

PHELPS

This started a whole series of messages, which are presented as clearly and briefly as possible.

Wicker to Phelps: THIS ISN'T GOBBLEDYGOOK. THIS IS IMPORTANTEST.

Phelps to Wicker: GLOBE DOESN'T CARRY SUCH INCONSEQUENTIAL ITEMS AS YOU KNOW DAMN' WELL. STOP WASTING CABLE TOLLS.

Wicker to Phelps: WHO'S WASTING CABLE TOLLS?

Phelps to Wicker: YOU ARE. DO YOU WANT TO BE RECALLED?

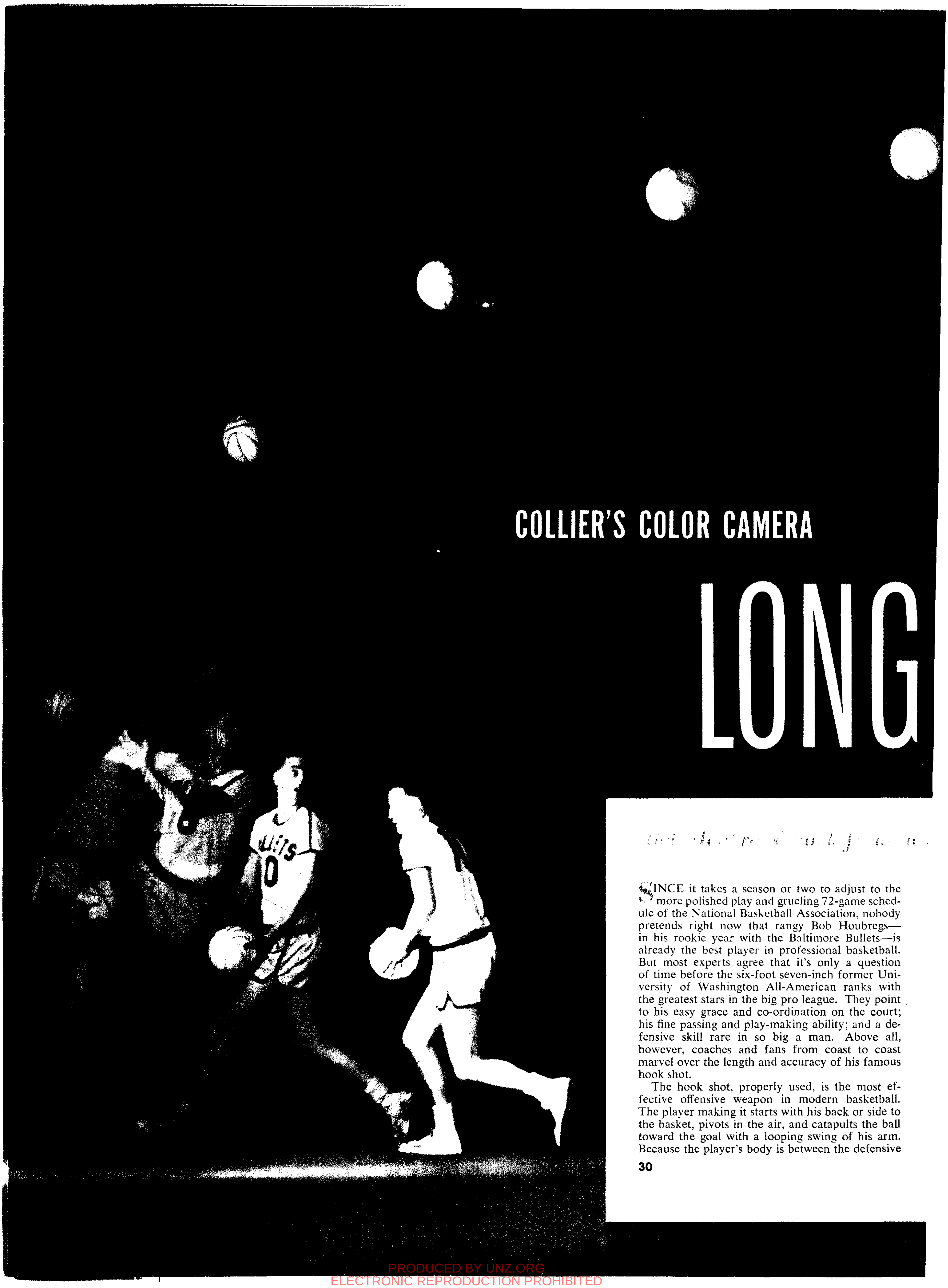
Wicker to Phelps: YES.

Phelps to Wicker: SURFEITED WITH STORIES ON WAR, DIPLOMACY, POLITICS. NEED HUMAN-INTEREST FEATURES. FLY TO HONG KONG. HAVE TIP BEAUTIFUL EURASIAN GIRL ESCAPED FROM RED CHINA TO MARRY AMERICAN VICE-CONSUL WHO IS A SAN FRANCISCAN. WRITE ME A LOVE STORY. THEN TAKE WEEK'S REST YOU SO OBVIOUSLY NEED.

Wicker to Phelps: I'M NOT GOING (*Continued on page* 78)

Bisbee stood up on his chair and yelled, "Whoopee! My wife's going to have a baby!" Everyone looked at him in astonishment. He began to suspect he'd made a *faux pas*

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL C. BURNS



COLLIER'S COLOR CAMERA

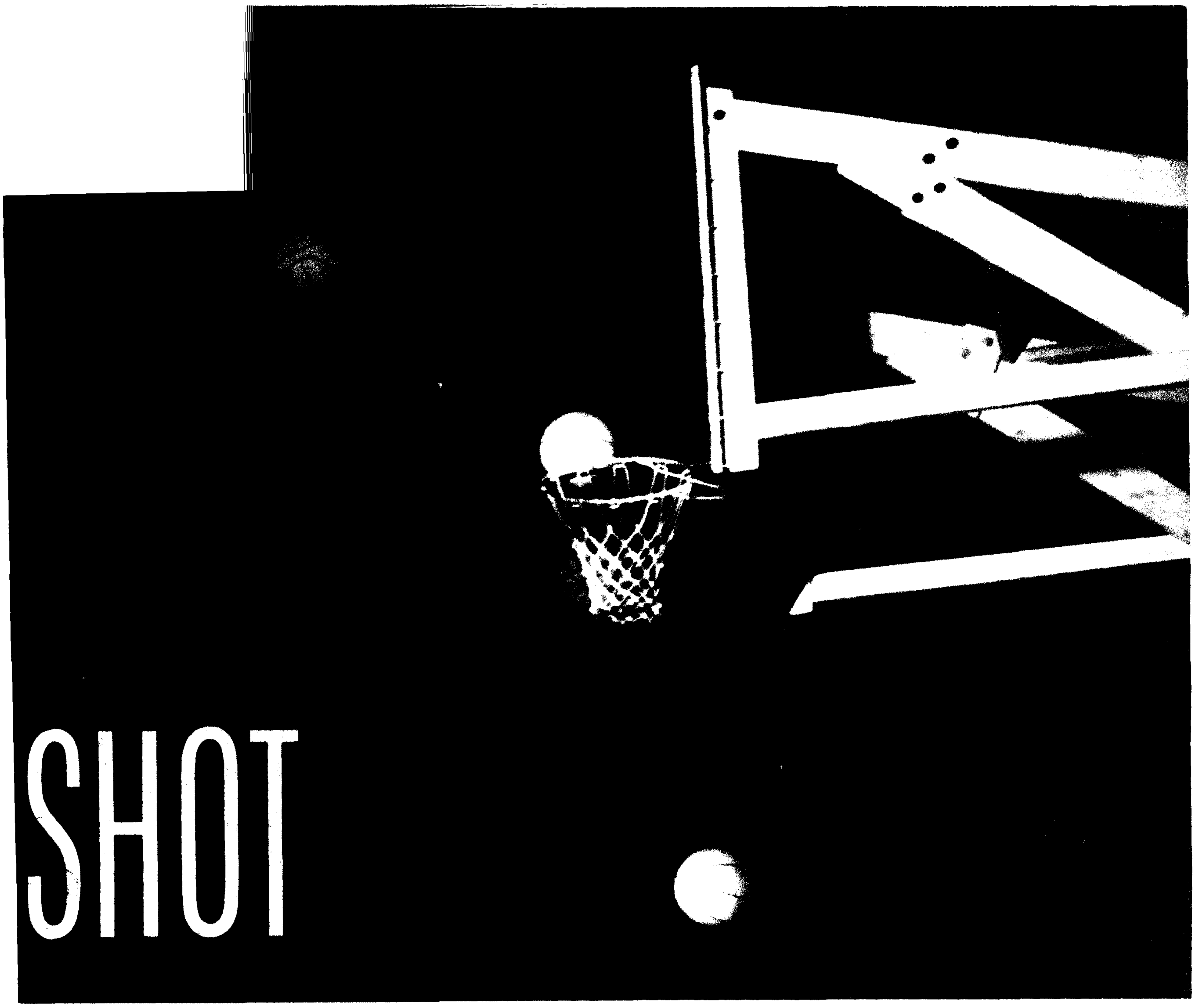
LONG

[illegible]

SINCE it takes a season or two to adjust to the more polished play and grueling 72-game schedule of the National Basketball Association, nobody pretends right now that rangy Bob Houbregs—in his rookie year with the Baltimore Bullets—is already the best player in professional basketball. But most experts agree that it's only a question of time before the six-foot seven-inch former University of Washington All-American ranks with the greatest stars in the big pro league. They point to his easy grace and co-ordination on the court; his fine passing and play-making ability; and a defensive skill rare in so big a man. Above all, however, coaches and fans from coast to coast marvel over the length and accuracy of his famous hook shot.

The hook shot, properly used, is the most effective offensive weapon in modern basketball. The player making it starts with his back or side to the basket, pivots in the air, and catapults the ball toward the goal with a looping swing of his arm. Because the player's body is between the defensive

SHOT



t has been called the greatest shot in bask

man and the ball, the shot is almost impossible to block.

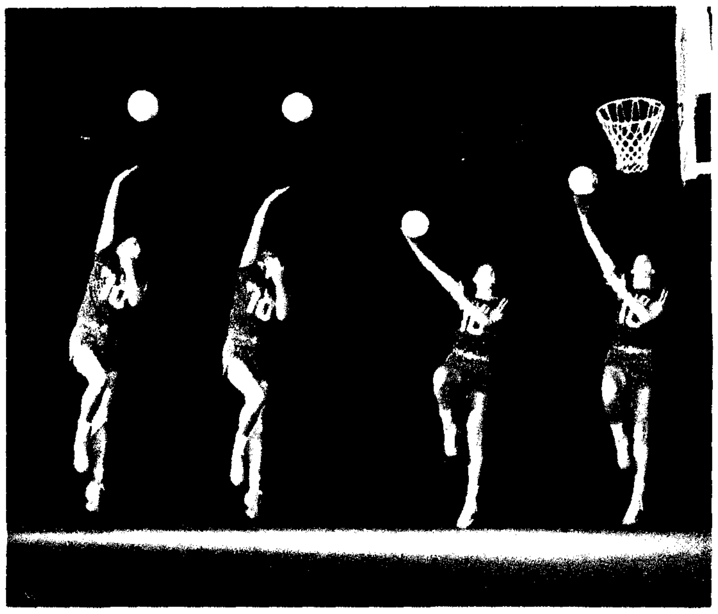
Most great hook-shot artists—like George Mikan of the world champion Minneapolis Lakers and Connie Simmons of the New York Knickerbockers—work from the foul line in. Not Houbregs. He usually *starts* hooking from the foul line, which is 15 feet from the basket, and works his way back. During games he'll unleash and sink tremendously long hook shots from 20 to 25 feet out—distances which, for virtually every other player, require carefully aimed set shots.

Houbregs' coach at Baltimore, the veteran Clair Bee, calls his twenty-one-year-old star's hook "the most amazing shot I've seen in more than 30 years in basketball." In voicing this opinion and the belief that Houbregs is potentially as good as any player he's seen, Bee is echoing such assorted experts as Tippy Dye, Bob's coach at the University of Washington; the Helms Athletic Foundation, which named Houbregs the outstanding college player of 1953; and Washington's 33 opponents last season who unhappily saw him drop in 54 per cent of his shots and score an astronomical 846 points.

When Houbregs once starts connecting, he's unstoppable. In the third quarter of an NCAA tournament game against Santa Clara, for example, he hit, in quick succession, four hook shots from the head of the foul circle; one from the side corner; a long push shot, and four free throws—a total of 16 points in less than 10 minutes. And during one eight-day period last December, he connected for 36 points to lead the inexperienced and underdog Baltimore team to two consecutive victories over mighty Minneapolis.

In the large picture on these pages, the camera is following a 22-foot Houbregs hook shot from its inception until it drops through the net. The conditions were perfect for multiflash photography, horrible for basketball. Bob had to throw the ball at a dimly lighted basket while brilliant photographers' lights kept flashing in his face. That held his average for the evening down to four out of six.

—HOWARD COHN



Multiple exposure catches Houbregs practicing his specialty at varying distances from basket

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE WOODRUFF WITH DR. HAROLD E. EDGERTON

After 39 Years-

The old man with the scythe has finally gained ground on th

GENE TRINDL

The bloom of youth still appears on the Benny cheeks. You just have to look a bit harder

THE day started like any other in Beverly Hills. The sun forced its way through the early morning smog, the birds in the trees began to cough and I tumbled out of bed, happy, carefree and ready for the next 24 hours—like any healthy young animal.

Early rising is a ritual with me. Unlike my nocturnal brethren in show business, I am matutinal by nature. (I have always been matutinal, but never knew how to say it until I made an appearance on the Omnibus television program with Alistair Cooke. He slipped me the word, as he put it, "as a lagniappe." I don't know what lagniappe means, but the next time I see him I intend to ask.)

Anyway, the morning to which I refer began normally enough. I flung open the bedroom windows and started my daily dozen. I had just gotten around to the knee-bending exercises when I heard the stairs creaking and I knew that Rochester was on his way up with orange juice and coffee. Then I remembered that this was Rochester's day off. Suddenly I realized it wasn't the stairs that were creaking. It was my knees.

The shock straightened me up. I tried the knee-bending exercise again to make sure I had heard right. There was the same creaking—only this time louder, like somebody scraping a fiddle string. I winced. I can't stand bad violin playing.

I've always expected that sooner or later I'd start showing signs of wear. But I never expected the signs to be audible. I stood there, listening, and my eyes settled on the wall calendar, as they frequently do: it was a gift from Marilyn Monroe. After a moment or two, I glanced down at the date. It was February 1, 1954! In less than two weeks, on February 14th, I, Jack Benny, would be forty!

Forty! I shuddered, and my eyes fogged. The clock on the dresser seemed to be ticking faster, in a deliberate effort to hasten the fateful date. Cold chills and hot flashes coursed intermittently through my body. In a sort of hazy stupor, I could visualize myself sitting on a park bench with Barney Baruch, feeding the pigeons.

As reason slowly returned, I realized that Father Time had been waving his scythe under my nose, and I had been too comfortably ensconced in the sage and durable age of thirty-nine to heed the closeness of the blade. Trifling occurrences that I had dismissed as unimportant came back now to plague me with their full significance.

Lately, I had noticed that the Martinis were getting stronger, the hills on the golf course steeper, flirtations scarcer. Perhaps I had been cutting too fast a pace for a man on the brink of forty. I would have to change my habits. No more carousing with the boys. From now on, Charlie Coburn, Guy Kibbee and Lionel Barrymore would have to fun around without me.

In the following days, I underwent a transformation. I brooded and fretted, found fault with everything. I changed from a bright, lovable young man to a bitter, churlish, middle-aged curmudgeon. Rochester was on the verge of quitting. Polly, my parrot, wouldn't talk to me. I insulted the people on my radio and television shows. I even began to hate myself—and I was the last person in the world I thought I'd ever hate.

Finally I decided I would have to adjust. After all, it isn't a crime to be forty. A pity, maybe, but not a crime. I got a grip on myself and went to see my doctor. That is, I didn't exactly go to see him. I invited him over to my house for dinner. It was friendlier than going to his office . . . and much less expensive.

After a modest meal, I led the conversation around to the state of my health and my impending birthday. The doctor was reluctant to talk business at first, but a couple of quick ponies of brandy loosened his tongue.

"When most men reach forty," the doctor said, "they find themselves up against a psychological block. Forty is considered the gateway to middle age and nobody wants to make the trip."

I refilled his glass and he continued his dissertation: "A man seems to feel, and with some reason, that while he's in his thirties he's within shooting distance of his youth, but when he hits forty he's all shot."

He helped himself to some more cognac.

"That all depends on the health of the individual," he went on. "Now, I'm forty-eight and I'm far from shot. Why, I can outdrink two twenty-four-year-olds put together."

INTERNATIONAL

The first sign of advancing years: Jack met Marilyn Monroe—she looked the other way

I hastily put away the cognac bottle.

I had drawn some cheer from the doctor's observations. But I still was not satisfied. I yawned in his face a couple of times so he could get a look at my tongue. I saw his quick professional glance, and his lack of comment was reassuring.

I took the little wooden hammer out of the nut bowl and casually put it down on the table within easy reach of his hand. Then I crossed my legs and waited. Sure enough, he took the bait. He picked up the hammer and tapped me on the knee. I hadn't realized my reflexes were so fast. If he hadn't pulled his head back just in time, I would have punted his teeth into the kitchen.

The doctor remarked that he hadn't seen such knee action since Nijinsky. If I took care of myself, he said, I could live to be a hundred and forty.

Keeping the doctor's visit on a social basis, I said, "Doc, if you had a patient like me, what kind of diet would you put him on?"

He told me everything I wanted to know and it didn't cost me a quarter (including the price of the cognac). However, the diet he prescribed was disquieting. I was limited to expensive steaks and chops, lean cuts of meat, fowl and a few green vegetables. Bread and gravy, potatoes and rice, the old standbys that regularly graced my table, were taboo. Under my tutelage, Rochester had become proficient at preparing some wonderfully economical dishes . . . braised beef hearts, fried pork livers and country gravy, breaded fishcakes and the hundred different kinds of hash that help the housewife stay within her budget. I was loath to discontinue this fare, especially since my freezer was full of beef hearts and fishcakes. Besides, Rochester was now so expert at preparing this type of food it would be a pity to make him stop.

Rochester Offers an Ideal Solution

After turning the problem over in my mind, I finally found a way out of the dilemma. Rochester was not on a diet. There was no reason why he couldn't go on eating beef hearts and fishcakes, even though I was stuck with steaks and chops.

As I walked the doctor to the door, I felt reassured. Still, I had been unable to think of a way for him to take my basal metabolism. I began toying with the idea of inviting him to dinner again. I could make the invitation for two and ask him to bring his machine with him.

As we shook hands, I held the grip, and fed the doctor one more leading question.

"So you think I'm in good shape, eh, Doc?"

"Yes," he said, struggling vainly to get his hand loose, "but I think you ought to drop by the office for a checkup in a week or so."

"Another checkup?" I asked, taken off guard. "But you just gave me one."

"Well, you can't be too safe," he grunted, tugging at his hand. "Besides, a man of your age can change overnight."

All my old fears overwhelmed me again. In fact, I was so staggered that my grip turned to mush, and the doctor, released suddenly, went flying out the door.

The doctor's pessimistic remark left me frus-

I'm Turning 40

By JACK BENNY

young fellow with the fiddle—but it was some race while it lasted. They're both winded

trated and disappointed. But I was able to find consolation in the fact that even though the body was beginning to sag a little as birthday number forty crept closer, mentally my faculties were never sharper. I still retained all my old cunning and guile. Besides, I decided, even though I might change by tomorrow, I was still in good shape tonight, so the money expended on food and drink for the doctor had not been entirely wasted.

When the Plumber Comes to Dinner

Feeling a little better, I checked my supply of cognac and was pleased to find there were still a few pints left. Not that I drink myself, but I like to keep some in the house for my guests. Next week, I'm having my plumber over for dinner. There's an annoying leak in the kitchen drainpipe, and I'm sure that after Herman imbibes a few samples of the grape, he'll be under that sink like an old firehorse. I'm counting on quite a saving, because the plumber's fee is usually higher than the doctor's.

The next morning I could find no perceptible change in my health, in spite of the doctor's dour warning. Nevertheless, I bathed and dressed carefully to avoid taxing my strength, and, wary of my protesting knees, I had Rochester help me with my socks and my shoelaces. Then, after a cautious breakfast of orange juice and hot vitamin-fortified milk, I set out on my program of readjustment.

First I dropped in to see my old friend and colleague, Eddie Cantor. Eddie had long since endured the experience I was now undergoing, and I hoped to acquire a few tips on how a man should dress, behave and adapt his philosophy when he reaches forty. Eddie proved to be a disappointment. He beat around the bush and seemed reluctant to discuss the subject.

Finally, I put it to him point-blank. "Eddie," I said, "did you feel that your whole psychological structure changed when you became forty?"

Cantor answered that he wouldn't know; he never had been forty and he never intended to be.

You see, Eddie went from thirty-nine to sixty overnight, and the only one who ever suspected it was Ida.

After lunch, I left Cantor's house, still groping for a panacea to restore my confidence and bolster my shattered morale. As I walked down Sunset Boulevard, I felt that everyone was staring at me. I could almost hear people saying to themselves, "Look at him. He must be forty if he's a day."

I decided a few holes of golf might help my frayed nerves. I was going to take a taxi out to my club, but it was such a pleasant day I chose to walk. It was only seven miles and I knew a short cut, most of it paved. The only bad stretch was a half mile through a beanfield, but I knew the terrain like the back of my hand.

I started out briskly enough, but after a few blocks the pace began to tell. My strides were slower and my breathing was faster. I thought a cup

GENE TRINDL

For Benny, the voice of Time was soprano. It said, "I'm awfully sorry, Jack, but I have a date for that night. Unless you'd like to go along as chaperon?" Note stunned expression

"For a time, I considered fibbing about my age. But no, it went against the grain"

of coffee might pick me up, so I dropped into Romanoff's. Not Mike Romanoff's. This place is owned by a man named Joseph Romanoff. Joseph claims he is the real prince, and Mike is a phony. But Joseph is a very sweet fellow and doesn't want to make trouble, so he doesn't even use the name Romanoff's for his restaurant. He calls it Joe's Place.

As I sat on the stool sipping my coffee, the thought occurred to me that Joe was about forty, and his views on the subject of middle age might be worth hearing. "Joe," I said, "would you credit a man of thirty-nine with having a lot more stamina than a man of forty?"

"Mr. Benny," Joe answered, "in my place, I give credit to nobody and I don't care how old he is. Besides, we got no stamina here. If he don't want a hamburger, let him go someplace else."

Naturally, this answer was of no help to me, although I couldn't dispute the soundness of Joe's business acumen.

I left Romanoff's considerably refreshed, but I decided against walking the rest of the way to my club. There was no point in expending my waning energy just to save a few cents. I took a bus.

All my life, I meditated as the bus weaved its way through the traffic, I'd been saving my money for my old age. Well, there was no point in saving for it any more. It was here.

I almost changed my mind when I looked up and saw an attractive young girl smiling at me. I smiled back, my spirits soaring at this evidence that I had not lost my great appeal for the other sex. Then, as she moved closer, my world collapsed again: she was merely after my seat! I settled back, and her smile changed to a dirty look. But a man of forty is obliged to conserve his strength, even at the expense of his manners.

Youthful Comic Worried Too

I was very much depressed as I entered the club. A lot of the boys were there, and I sat down and chatted with Jerry Lewis, hoping that he would cheer me up with some of his usual zany antics. But it turned out that Jerry, too, was in a somber mood. He confided that he was going to be thirty soon and he was worried about it. I found that I was unable to summon up any sympathy for this kid. There he was, a full 10 years younger than I; what did he have to worry about?

I was about to give up and go home when George Burns walked in and pointed his cigar at me. I broke up with laughter. George has a way of pointing a cigar that nobody else can top. At least, it seems that way to me. As everyone in Hollywood knows, I am George Burns's best audience. As a matter of fact, there's a rumor around the club that if George Burns were playing a date, I'd even pay to see him. Well, anyway, that's the rumor.

I invited George to join me for a little golf. By the time we teed off, I was in much better spirits. All during the game, George kept me in stitches. He really has the greatest sense of humor in the world.

George was wearing a big diamond ring and he called the caddy over and showed it to him. As the caddy looked at the stone admiringly, a stream of water shot out of the ring and hit him in the eye.

I had seen the trick work before, but the way George did it was so funny I became hysterical. The caddy didn't appreciate the humor until George gave him a dollar. Then the boy laughed louder than I did.

Make-Up Caused Healthy Look

After the game, I had a steam bath and a massage, and, thanks to George Burns, I set out for CBS in a much better frame of mind. We were rehearsing a TV show, and everyone in the cast remarked how healthy I looked. I didn't bother telling them that I had just spent an hour with the make-up man. It was a few days before the show went on, but I always like to look my best. You can never tell who might drop in to watch the rehearsal.

I apologized to Mary Livingstone for my petty griping of the past several days. She tried to be kind and said she hadn't noticed any difference. Then I explained that the cause of my mental stress was the sudden realization that I would shortly be forty.

Mary burst into that infectious laugh of hers. She said she just couldn't believe that was my right age. I wasn't surprised. No matter how often I tell people I'm thirty-nine, some of them refuse to believe I'm that old.

It was Mary who finally straightened me out, by reminding me of others in my age bracket who were carrying on with the vim and vigor of teen-agers. Georgie Jessel, for one, was never concerned about age, either his own or that of whoever happened to be his date.

As Mary spoke, I thought of Bob Hope, whose case was so similar to my own. Maybe he was even a year or two older. But Bob was as frisky as a two-year-old colt, and covered a lot more ground. And what's more, the ground he covered had oil in it.

Then I thought of Bing Crosby. Bing had hurdled the forty-year barrier without drawing a long breath or a wrong note. His popularity had increased with the years, both here and abroad. In Germany, I understand, they still call him Der Bingle. I remember talking to my press agent once about giving me a build-up in Germany, finding a nickname for me comparable to Bing's. He started publicizing me as "Der Jackal." For reasons I don't remember, we were forced to abandon the campaign.

At home that night, I reflected on Mary's words and decided she was right. Aside from a pair of noisy knees, I had never felt or looked better. Oh, there were a few tiny signs of age. The brown hair that used to tumble over my forehead now tumbles all the way to the floor. And of course, there's the pitter patter of little crow's-feet around my eyes. But I'm lucky they're little; some crows have bigger feet than others. Anyhow, I don't mind having a few lines in my face. I think it gives me character.

I walked over and looked into the mirror. My eyes were just as blue as they ever were. And no matter what anyone says, I've never dyed them. I smiled, and noted with satisfaction that they were my own teeth smiling back at me. I tried to look at myself objectively, and after a few minutes I came to the conclusion that it was not by accident or camera trick that I projected so handsomely on the television screen.

I was now reconciled to the idea of being forty, although I knew it would be quite a while before I got really used to it. It seemed, in retrospect, that all my life I'd been thirty-nine. I suppose it's because so many things happened in that one year.

When Rochester called me downstairs for dinner, I was the old Jack Benny once more: gay, carefree, and bubbling over with the joy of living. I had shed my gloomy cocoon and emerged as a radiant caterpillar . . . fuzzy, but free.

Rochester had noticed the change in me and by way of celebration he had whipped up an elaborate dinner. He presented the menu to me with a flourish. I had decided to wait until my freezer was depleted before embarking on my new diet of steaks and chops, so there was a fishcake cocktail, pork liver *de foie gras, salade de la* plain lettuce, and for the entree, braised hearts of beef, with a new invention of Rochester's which he called city gravy.

As I attacked the savory fare, I contemplated the new pattern of behavior I was to adopt as a man of forty.

A Generous Gift for Rochester

I would have to be a trifle more conservative in my dress. I called Rochester in to make him a present of my green plaid suit, but found he was already wearing it. I told him he could keep it without charge, but that the alterations would have to come out of his salary. I was in good shape for the transition so far as the rest of my wardrobe was concerned. True, I had two or three ties that were a little on the loud side, but I could have them dyed.

Rochester then suggested a birthday party. At first I was against the idea. The fuss and bother didn't appeal to me; besides, real friends should give presents whether they're invited to a party or not.

But then I reconsidered. The best way to handle an unpleasant situation is to face it squarely. Why not have a party? Why not announce to the world that Jack Benny, star of stage, screen, radio and television, was forty?

Secretly, I had been entertaining the thought of fibbing a little. I could always say I was thirty-nine and get away with it. Yes, I actually considered that. But fibbing goes against my grain. And so I made my decision: a party it would be.

Rochester volunteered to contribute the cake, provided I paid for the forty candles. I told him that was satisfactory. I knew I wouldn't have to buy forty candles. I could get ten and cut them in quarters.

As I pen these words, the invitations to the party in celebration of my birthday are already in the mail, and I stand exposed to the world as a man of forty. I hope the revelation will not come as too great a shock to my millions of fans who, as fans will do, have cloaked their idol with the mantle of perennial youth.

Today I face the future fearlessly, convinced that, after thirty-nine years of the best fruits of life, my next thirty-nine years will be just as fruitful—and will last just as long. ▲▲▲

Benny on How to Avoid Being 40

1. **Before your fortieth birthday keep circulating the story that you're thirty-nine. If people hear it often enough they'll believe it for years.**
2. **When in the company of younger people, ask their advice on everything. Pretty soon they'll begin to believe they're older than you are.**
3. **Stay slim. Thin people always look younger. Connie Mack is ninety-one, but he's so slender nobody figures him to be more than eighty-eight.**
4. **If you have to spend any money, do it grudgingly. People will think you're saving up for your old age instead of entering it. This rule won't cost you anything except a few friends, but you'll have so much money you'd be ducking them anyway.**
5. **Avoid reminiscing about the past. If the name Lincoln should come up in your conversation, be sure that it's the car you're talking about and not the President.**
6. **Lastly, don't worry about your fortieth birthday. Remember, it will soon be over, and it will never happen again.**

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The Wife Who Lived Twice

By JAMES ATLEE PHILLIPS

WHEN the doorman in the gold-brocaded coat swung the door open, Paul Anglin walked out into the bright sunlight on the Avenida Juárez. Two lottery-ticket vendors approached him and he motioned them away. The people walking along the sidewalk glanced at his armful of flowers.

The doorman had hurried around him and was waiting beside a cab. "Your wife is better now, *Señor* Anglin?" he asked.

Paul nodded and got into the taxi. "Thanks," he said. "Can't reach my loot now, *compañero*. When I return—"

"Por nada, señor." The doorman stood back and saluted, and Paul turned to the driver.

"International Hospital," he said, and the driver pushed down his meter flag. The cab moved into the bedlam of Mexico City traffic.

Paul sat in the back seat and held the flowers. Vehicles were roaring by on both sides; they swerved in and out of their proper lanes with no warning. These people fly a tight pattern, he thought, and wondered again, in mixed annoyance and admiration, how they managed it without more accidents.

Putting the bouquet on the seat beside him, he lighted a cigarette. The flowers were called red-hot pokers. Fran had seen them growing wild in Toluca, and had been crazy about them; that was why he had ordered two dozen.

This is a hell of a vacation, Paul thought. We save up for a year, and then Fran has to fall down a set of stairs and break a leg. That had been night before last. But it had been a simple fracture, and she would be able to leave the hospital soon. He smiled ruefully as he remembered Fran, all the radiance knocked out of her as she watched the polite doctors fit the cast.

Paul was private pilot for an Oklahoma oilman, and he and Fran had come down to Mexico in the boss's plane. That had automatically qualified them as billionaires in everybody's eyes, and the Anglins had not minded; it was nice to have maître de's bowing them in ahead of the mob. Then, when ten days of their two weeks were gone, Fran's high heel had broken at the wrong time, just when she was parading regally down the stairs . . .

Smiling, Paul thought about his wife—about her wide-set eyes and her freckled nose and her boyish, short-cropped hair. He remembered her trick of laughing so hard when she was really amused, that her eyes nearly closed.

The cab was barreling into the suburbs now, going faster as the traffic thinned. Paul Anglin did not notice; he was thinking how empty yesterday had seemed without Fran, how he missed her. They had been apart two nights now.

The cabdriver made a sweeping U turn and stopped before the walled entrance to the International Hospital. Paul picked up the flowers, handed the driver a five-peso note and told him to keep the change. It was raining now, and he ran toward the hospital entrance.

The nun behind the desk looked up as he came into the dim, quiet hallway; she smiled at his armful of flamboyant flowers. After glancing at her records she said, *"Momentito, señor,"* and went rustling down the hall.

Paul shifted the bouquet irritably. Everything took such a long time in Mexico. There were people sitting on the benches along the wall, and he glanced at them. His eyes, trained to take in all the information on an instrument panel, sorted them quickly: a middle-aged Englishman in patchy tweeds; his wife; and eleven others, all Mexican, all waiting patiently.

"This way, please." The nun was back, and Paul turned to follow her. His anger was mounting because she was going the wrong way. Maybe they had changed Fran to another room, he thought, but probably not. Probably more forms to fill out.

THE nun stopped at an office doorway and motioned him inside. A doctor in a white jacket was sitting behind the desk. "Yes?" Paul said abruptly.

"I am Dr. Villareal," the doctor said. "Will you sit down, please?"

The doctor was not at ease; he picked up a paperweight from his desk, looked at it and put it back again. There were signed portraits of other doctors on the wall behind his head, and two diplomas—Tulane and the University of Madrid. Dr. Villareal looked up, finally, into Paul's eyes.

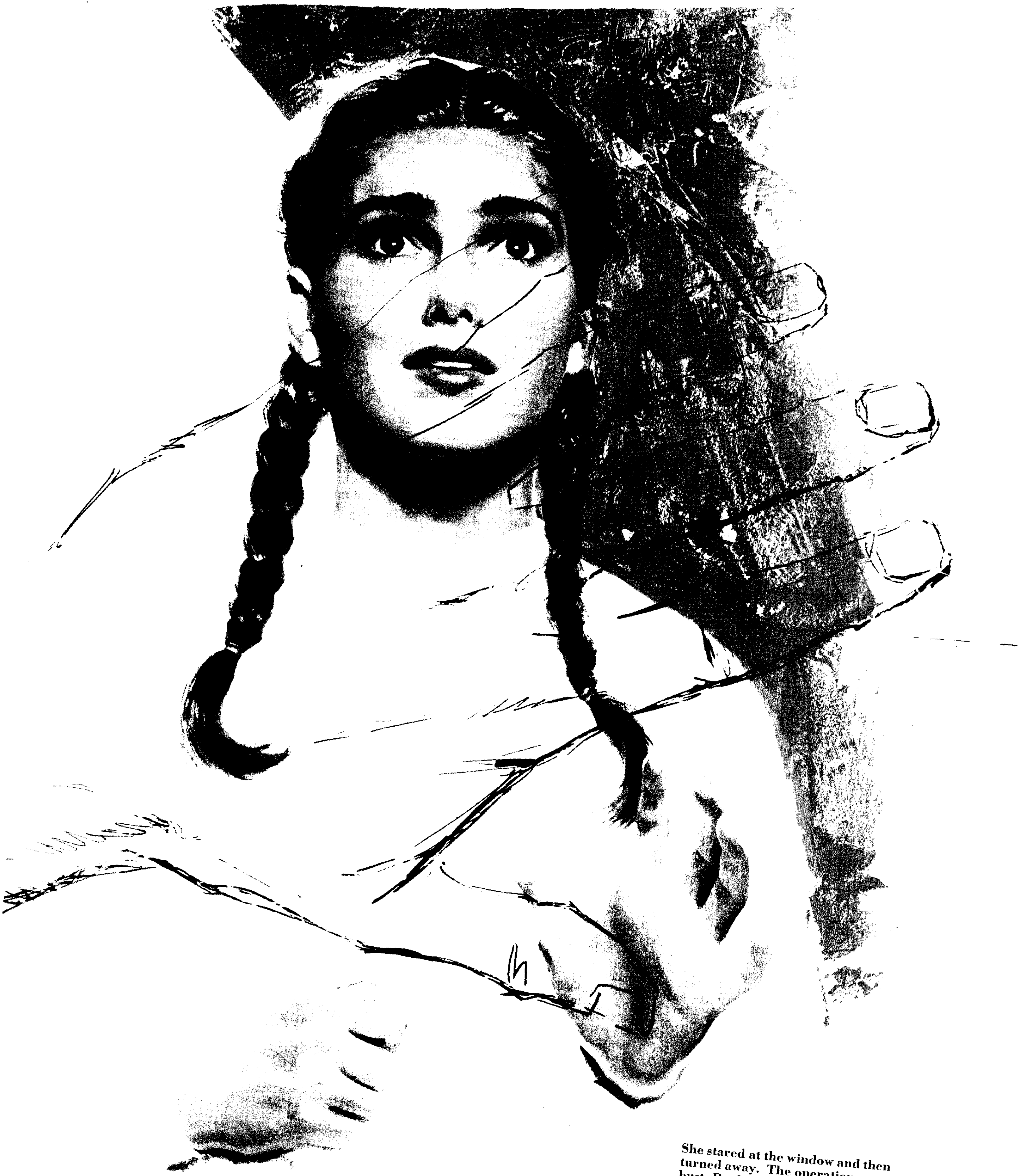
Paul felt his anger suddenly fade, because he knew then that something was wrong. The doctor was trying to prepare him. Paul got up from the chair, and the scarlet flowers slipped to the floor. "Okay," he said.

Villareal stood up. "Your wife is dead, Mr. Anglin."

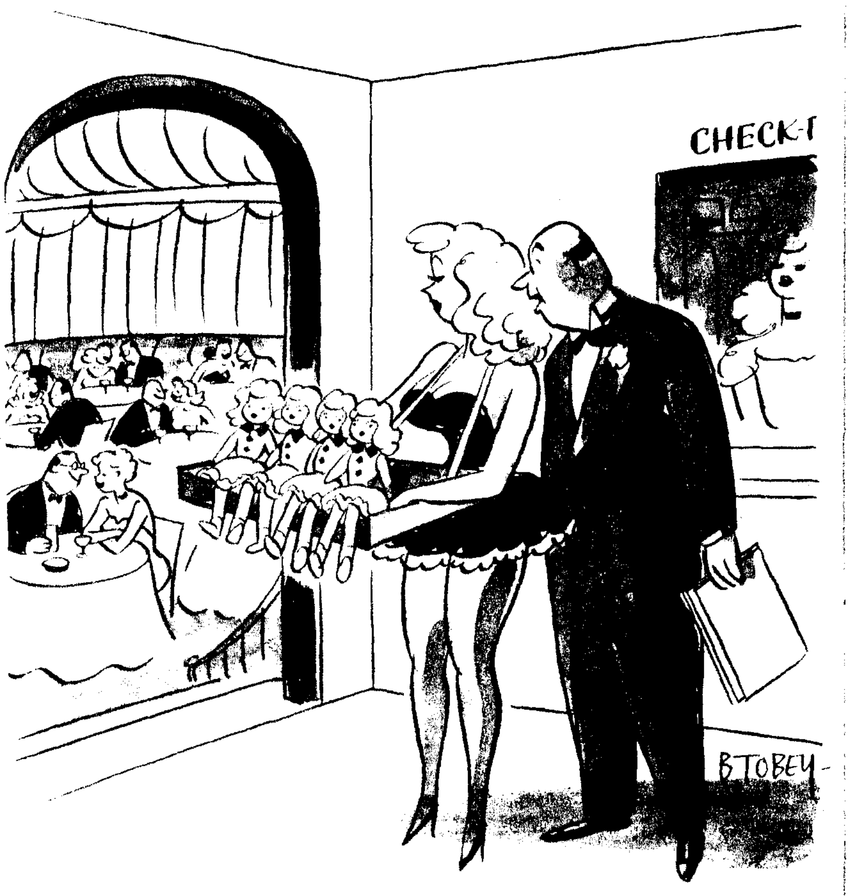
"Dead?" It was a gasp; Paul could not recognize his

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

to the Mexican doctor it was routine. Together, they helped make a miracle



She stared at the window and then turned away. The operation was a bust, Paul thought; it didn't work



"Table three is on an expense account, table five is on an expense account, table eight is on an expense account . . ."

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY

own voice. Footsteps went pattering down the hall outside. "How could she die—"

"A pulmonary embolism—a blood clot. It's—not usual." The doctor paused and frowned nervously. "We did our best," he said.

"Your best!" Paul cried, and then shook his head numbly. He fumbled for a cigarette and stared at the bright coupon that assured him that the cigarettes had been flown in and were fresh.

Dr. Villareal came from behind the desk and touched Paul's shoulder.

Paul moved away. "I want to see her," he said.

Dr. Villareal nodded, opened the door, and Paul followed, walking stiffly. When they reached the room, he stood beside the bed as Villareal drew back the sheet.

Fran looked peaceful and pretty—but somehow different. She's gone, he thought. She's only twenty-eight; it's unfair . . .

He put out his hand and touched her forehead. Then he nodded to Dr. Villareal and walked out of the room. When he got outside it was dusk and rain was still falling; he was drenched through before he found a cab.

PAUL closed the door to the hotel suite behind him. The air-conditioning vents were humming faintly and he felt the cool air on his face. Frowning, he took off his jacket, tie and shirt and tossed them on the coffee table. He was trying to phrase a telegram, but his head seemed to be out of gear. The words went skidding around in his mind without making sense.

He stood before the wall mirror, his face drawn, trying to concentrate. *How can I break it to her family?* he thought. Walking across the room, he switched on a lamp and opened a drawer, looking for writing paper. Instead, the drawer contained several layers of Fran's lingerie, neatly folded. The faint perfume from the drawer was like a knife in his heart. Turning away abruptly, he went into the bathroom and saw all her toilet articles lined up on the glass shelves.

He was hunched over the coffee table and had taken two drinks of bourbon and scribbled three messages when the door buzzer sounded. He got up, walked across to the door and opened it. A young man standing in the lighted hallway bowed and said, "Good evening. Mr. Anglin?"

"Yes?"

"May I come in for a minute?" The visitor's clothes were dark and well-cut, but almost foppish.

"I'm sorry—some other time." Paul closed the door, bolted it, and returned to his seat. Leaning forward, he began to print: FRANCES DIED UNEXPECTEDLY INTERNATIONAL HOSPITAL TONIGHT—

The door buzzer sounded again. Paul raised his head, swore softly, and got up. The same man was waiting in the hall. This time Paul did not speak, only looked at him. "Sorry to bother you again," the man said, "but it is about your wife."

Paul stared down at him. "My wife is dead."

"I know." The man waited.

The bourbon was beginning to penetrate the numbness in his mind and he felt a sudden anger. If this little man is from an undertaking establishment, he thought grimly, I will kill him, right here and now. He took the proffered card with a trembling hand. *Dr. Eduardo Gomez Vega Rosas*, said the legend, and in smaller letters underneath: *M.D., F.A.O.S., F.A.P.S.*

Paul returned the card and stepped back. "*Come in,*" he said. The dapper little man walked past him into the suite and turned. When Paul motioned toward a chair, the man sat down, careful of the crease in his trousers.

"Will you have a drink, Doctor?" Paul asked. The visitor said he would like one, and Paul dropped ice cubes into a tall glass and poured bourbon over them.

Nodding his thanks, Dr. Vega took the glass and raised it. "*Salud y pesetas,*" he said.

Paul sat down and leaned toward him. "I don't have time for social graces, Doctor," he said. "Get to the point."

DR. VEGA looked pained, but he sipped his drink and patted his mouth with his handkerchief.

"I am on the staff of the International Hospital; that is how I heard about the unfortunate incident. Also, I am chief of the eye bank at the Clinica Lourdes. We would like to use your wife's eyes."

Paul was pouring another drink. He set the bottle down and stared at his visitor. "You're going too fast. Would you repeat that?"

"Certainly," Dr. Vega said and nodded pleasantly. "Our eye bank would be most grateful if we could use your wife's eyes, for a corneal transplant. We don't have much time; the transplanting must be done within seventy-two hours after death. That is why, much as I regret it, I must disturb you tonight."

Sighing, the doctor lifted his glass for another sip. Paul continued to gaze at the man in disbelief. Then, lunging across the table, he slapped the glass out of the languid young doctor's hand and it flew end-over-end, spilling, and smashed against the mirrored wall.

Paul pulled the doctor out of the chair and began to slap his face from side to side. Vega's curly black hair flew into disarray. When Paul turned him loose, the doctor dropped to his knees with a thud. "Get out!" Paul ordered, stepping back. He was trembling. The doctor got to his feet, smoothing his hair into place.

"Kinetic release," Vega said, calmly, dabbing at the blood on his lips. "Can't say I blame you—" When he smiled, the teeth were white in his handsome face but his eyes did not light up. "Now, *señor,* would you mind trying it again?"

Paul let go with a right-hand punch. Vega moved just enough; he rolled and struck a hard blow at Paul's body. The blow was solid, and it hurt. When Paul came back, the doctor's hands were hanging by his sides. Too confident, Paul never saw the deft kick that nearly broke his jaw. He staggered backward and fell through the glass top of the coffee table.

Ignoring the slivers of glass, Paul picked up the heavy silver ice bucket and hurled it. Vega ducked, and the ice bucket smashed through the picture window. The wide expanse of glass did not go all at once. It fell out of its frame in sections, and there was a great crash when it shattered on a terrace several floors below.

They were locked together in a clinch when an assistant manager came bursting into the suite, followed by five bellhops. The hotel man, elegant in a frock coat and striped trousers, stared in horror at the empty window frame and the smashed furniture, and then began shouting wildly.

Dr. Vega had stepped back and was wrapping Paul's hand in a handkerchief. He said, "*Silencio!*" and the assistant manager stopped shouting. Vega gave some orders, curtly, and the hotel employees left the room.

PAUL was too dazed to understand it all, but he did hear something about "the death of his *señora.*"

He sat down gingerly on the couch, tasted the blood on his lips, and shook his head.

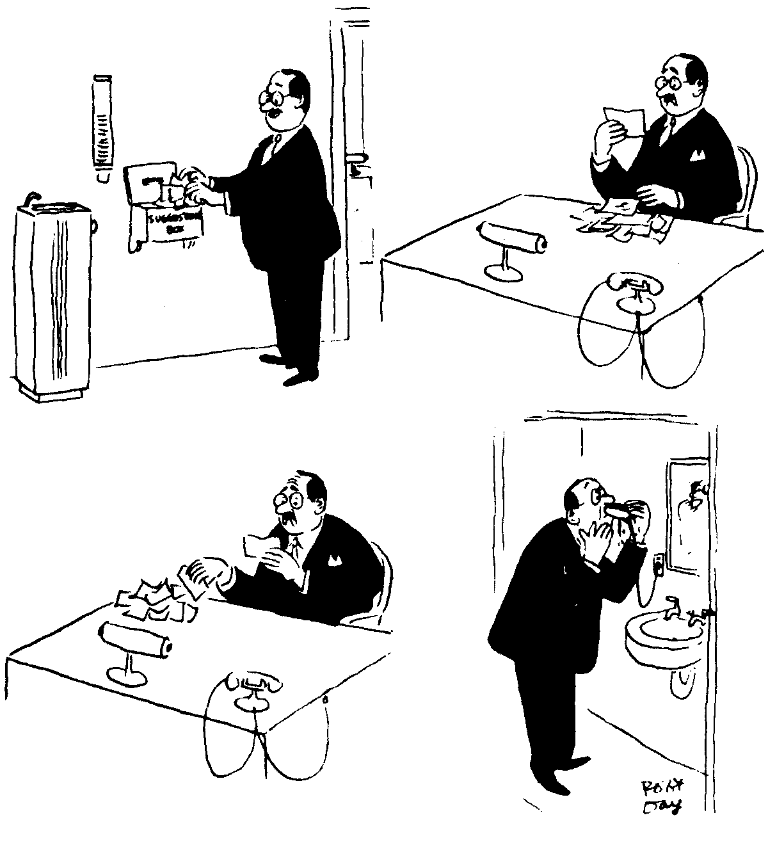
"You're kind of a hard fellow to get to go home," he said thickly.

Vega was facing the wall mirror, combing his hair. "You gringos are so silly," he answered. "One misunderstanding and you jump up like John L. Sullivan, ready to whip the world. You should not have slapped me, my friend."

"I think you're right," Paul admitted, testing his teeth cautiously. "Where did that blockbuster come from?"

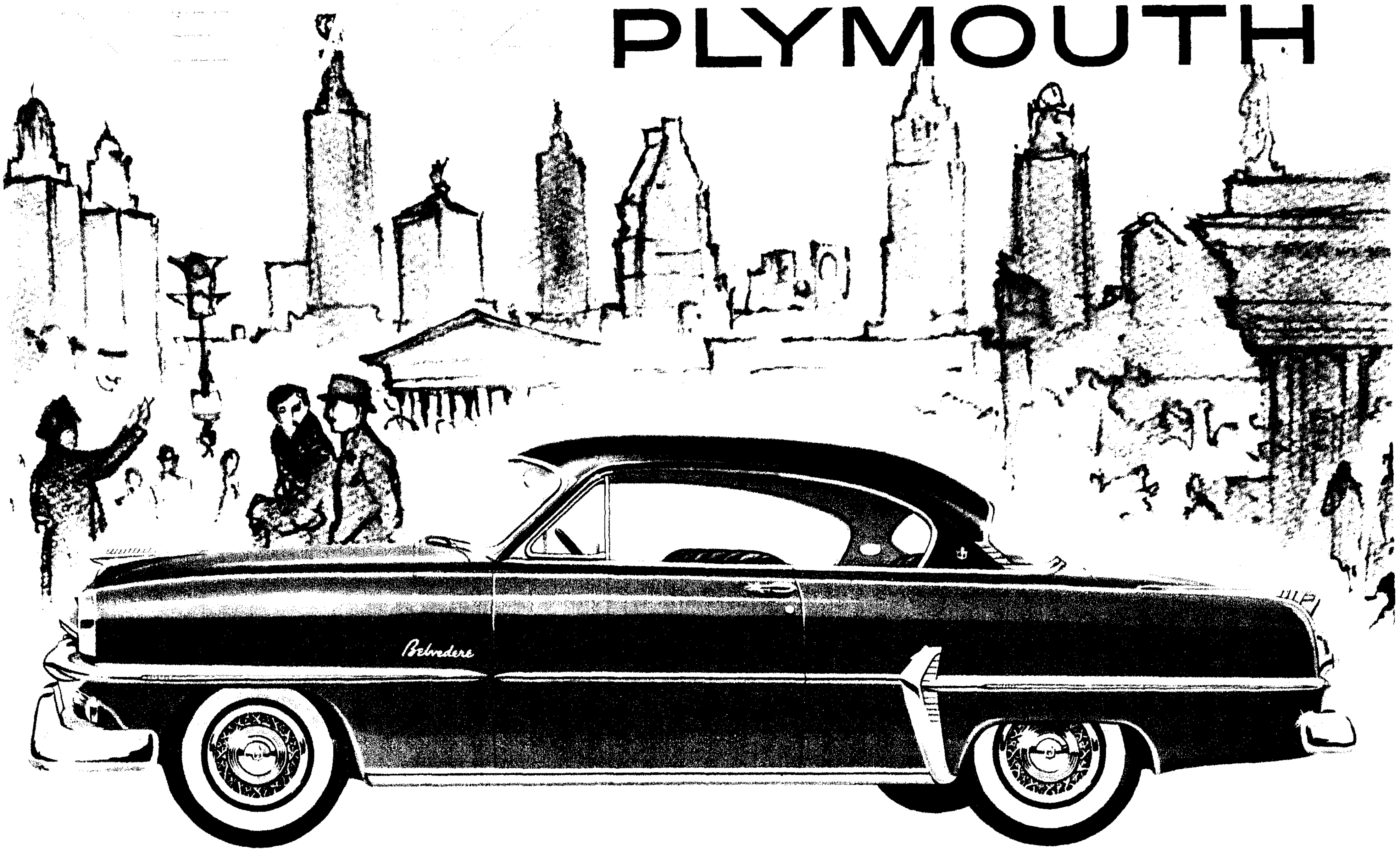
Vega laughed. "You never heard of *savate?* It is a little French game, played with the feet."

When Paul said nothing, Vega went



COLLIER'S ROBERT DAY

PLYMOUTH



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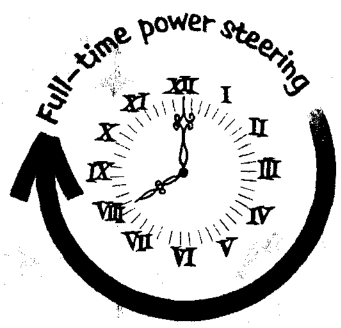

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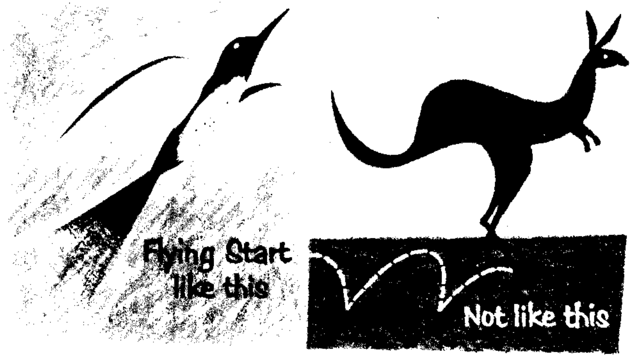

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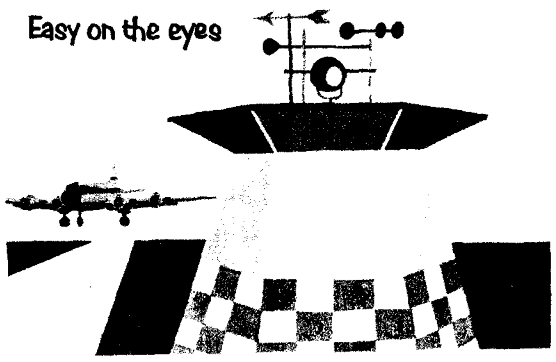

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on: "There is still the matter of the eyes." He held up his right hand in warning. "Now don't get angry again. You already owe the hotel several hundred dollars in damages—"

"Have you got a monomania?" Paul said harshly. "My wife hasn't been dead but a few hours, and you come barging in here and ask permission to—" He got up unsteadily and went to the bathroom. Running cold water over a towel, he began to wash his face and watched the basin streak red with his blood. When he had finished he went back into the room where Dr. Vega sat.

"Many people die in Mexico," the doctor said earnestly, "but we cannot use their eyes. We have no case histories; there may be cancer or other disease present, so that—"

"Doctor!" Paul was studying his swelling jaw in the mirror. "Will you please go home now?"

"Certainly." Vega got up, bowed, and walked toward the door. "You don't have to decide tonight. I'll call in the morning."

"Okay, okay," Paul said, nodding.

The doctor opened the door and then turned. "You have torn the pocket on my coat," he said solemnly, "and this is my best suit. I think you ought to pay for repairing the pocket."

Paul was staring at his bruised face. "Good night, Doctor," he said firmly, and the door closed.

PAUL was eating breakfast in his room the next morning, without much relish, when Vega returned. He walked in without knocking and stood looking around in surprise. Two workmen were measuring the picture window frame for new glass. One maid was sweeping the carpet and another was cleaning the bathroom.

"Buenos días," Vega said. "Did you order these people?"

Paul's eyes were bloodshot and his jaw was swollen on the right side. "You don't have to order anything in this hotel," he answered sourly. "People just keep arriving. Have a cup of coffee."

"Presently." Vega shouted at the men working at the window frame: *"Oye, hombres! Andale!"* He herded them out, protesting, and shooed the two maids into the hall. When they were all outside, he closed the door and came back for his coffee. "You slept?" he said, looking at Paul over the rim of the cup.

"Not much." Paul lighted a cigarette and inhaled deeply.

Vega took an envelope from his inside coat pocket and tossed it across the table. "All the arrangements are made," he said. "Burial here, this morning if you like, or you can fly her back to the States. Customs in Dallas and San Antonio have been contacted. The chief of operations at our airport here will be glad to help."

"Very kind of you." Paul was glancing through the printed forms.

"It's nothing—I know some persons in the government." The young doctor finished his coffee. "I do not wish to impose on you further," he said. "If you think it would be wrong to use her eyes—"

"No," Paul said slowly. "I kicked the idea around last night, and I believe she would like it."

"You agree then?" Vega said crisply.

"Yes." Paul lifted his drawn face and looked at the doctor. "Yes, it'll be all right."

"Bueno." Vega picked up the telephone and spoke rapidly: *"Señorita,* please get me Dr. Cuervo at the International Hospital." Vega waited for a few seconds, inspecting his polished shoe tip absently. "Hello, Raimundo? The answer is yes. I will be there soon. *Adiosito."*

Vega replaced the receiver and got up. Paul watched as he walked to the window. Neither of them spoke for several seconds. Then Vega turned to look at Paul. "Have you no curiosity?" he asked.

"A reasonable amount," Paul admitted. "Why?"

"Here you have done me this favor," Vega said. "If I am successful, your wife's eyes will live on—in a way. Aren't you interested in knowing what happens to them?"

"I hadn't thought about it," Paul said. "You haven't given me much time to think about it."

"Look." The doctor turned a chair around and straddled it. "Only an hour's flying time from here is a town called Celaya. I run a clinic there. You could fly me down this morning and see the operation. What do you say?"

Paul studied the doctor carefully. "I would pay for the gasoline," Vega went on, "and we could be back tonight. Oh, I know you have a big plane, but I checked. We can land it at Celaya."

Paul said nothing. He got up and went into the small adjoining bedroom, took out a fresh shirt and began to put it on.

"You will want a copilot perhaps," Vega continued, raising his voice so that Paul could hear from the next room. "All right, I am a copilot. I have a license and a little plane of my own. True, it is up in Jalisco now . . ." He paused a moment and Paul came to the doorway. "I stalled it in last week," the doctor said, "and nearly broke my neck."

Paul began to laugh. "Doctor," he said, "you're the biggest con man in history. What's your name?"

The doctor got up and bowed. "Gomez Vega Rosas," he announced and got out his card.

"No, no—" Paul was laughing again. "I mean your square handle, your first name."

"Eduardo."

"Well, Eduardo," Paul said, "what time shall I meet you at the airport?"

The doctor smiled. "I told them ten thirty," he answered promptly.

Paul nodded. "Fine," he said, "fine. Did you also tell them what I was going to wear?"

"No," said Dr. Vega. "I did not know that?"

"Okay, I'll meet you at the airport." Paul had gone back into the bedroom when he heard Vega's *"Muy bien,"* and the door open and then close again.

THE eye clinic in Celaya was new, a pale-yellow building with a spiked fence around it. Inside, Paul Anglin stood against one wall of the immaculate surgical chamber, wearing a mask and gown, and watched as the patient was wheeled in. The young girl's forehead and face were draped with surgical towels. As she was lifted onto the table, Paul caught a glimpse of her bare brown feet.

Vega's assistant made two injections in the skin near the eyes and put sev-

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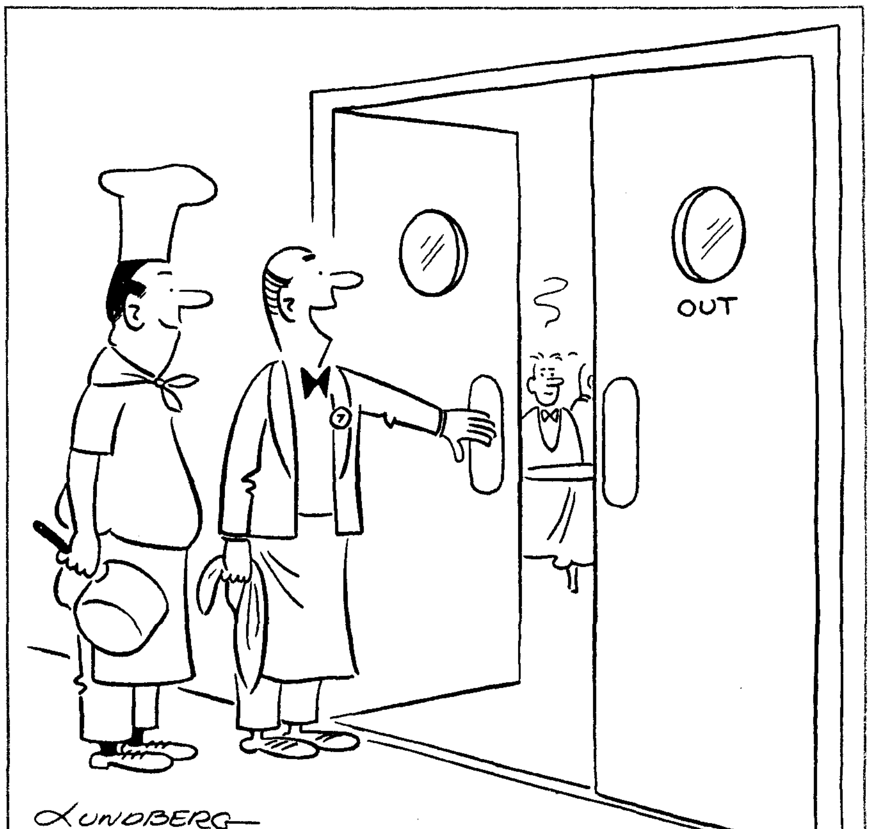
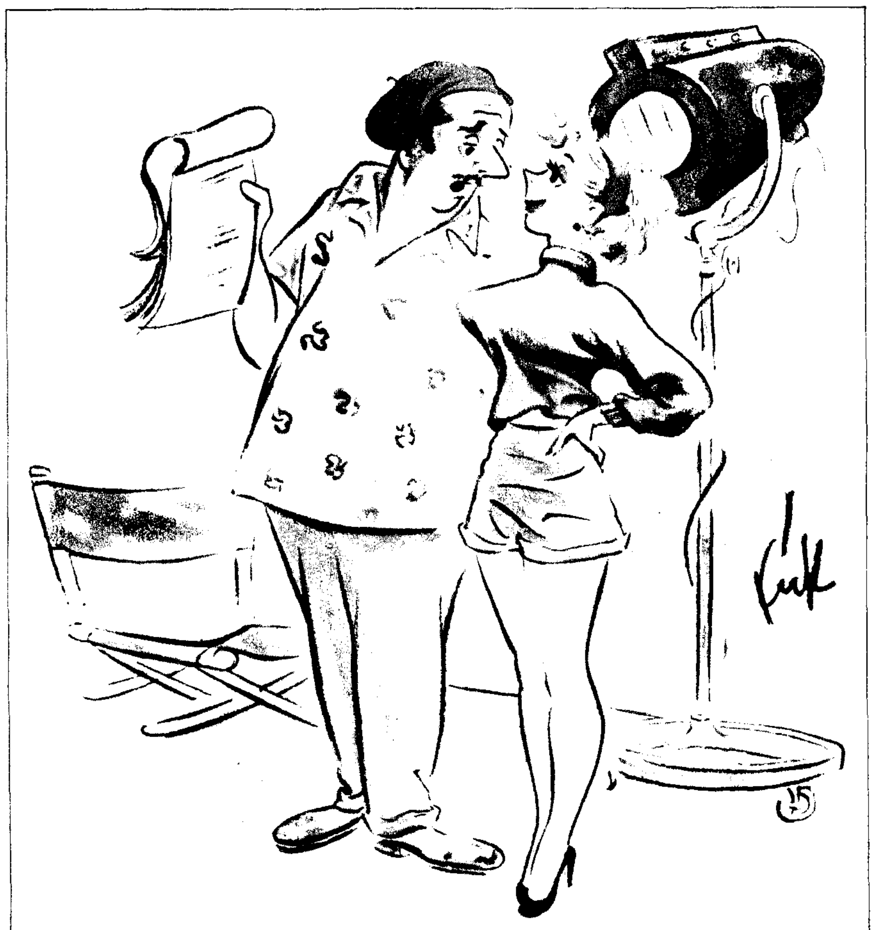
Men who are masters of nuclear fission
  Could have more easily earned recognition.
For atoms would certainly smash without fail,
  If clearly marked "Fragile" and sent through the mail.

—CINDY MARCKS



COLLIER'S "That guy that just came in—I'm putting him on bread and water for half an hour!" GUSTAV LUNDBERG



"In this picture you play a coed. That is a girl student at a college attended by both sexes"

COLLIER'S KIRK

eral drops of a colorless fluid over the clouded eyeballs.

As the delicate operation progressed, Paul was more and more struck by the change in Dr. Vega. His orders were sharp and brusque, and his manner intent. Once or twice he paused momentarily to explain some step in the procedure to Paul.

The tiny needles Vega used were curved, less than half an inch long, and the sutures were so small that they could hardly be seen. The doctor took what looked like a section of a clear marble and fitted it into place on one of the girl's eyes; he made a deft entry with the tiny, half-moon needle, and drew it back out.

"Castroviejo silk," he said, briefly meeting Paul's gaze. Then he resumed his careful stitching. Paul had to turn away several times because he felt himself getting faint. It's an art, he thought; watchmakers are clumsy by comparison. The clock in the hall outside ticked on, and several times a nurse had to wipe sweat from Vega's forehead.

Finally the doctor spoke again. "We are finished now," he said. "I thought you might like to see the result."

THE face of the young girl was immobile, a bronze mask. The milky clouded sections of her eyes had been removed, and the good corneas had been sutured into place. But there was no focus to the eyes; they were frozen by the anesthetic. Paul looked at the girl and then glanced up in wonder. The masked surgical team, two doctors and three nurses, was watching him intently.

Taking a deep breath, Paul nodded and stepped back. Very carefully then, Vega began to wrap the girl's head in bandages. . . .

Paul was sitting in the patio of the clinic when Vega came out. Paul remarked that the operation had been something unusual to see, and the doctor nodded but did not reply. They got into the station wagon that had met them at the airport and drove toward the outskirts of Celaya.

Dr. Vega seemed preoccupied. He answered Paul's questions readily enough, but he was not paying much attention.

"I have a house near here, in the mountains," he said suddenly. "Would you care to be my guest tonight?"

"I would be honored," Paul said.

Vega smiled faintly. "You sound like a Castilian grandee, my friend," he said.

Vega drove carefully among the carts, bicycles and trucks in the narrow streets. When they were past the little police *casita* at the north edge of town, he pressed the accelerator down and the station wagon bolted ahead.

Vega seemed to be watching the roadside carefully. After they had gone several miles, past burro cavalcades and herds of thin cattle, he turned off the highway onto a dusty track. It was a rough roadway for the low-slung station wagon, and after several hundred yards the track dwindled away entirely.

The doctor stopped the car and got out. "We have to walk from here," he said. They went forward on foot for another hundred yards, along the side of a rocky arroyo. Ahead, Paul saw a hut.

The walls were piles of rock, roofed with faded tiles. Adobe bricks sealed up the biggest chinks and formed a crooked doorway in front. Beyond, on the flinty hillside, organ cacti had been planted in rows to form a corral. But there were gaps in the crude fence and goats peered out, blatting at the visitors.

Dr. Vega shouted, and a man came out of the hovel. He was a weathered *Indio*, with a tattered serape flung across his shoulder. He inclined his head to Vega, and the doctor spoke to him in rapid Spanish. Paul heard a scuffling noise inside; then a woman peered out, and two children poked their heads out from behind her skirt.

The *Indio* answered Vega, but there was no emotion in his tone and Paul could not make out the words. Vega turned and started back toward the highway. Paul, still watching the doorway, saw the woman smile as she stepped back into shadow.

When the station wagon was rolling again, Paul lighted a cigarette. "One of your rancheros?" he asked.

"No. It is the father of the girl you saw on the table this afternoon, the one we used your wife's eyes on."

"Oh?"

"Yes. Her name is Socorro. Seventeen years old and blind from birth. Are you disappointed?"

"I don't know." Paul flipped his cigarette out the window. "Seems a waste, in a way. Even if the operation is successful, what can she use vision for? To herd goats?"

Vega glanced at him briefly. "Maybe she can learn to read or write," he said. "At the least, she can see the world she lives in . . ." He seemed angry; his foot kept pressing down on the accelerator until the speedometer needle was hovering at seventy-five miles an hour. Paul found himself braking on the curves.

TWILIGHT had settled across the mountains when they turned down a steep road into a village. Suddenly Vega made a sharp right turn off the main road and sounded the horn. A gate swung open when the doctor had maneuvered the station wagon inside; the gate was closed by servants who whispered, *"Buenas noches."*

Paul got out and stretched. Beyond the garage was a huge fountain, splashing in the dusk. He walked toward it, and the view made him catch his breath. He was standing on the edge of a bluff, looking down at a tremendous valley, smoky from scattered fires.

He heard Vega walk up behind him and he turned. "Do you like it?" the doctor said. Paul nodded and saw above him the outlines of a house, built along the escarpment. The windows were lighted rectangles; above the serrated roof was a vast expanse of stars in the night sky.

"I find it good for the soul," Vega said and motioned toward a tiled stairway. Paul went up and saw a terrace dimly lighted by star-shaped fixtures, bordered on one side by tall, stately plants.

They sat in throne-shaped leather chairs and looked out over the valley. From behind them there was a rustle and a soft voice said, *"Patrón?"*

"Will you have a drink or go to your room first?" Vega asked.

For the first time all day, Paul felt the tension leaving him. "No drink," he said. "But I'd like to sit here a few minutes."

Vega nodded and the servant walked away silently.

"I'm not as callous as I might have seemed," the doctor said quietly. "Your wife—well, it seemed good therapy to keep you busy. And I thought you might like this place."

"Thank you," Paul said. He heard the doctor get up and go into the house, and then there was no sound at all except the hushed rustling of the tall plants in the evening breeze.

AFTER dinner, served in the long *sala* with leaded-glass windows and massive furniture, Paul and Dr. Vega returned to the terrace. As they sipped their liqueurs, the doctor apologized for the meal.

"I am sorry we could not have had native dishes," he said dryly, "but I find that I have to go to the United States to get authentic Mexican food. Here, only *cabrito y mole."*

Paul laughed. "One more course and I couldn't have waddled away from the table," he said. He loosened his belt and sighed. "Who paid for that operation today?"

"On the Indian girl?" The doctor sounded amused. "There was no payment. I do not go around soliciting such gifts and then selling them, *amigo."*

Far below, in the village plaza, band music began with a ragged flourish. Beyond the town, across the valley, there was a single set of headlights moving, like distant eyes probing the Mexican darkness.

"You like to play God, don't you, Doctor?" Paul asked.

Vega shifted in his chair. "I suppose you could call it that," he said finally. "But remember this: when I do it exactly right, then I *am* God."

Paul watched the headlights move across the valley. "This Indian girl—does she go back to that pigsty, even if the operation is successful?"

"I don't know," Vega said. "She was there, and she needed help. I got it for her. Perhaps that is only the beginning of something. People came out of places like that 'pigsty' and made Mexico a republic."

"I didn't mean—"

"I know." Vega stood up, silhouetted against the sky with the lights of the big house behind him. "When I began to practice, Paul, I went to the

LOANS
LOANS

COLLIER'S **"Another final payment, eh?"** JERRY MARCUS

Edens Expressway, northwest of Chicago, is an example of a modern, multiple-lane, divided highway paved with concrete, the safe, long-lasting, low-annual-cost pavement.

How Concrete Highways Save Lives and Money

Your gas taxes and license fees pay big dividends when invested in concrete highways. Concrete is the safe, low-annual-cost pavement. And new developments assure today's concrete roads a future performance that will outdo the remarkable past record.

HIGHWAYS cost money. You foot the bills with your license fees and gasoline taxes. The cost of future highways, and their maintenance, also will come out of your pocket.

Naturally you want the most for your money. Buying roads is like buying anything else. You can *spend* your money for articles that wear out quickly and have to be repaired or replaced often or you can *invest* in items that last longer, require little repair and thus cost less per year.

Roads really "earn" money because to drive on them you pay a "user's fee" in license and gas taxes, but many roads earn less than they cost to build and to maintain. Thousands of miles of such roads annually gobble up more and more of available funds, leaving less and less for urgently needed new construction.

Concrete highways, on the other hand, attract the most traffic and render the longest service. Their earnings not only pay for their construction and maintenance but also create surplus funds for building new highways.

Good roads cost less, earn more in the long run.

Your taxes earn big dividends when main roads are paved with concrete. The first cost of a concrete road usually is less than for other pavements when designed for the same traffic. For example, after thoroughly analyzing two designs for the Ohio Turnpike, consulting engineers found concrete would cost $2,803,000 less.

Yes, concrete is moderate in first cost yet can be designed *accurately* for vehicles of any size or weight. And concrete *keeps* its load-carrying capacity throughout its long life.

Concrete costs less to maintain. Records of 24 state highway departments that have issued this type of information show that it costs an average of 29.1 to 61.5 per cent less to maintain concrete than other types of pavement. The records cover an average period of 20.8 years and more than 200,000 miles of highways.

And concrete has the longest life. Studies reported to the Highway Research Board show that concrete has more than twice the life expectancy of any competitive type of pavement.

Arrange these elements of highway economics in this simple equation: Moderate first cost + low maintenance cost ÷ long life = ***low annual cost.*** *Annual* cost is the true cost yardstick.

But greater economy is only one reason why concrete is your best road buy. It is the safest pavement too. Reducing the nation's tragic highway accident toll is a complex problem involving many factors. Not the least of these factors is the type of pavement itself.

Safety is built into a concrete pavement. Its gritty, skid-resistant surface gives your tires uniformly good traction. You can stop fast, and safely, in emergencies, even in wet weather. *Concrete cooperates with your tires and brakes.*

Concrete also takes the guesswork out of driving at night—when most accidents occur. Concrete's light color reflects up to four times more light than dark pavement. You see people, animals, road edges, curves and obstacles sooner, get more time to slow down or stop. Ever pass from concrete to a dark pavement at night and wonder what happened to your lights? *If you can't see you can't be safe!*

Concrete also stays free from such hazards as ruts, washboard ripples and raveled edges.

These safety features often can mean the difference between life and death. An analysis of accidents due to road conditions covering two billion miles of travel on nine federal routes in Georgia showed that in 1952 for equal traffic there were 3.49 times as many accidents, 2.42 times as many injuries, 4.62 times as many deaths and 3.34 times as much property damage on other pavement as there was on concrete.

Engineering studies in several states reveal that a large proportion of all the concrete highways ever built are still serving. The old concrete roads that brought America out of the mud in the '20s were not designed for today's traffic yet most are still on the job. Some are scarred by a quarter of a century of increasingly heavy traffic. Some have been resurfaced to smooth over these scars but it's the sturdy, rigid concrete slab that is still carrying the load today.

Even Better Roads Coming

Although yesterday's concrete highways have made a remarkable record those being built today will deliver even better service in the future. That certainty is due to improvements in pavement design, construction methods and materials.

Among the great new developments in concrete technology is *air-entrained* concrete. Billions of microscopic air bubbles introduced into concrete provide not only protection against weathering but also immunity to the scaling formerly caused by salts used to melt ice and snow.

Concrete pavements always have been noted for their superior riding qualities. Now they will deliver an even smoother ride because new methods of joint construction have been developed.

New developments such as these enable engineers to build concrete highways today that have a predictable life of 50 years and more.

Making concrete highways even safer and more durable is a job of Portland Cement Association engineers and scientists, working in the laboratory, in the field and with other agencies.

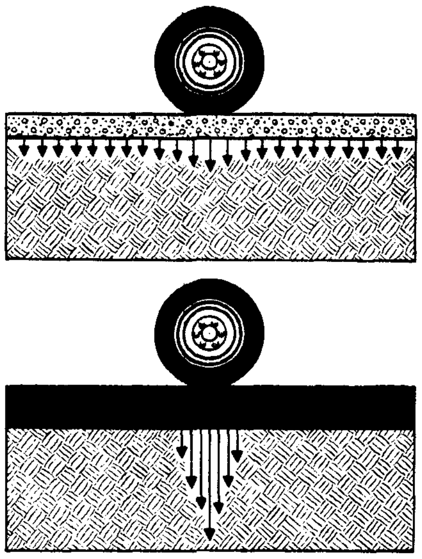
You can help yourself to safer, longer-lasting, more economical highways by discussing this vital subject with your neighbors, by supporting sound highway planning and by urging your public officials to pave main roads and streets with durable, safe, **low-annual-cost** concrete. It's by far your best pavement value.

For more information write for a free copy of a new 24-page booklet, "*Concrete Expressways.*" It is distributed only in the U.S. and Canada.

CONCRETE PAVEMENT	OTHER PAVEMENT
good night visibility	poor night visibility
skid-resistant	"slippery when wet"
rigid	flexible
durable	short-lived
low maintenance	high maintenance
low annual cost	high annual cost

To drive safely at night you must be able to see. Note how the dark pavement (left) reduces visibility by absorbing your headlights. Compare this with the light-reflecting concrete road (right). The Illuminating Engineering Society measured the amount of light reflected from pavements in a study to reduce traffic fatalities and found that concrete reflected up to four times more light than dark pavements did.

When danger looms, your life may depend on the pavement. Your tires get a tight grip on concrete's gritty surface. You can stop fast in emergencies without skidding, even in the rain. On less skid-resistant, "slippery-when-wet" pavements your chances are greatly reduced.



Traffic exerts pressure on the underlying soil. Upper sketch shows how concrete's beam strength *spreads* this pressure. On flexible pavement (lower sketch) this traffic pressure is concentrated right under the load, which often causes failure.

Court Street (above) and two other streets around the courthouse in Bellefontaine, Ohio were paved with concrete in 1893. They are the oldest concrete pavements in America. After 60 years Court Street is still going strong. *Concrete can take it!*

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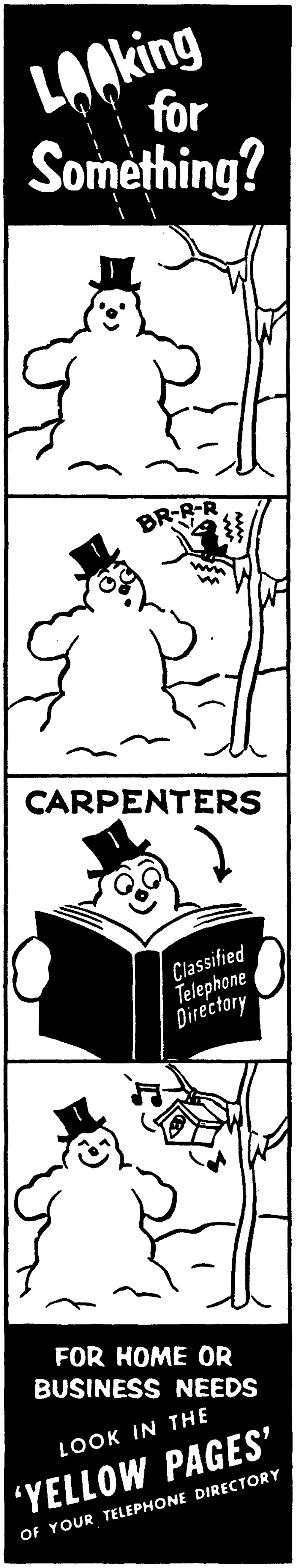
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morgues late at night and stole eyes from the unclaimed corpses . . ."

Out in the darkness, the band was playing and dogs were barking.

"It is better now," Vega continued. "Last year, in one of our largest hospitals, there was a rumor that the Church might forbid eye transplants. I went to the mother superior and asked her advice. The next day she came back with a paper. It was a surprising document." Vega leaned against a terrace arch. "Every nun in that hospital's service, over two hundred of them, had willed their eyes to my bank. They were doing what you accused me of. They were playing God."

Paul nodded but did not reply.

"Good night, *amigo*. I know you're tired," Vega said and walked into the house.

THE next morning, Paul followed the doctor into the back room of the clinic. The waiting nurses spoke politely and Vega answered them and reached for the chart. After glancing at it, he pulled down the curtain at the window.

The girl in the bed said, "Doctor?" hesitantly, and Vega went to the bed and lifted her to a sitting position. Her head was turbaned in bandages.

"Now, Socorro," he said softly, "we are going to remove these bandages, but it will not hurt. *Esta bien?*"

"Sí," Socorro said and nodded, but her thin hands were clenched.

Dr. Vega began to unwrap the girl's bandages. Twice Vega stopped and said, "No fear," and patted her shoulder. When the last bandage fell loose, he stepped back.

Socorro's eyes were unfocused; the circles of stitches were white flecks in her pupils. She moved her head like a cautious animal, shifted her gaze around the room. She paused once, staring toward the angled ray of sunlight below the window shade, and then turned away. Involuntarily, Paul sighed. It's a bust, he thought; it didn't work.

Then Socorro lifted her right hand—clumsily, as if it belonged to someone else. When it was before her face, she waggled her fingers. Her mouth, which had been drawn in puzzlement, relaxed. "I can see, Doctor," she whispered, and began moving her fingers faster than ever. "It is true," she cried, her cheeks flushing with excitement. "I can see!"

She began to sob and Vega stepped up and put his arms around her. "Ho, ho, who cries now?" he said softly. "With a whole new world beyond that door, clouds and flowers and trees, who cries?"

But the girl could not stop. Vega sat down on the edge of the bed and held her head on his shoulder. "You must understand," he said to Paul in a brisk, professional tone, "that it is a little like being born. There is an entirely new world to be assimilated."

"Yes," Paul said. "I think I understand." . . .

Paul jumped off the wing step of the plane and waved at Eduardo Vega, who was coming out of the airport building. They met under the wing tip and shook hands.

"So, you go back?" Vega said. "You cannot trust Mexican service; you have to climb up and check the tanks yourself, *amigo."*

Paul grinned. "Eduardo," he said, "let's not deal in nationalities. I would do the same in Iceland or Egypt or anywhere else—because if I run out of gas, the fellow who shorted me won't be the one who gets hurt."

"That is a reasonable attitude," Vega said. "Have a good trip. Come back to Mexico soon and I will teach you the little French game, with the feet."

Paul started to answer but a large transport was taking off, and the thunder of its props shook the whole airport. Paul motioned at his own plane and Vega went up the metal ramp. While the doctor sat in one of the big leather chairs, Paul went forward to the cockpit and got his map case. He came back through the cabin and tossed a bulky envelope into Vega's lap.

The doctor picked up the envelope and turned it over curiously. "That Indian kid—I don't want her going back to the brush," Paul said. "Frances had an insurance policy for seventy-five hundred dollars. Do you think you could arrange for the girl to be educated, buy some clothes, all that stuff?"

Vega's dark eyes were unwavering. "I think it could be done," he said. "Perhaps she could live at the clinic, study nursing later on."

"Maybe so," Paul said, "but no strings attached. I just want her to be happy. She's pretty—maybe she could get married and have a family."

Vega got up, humming softly. "You see how it works, *amigo?"* he said. "Only two of us, and here is a little miracle." He tapped the envelope and added, "But you cannot shut it off with a gift of money. You must come to see her."

"I will. But right now, I've got a flight plan filed. Go home, Doctor."

Vega took a paper from his own pocket. "As soon as you sign this," he said, giving it to Paul.

Paul read the printed form swiftly. It was a legal assignment of his own eyes, after death, to the Clinica Lourdes. "Well," he said briskly, "you're a real vulture. You never miss a propect." Taking out his pen, he signed the paper and handed it to Vega, who gave him a small card. The doctor saluted, winked, and left the plane.

PAUL followed him to the cabin entrance, and closed and latched the door. Then he went forward to the cockpit and read the card. It was official-looking, printed in Spanish on one side and English on the other. The engraved lettering said that the bearer—and his own name had been neatly filled in—had bequeathed his eyes to the Clinica Lourdes, Mexico City, Federal District, and that in case of death or serious accident, the attending physician should notify the clinic immediately.

Paul slipped the card into his wallet, under his pilot's license. Shoving the window back, he looked out to see if he was clear below and reached for the starter switch. There was a mounting whine and the right prop caught, ticked over, and thundered.

After he had taxied out, the tower held him at the end of the runway. An airliner from the States was coming in. Paul throttled back and set the brake. That damned Vega, he thought; he's got me hoping that if I get killed in a crash, I won't damage my eyes.

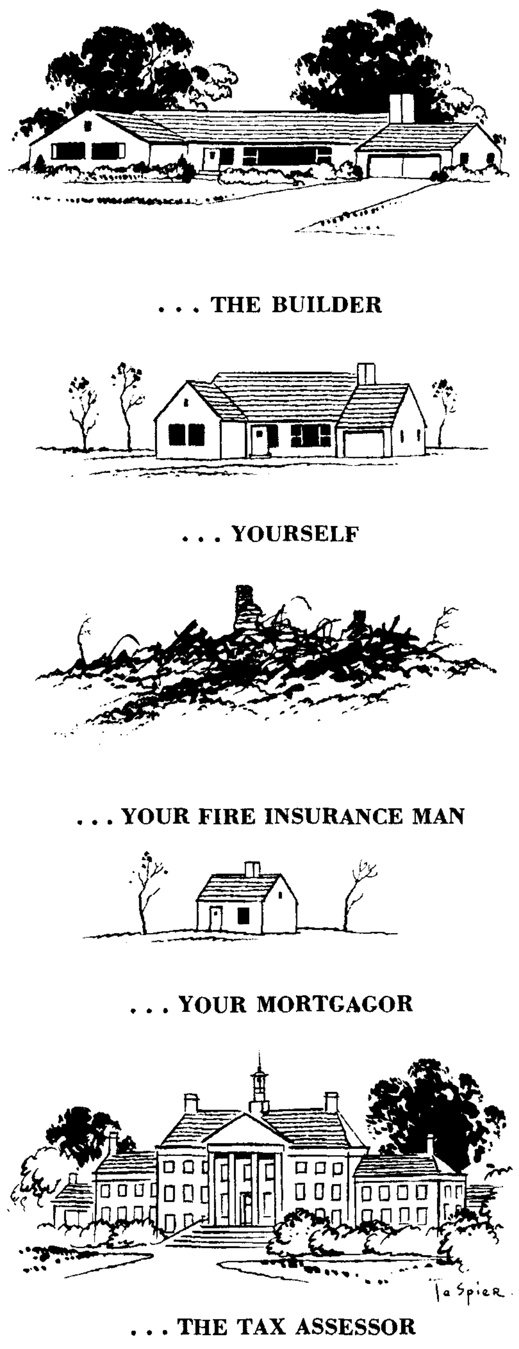
The headphones crackled and he was cleared for takeoff. The ground sped under him, went dropping away, and the gear whined up. Paul's hands moved automatically on the controls.

He was thinking how strange it was that Frances would still see the seasons change, how eerie that her eyes would be watching *mariachis* strum out a love song, in Celaya. While the plane gained altitude, he touched the wallet with his finger tips. The card it held was, in an odd way, a promise that he and Fran were not really apart.

—JAMES ATLEE PHILLIPS

THE UNRELIABLE EYE

Your HOUSE as seen by . . .



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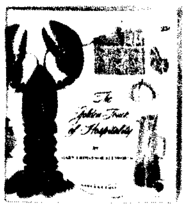
The Golden Touch of Hospitality

For the smartest tips on your entertaining problems, Mary Grosvenor Ellsworth's new booklet "The Golden Touch of Hospitality" is available in states where legal. Send 25c to The House of Seagram, Dept. 26, P. O. Box 193, New York 10, N. Y.

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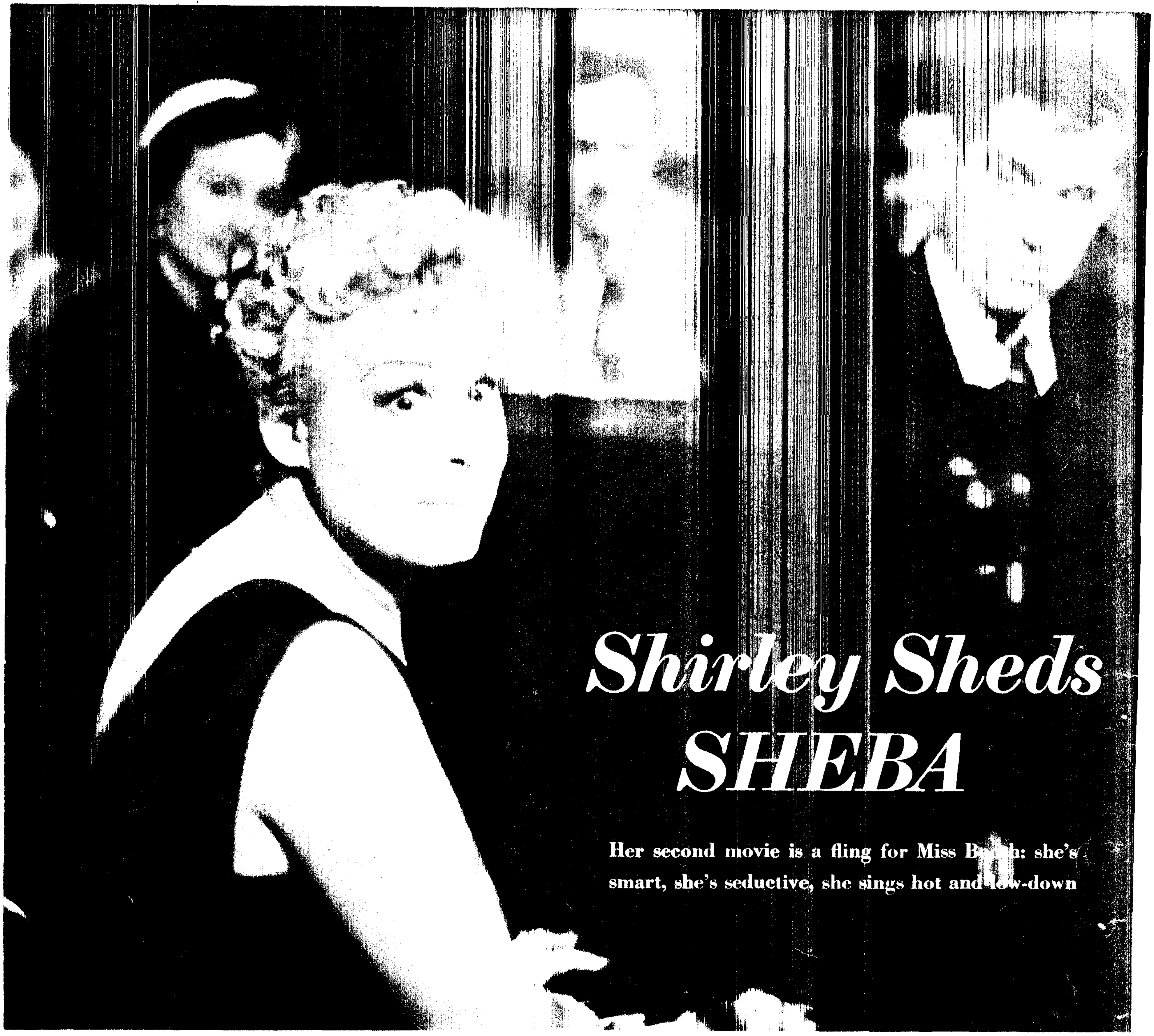


Shirley Sheds SHEBA

Her second movie is a fling for Miss Booth: she's smart, she's seductive, she sings hot and low-down

Come Back, Little Sheba was her first film

A GOOD many million movie-goers know that Shirley Booth, who won an Academy Award as Lola in Come Back, Little Sheba, can play the most untidy and insecure of women—and make her audience love the slattern. A million or so more, who saw her on Broadway as sharp-talking sister Ruth in My Sister Eileen, and as Aunt Cissy, who lived well but not especially wisely, in the musical A Tree Grows in Brooklyn, know that she can portray knowledgeable and raucous ladies equally well.

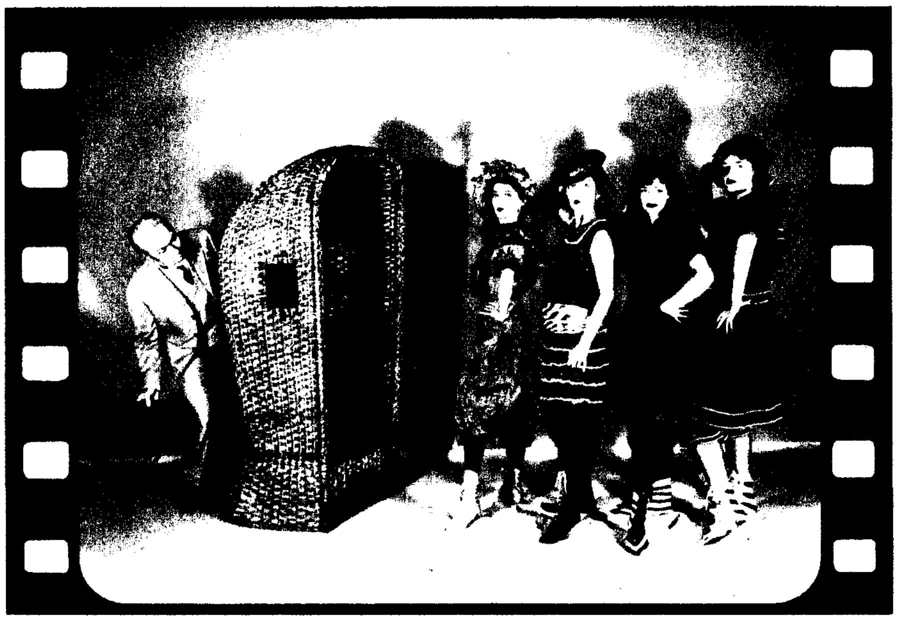
Now Shirley is out to give the Booth range a run for its medals. Bridging the emotional gap between Sheba, her first film (for which her entire wardrobe cost $69.95) and her forthcoming Broadway musical, By the Beautiful Sea, she recently finished her second movie for the same studio, Hal Wallis' About Mrs. Leslie (for which her wardrobe cost $17,000). It will be released by Paramount sometime this year.

Miss Booth plays the title character during three critical phases of her life—flashing back and forth between philosophical middle age and palmier periods. She appears at various times as the upwards-of-forty Mrs. Leslie, who has scuttled dreams of fame and fortune for a spot of security as keeper of a rooming house on the wrong side of town; as a genial *chanteuse* of earlier days, whose showcase is a Greenwich Village night club; and as the annual vacation companion of a wartime dollar-a-year man, played by Robert Ryan.

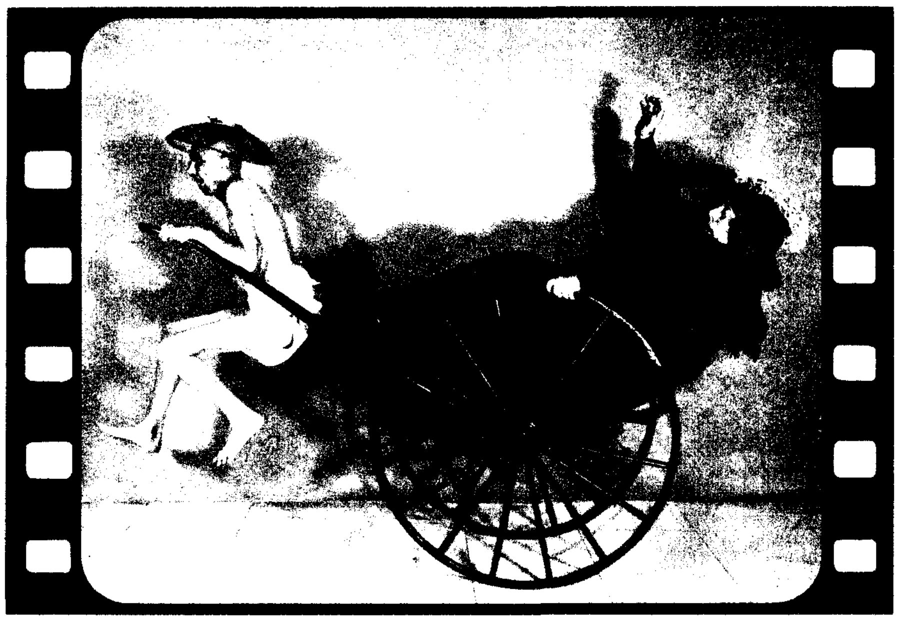
If proof of her flexibility as an actress is needed, it comes when Miss Booth, shaking the gloom of her Sheba role, entertains assembled butter-and-egg barons in the smoky café with rowdy little ditties expressing such sentiments as: ". . . that's why the lady ain't no lady any mo'." Exit Shirley to sound of wolf whistles.

The secret of Miss Booth's effectiveness? She insists that she cannot play an unsympathetic role. But many who claim Shirley as one of our greatest actresses are willing to bet a platinum-plated Oscar that she could draw a tear for Lady Macbeth.

1. ***Those were the days*** — when mama was wary of newfangled gadgets — and papa raged about everything including the "light bill." In today's "electric age," the average family uses a dozen different electric appliances for everything from housework to entertainment.

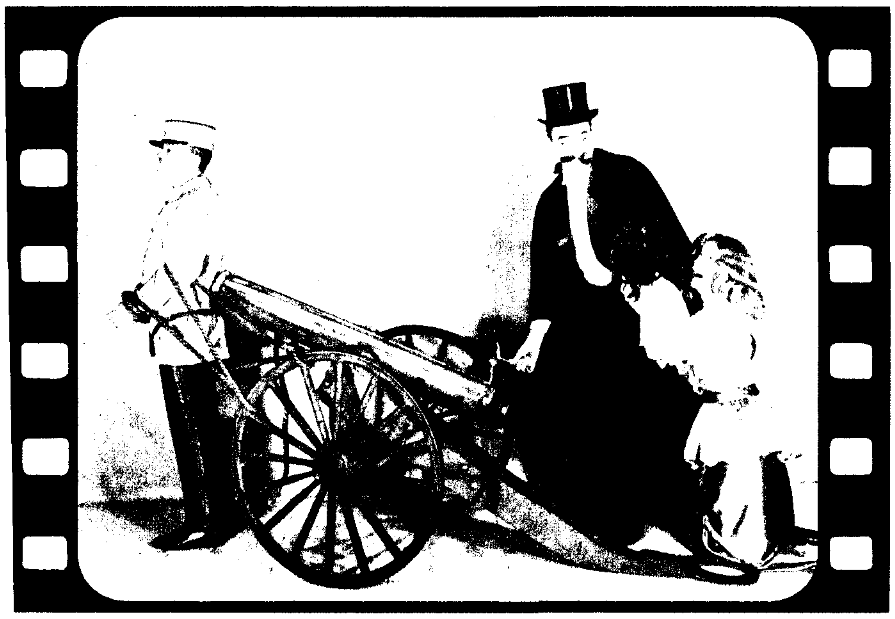


2. ***The more the merrier!*** A look at your electric bill will show that you're getting a lot *more* electricity for your money nowadays. The price per kilowatt-hour has gone down and down for the average U. S. family. It's even lower than it was before World War II!



3. ***You think this is big***—you ought to see the way the electric industry has grown. Electric light and power companies have *tripled* their supply of electricity in 15 years! To keep ahead of the nation's needs, they'll add half again as much by 1960!

4. ***Don't look now, but—!*** Although most Americans aren't aware of it, some people have talked the federal government into the electric power business in a big way — $6 billion worth — at the taxpayers' expense. And they're still pressing to have the government spend more.



5. ***Somebody do something'*** Here's something you can do. Look *twice* at any plan for a new federal power project. First, see if it is really necessary. Second, see if it is a job electric companies could do better—and at their own expense.

6. ***How can he resist?*** With your help, Congress can—and will—resist those who want a federal monopoly of electricity. You don't want extravagance. And you don't want the threat of socialism. Let your congressman know what *you* think.

America's Electric Light and Power Companies*

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***Names on request from this magazine**

I Flew with the FOUL-WEATHER FIGHTERS

Time exposure shows landing signal officer guiding down jet fighter (light streaks) in "night bounce" at Atlantic City Air Station

The weather can't get too "hairy" for the daring men of this Navy squadron. They're the elite of our airmen, trained to fly—and to fight—even in dense clouds and fog

By JAMES J. HAGGERTY, JR.

WE WERE flying through a solid layer of clouds over the Atlantic Ocean. From the cockpit of our twin-jet Douglas F3D Skynight fighter, the air around us looked like the inside of a bottle of cloudy ammonia. Somewhere up ahead another jet fighter was hurtling toward us through the same cloud blanket at a speed of more than 400 miles an hour. Our job was to intercept it.

Impossible? It might have been during World War II, and even in the early days of the Korean war. But this is the age of all-weather flying for our military air forces. Clouds, fog and torrential rains no longer provide a safe cover for attacking planes—and they won't interrupt our own air offensives.

All-weather pilots of the Air Force and Navy can intercept, attack and destroy an invading enemy plane on the blackest night or in the murkiest weather without ever seeing their target. Or, using their planes as offensive weapons, they can fly hundreds of miles through soupy weather and drop bombs—even atomic bombs—squarely on land targets or enemy ships without ever getting a look at their objectives.

To find out just how these elite of our military airmen operate, I joined Navy Composite Squadron Four—more familiarly known as VC-4—at Naval Air Station Atlantic City, New Jersey, for three weeks recently. I sat in on conversations among the pilots in the ready room, plotted their flights on the ground radar, watched their fantastic "night bounce" exercises—and finally flew on a practice intercept mission in zero visibility.

I learned about a new breed of pilots, who use their eyes only to read the elaborate instruments on their cockpit panels, who navigate and seek out the enemy with electronic "eyes" in foul weather which human sight cannot penetrate. I stood by as a plane landed successfully in fog and rain so heavy that the pilot, once on the ground, could not find the lights marking the path to the hangar area; a jeep had to be sent to guide him.

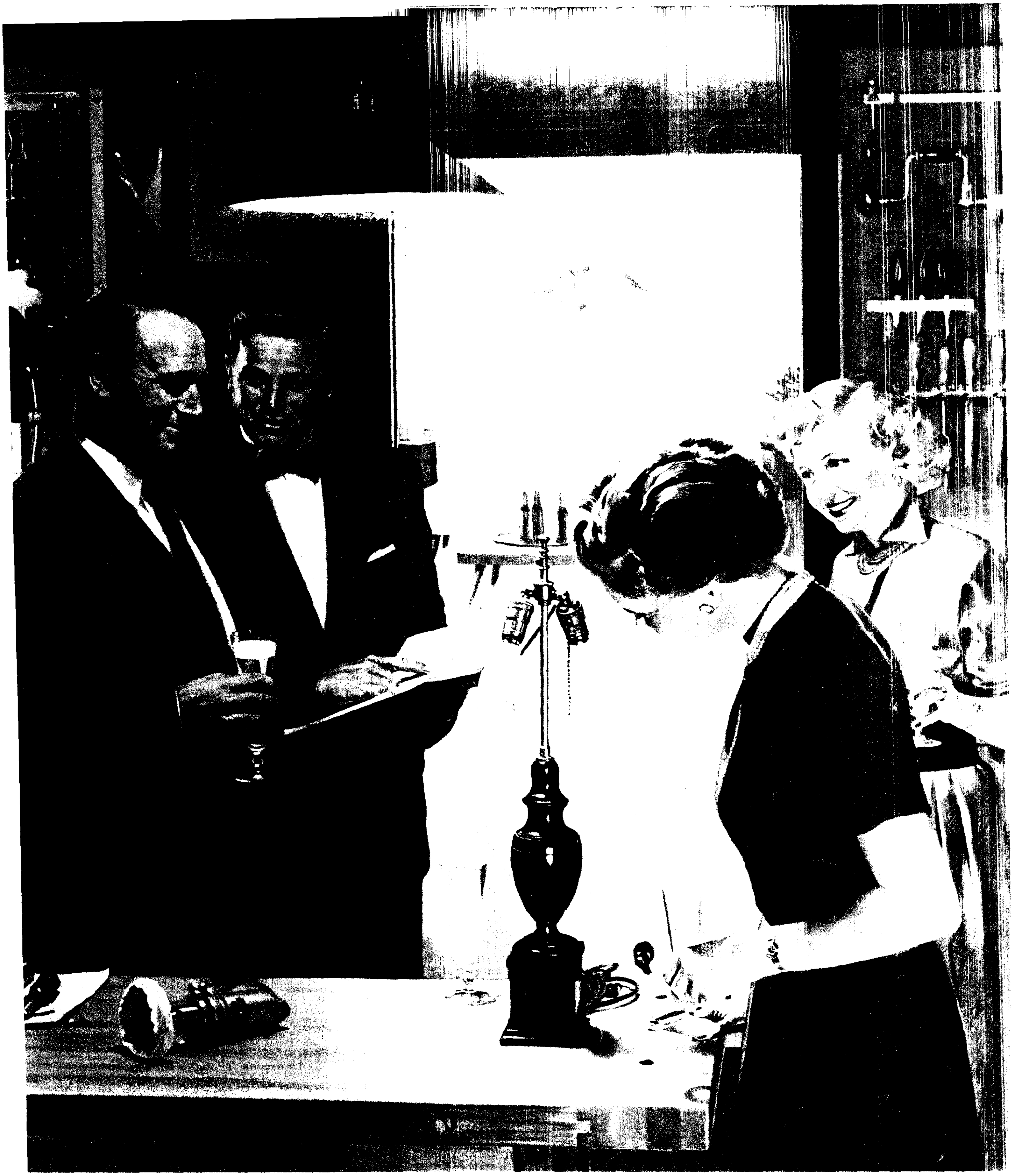
VC-4, the larger of the Navy's two all-weather squadrons, trains carrier pilots to fly, and to fight, in any kind of weather. Captain A. R. (Dick) Matter, of Butte, Montana, who left a Pentagon desk job as a staff member of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization to take command of VC-4, puts it this way: "By the time we send them out with the fleet, they fly as well at night and in foul weather as on a cloudless, sunny day."

The key to all-weather flying is radar. Ground- or carrier-radar crews guide the planes within striking distance of the enemy, then the airmen close in for the kill with the aid of their own airborne radar. The success of a mission depends on teamwork between air and ground crews.

The Ground Control Intercept (GCI) unit at NAS Atlantic City is headed by Lieutenant Commander Joe Ross Riggs, of Albertville, Alabama, one of the first radar-director officers to graduate from the early World War II training schools. His battery of ground radar constantly scans the skies off the New Jersey coast.

To keep its preparedness high, the Atlantic City station runs frequent practice intercepts, in which

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARVIN KONER



"Showing Off the Latest Project," by Douglass Crockwell. *Number 91 in the series, "Home Life in America"*

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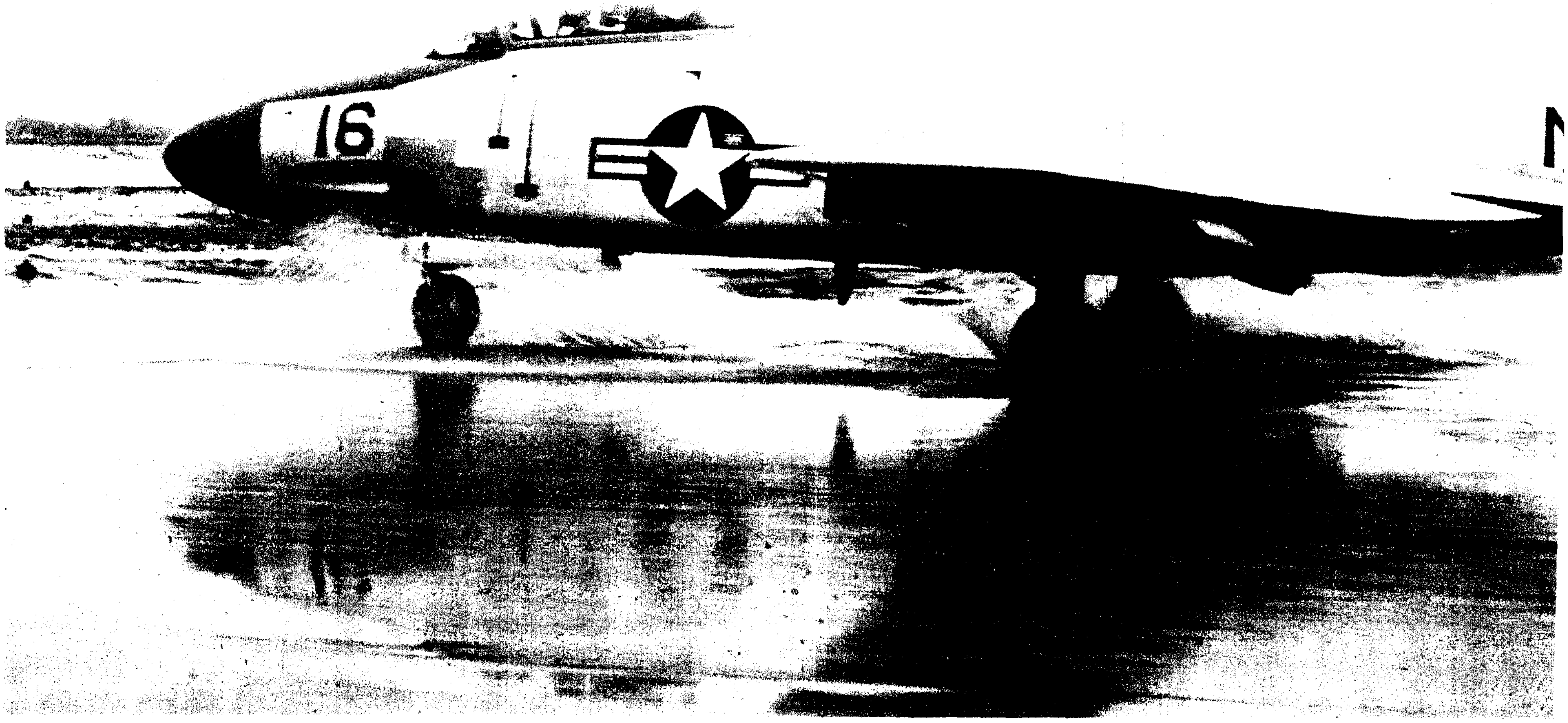


Navy single-seat Banshee jet fighter splashes along a rain-swept taxiway at Atlantic City, N.J., base after combat exercise in thick clouds

one plane plays an enemy attacker or "bogey" while another, aided by GCI, tries to intercept him. The night mission I flew with VC-4 was typical.

Lieutenant (jg) Bruce P. Sheppard, of Northfield, Vermont, piloted our Skynight. The two seats in the twin-jet fighter were side by side. Sheppard sat on the left, and normally a radar operator occupied the right-hand seat with radarscopes in front of him. The pilot also had a small scope on his instrument panel to use in the last stage of the intercept and, since I occupied the right seat, Sheppard was both pilot and radarman on this mission.

Encumbered with Bulky Flight Gear

The cockpit of the F3D was designed for utility, not comfort, and there is little room to move about. But even if the cockpit were more spacious, bulky flight gear would prevent much moving around. My gear started with an ordinary coverall flight suit, topped by a Mae West—an inflatable life preserver for use should we fall into the sea. Then came a standard parachute, which also served as a seat cushion. Next was an earphones-fitted cloth helmet, to which was attached an oxygen mask plugged to a wall fitting. (I was warned that a rapid movement of my head would disconnect my oxygen.) Over the cloth helmet was a football-type crash helmet, to which was affixed a speaking tube. Finally, there were a waist-girdling safety belt and a shoulder harness to keep me from rattling around the cockpit in the event of a crash landing.

With the Skynight's two jet engines roaring, we took off smoothly from the base, 10 miles west of Atlantic City itself, and headed for the coast. Sheppard kept up a nearly constant conversation with our ground controller—Lieutenant Enoch D. Blackwell, of Elkland, Pennsylvania, Riggs's top assistant and, according to VC-4 pilots, one of the best controllers in the fleet.

Their language sounded like Esperanto to my uninitiated ears, but it saved a lot of unnecessary conversation and there is no time for excess talk on an intercept.

Sheppard: "Twin-pod, this is Earthquake seventy-two, airborne, proceeding to coast, heading zero niner zero." "Twin-pod" was the call signal for the GCI unit; "Earthquake" was VC-4's call; seventy-two was Sheppard's identifying number. "Heading zero niner zero" meant that we were heading 90 degrees from north, or due east.

Blackwell: "Roger, seventy-two. Have your parrot squawk two." The "parrot" was a radio device which sent a coded signal back to GCI to indicate we were a friendly plane. "Squawk two" meant we were to use channel two.

Back at NAS Atlantic City, Blackwell was watching two radarscopes. On one, the scanning radar antenna reproduced a maplike outline of the New Jersey coast line. Radar waves bouncing off our plane made a "blip" on the screen to indicate our position over the coast. Alongside our blip appeared the coded signal broadcast by our "parrot." There were compass markings on the outer rim of the scope to enable Blackwell and his assistants to measure the directional angle of our blip from the air station. The second radarscope showed the altitude of our plane.

We climbed steadily over the Atlantic, our jet engines purring quietly. The weather was clear in the lower altitudes, but at 7,000 feet we entered the solid cloud layer. From here on, we would see nothing; it was up to Blackwell, our instruments and our radar.

Suddenly Blackwell reported the bogey had appeared on his scope. He said it was 200 miles away, heading directly for Atlantic City at an altitude of 25,000 feet. The bogey was a McDonnell F2H Banshee, also a twin-jet although a single-seater. One man can easily operate the Banshee's new, refined radar system and still control the plane. The Banshee is VC-4's standard fighter.

Sheppard turned on our radar, but it showed nothing; airborne radar cannot pick up another plane at extreme range.

"Twin-pod, Earthquake seventy-two, Angels 10, heading zero niner zero," reported Sheppard. "My weapon is sweet." "Angels 10" stated succinctly that we were now at 10,000 feet altitude. The "sweet weapon" report told Blackwell that our radar was functioning.

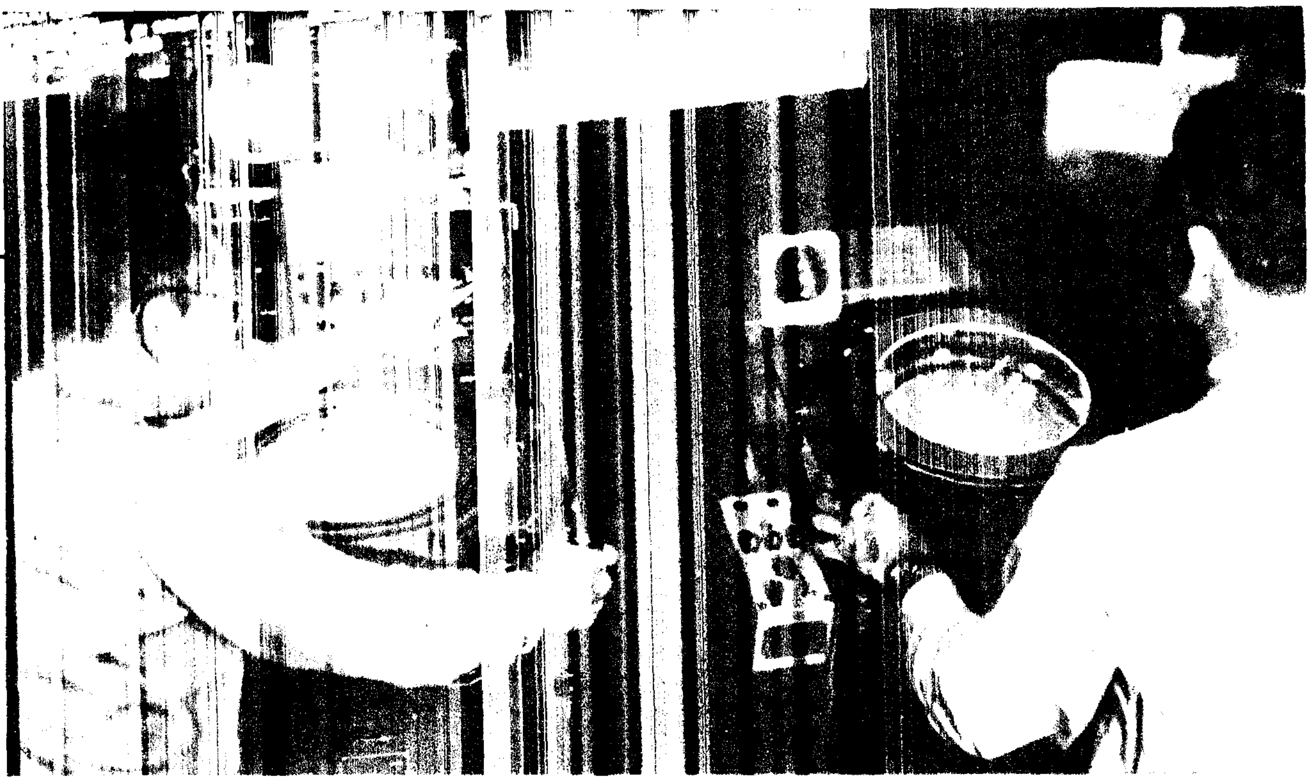
"Roger, seventy-two. Take Angels twenty-five. Your bogey at one o'clock one hundred." Ground controllers use the clock system to tell an interceptor pilot the relative position of a bogey. Assume you are sitting in the interceptor. Straight ahead is twelve o'clock. One o'clock is a few degrees right of your course line. "One hundred" told Sheppard that the bogey was still 100 miles from us.

Lieutenant Blackwell added that the bogey was on a course of 270 degrees (due west) and was traveling at 400 knots. The knot is the airman's and sailor's version of the mile per hour; one knot is 1.15 miles per hour.

Unnerving Thoughts During the Climb

As we passed the 20,000-foot level on our way to "Angels twenty-five," the patter between Sheppard and Blackwell became incessant. The ground controller continually reported the bogey's position. He was 50 miles from us, now 35, now 25. The weather was still cloudy ammonia. It was unnerving to think that somewhere in that "soup," only a few miles away and heading right at us, was another plane doing 400 knots. I hoped that Blackwell's scopes were operating properly.

When we reached 25,000 feet, Blackwell told us to turn to a heading of 210 degrees. Until then, we had been approaching the bogey head on; the new



Lt. Cmdr. Joe Ross Riggs (left), head of Ground Control Intercept unit at Atlantic City, studies radarscope showing altitude of planes in area. Assistant scans horizontal scope

heading would bring us in from the bogey's right and rear. As Sheppard leveled out after the turn, the bogey's blip suddenly appeared in the top left-hand quadrant of our radarscopes.

"Twin-pod, seventy-two, I have a contact at ten thirty," Sheppard called.

"Roger, seventy-two. That's your bogey, down 500. Report Judy." "Down 500" meant that the Banshee was 500 feet below us—a break, for it permitted Sheppard to dive and pick up a speed advantage. "Judy" is the time during the intercept when the radar centers or "locks on" to the target.

Centered in Radarscope Target Circle

From there on, the pilot takes over the intercept; he keeps the bogey centered in the target circle on his radarscope by changing course as the bogey changes course until he is close enough to fire.

The bogey blip slid rapidly down the range scale as the distance between the two planes lessened. Sheppard reported Judy; he was now working with the smaller scope on his own panel.

The range dropped to 1,000 yards, 500 yards. At 300 Sheppard waved to me to indicate that he would have fired, and we peeled off. The intercept was over. Theoretically we had destroyed the other aircraft—and we hadn't even seen it.

Had it been an ordinary night mission, without the cloudy ammonia, we would have sighted the glow from the bogey's jet exhaust pipes a mile or two away, and the last part of the intercept could have been made visually.

At least, that's how an intercept should work. But it's not always so easy. One slip by either the controller or the interceptor pilot, in directing or making a wrong turn, would cost valuable time. The bogey pilot might sight the interceptor on his own radar and take evasive action. Worse, he might reach his target. The pilots of VC-4 don't, of course, spend all their time chasing bogies in zero-visibility weather. Clear-night intercepts are more common, and intercepts are also run on clear, cloudless days. The ground radar can be almost as helpful in good weather as in bad, for on even the clearest day it is often difficult to spot a fast-moving plane at high altitude.

In addition to intercept flying, the VC-4 program includes formation flying, rocket firing and simulated aircraft-carrier landings—especially night landings. The night practice landings are known as the "night bounce" because the airmen immediately take off again without completing the landing roll. The landings are made on a small portion of the runway decked out to simulate that part of an aircraft-carrier deck on which a pilot would have to touch down. Although some carrier decks are more than 900 feet long, the available landing area may be only 300 feet because of parked planes and other obstacles.

Collier's Jim Haggerty (right) chats with pilot Lt. (jg) Bruce Sheppard following practice intercept in zero visibility. They flew in twin-jet F3D Skynight fighter in background

VC-4 pilots consider the night bounce a routine exercise, but I witnessed one I thought anything but routine. The cloud cover that night was at 1,000 feet and was spewing a torrent of rain. At best, night landings are tricky because of the difficulty of judging height above the runway in the darkness. Throw a sheet of water across the windshield and you go from the tricky class into the "hairy" (the Navy pilot's synonym for scary) class. Maybe you've driven your car at night in a heavy rain with the windshield wiper inoperative. Landing a jet at night in a heavy rain is similar—except that where on the ground you were moving at, say 25 miles an hour, VC-4 jet pilots slam their Banshees onto a 100-yard strip at about 115 miles per hour.

With Lieutenant Frank Babineau, of Boston, Massachusetts, I stood at the end of the runway to watch the bounce. We could barely make out the commercial terminal, a mile across the field. A row of red lights had been set up on the runway, marking an area about 300 feet long and less than 100 feet wide—the simulated carrier-deck landing area in which the wheels of the bouncing Banshees must touch for the landing to be considered successful. After touching, the pilots would shove their throttles forward and take off again.

Landing-Signal Officer's Lighted Suit

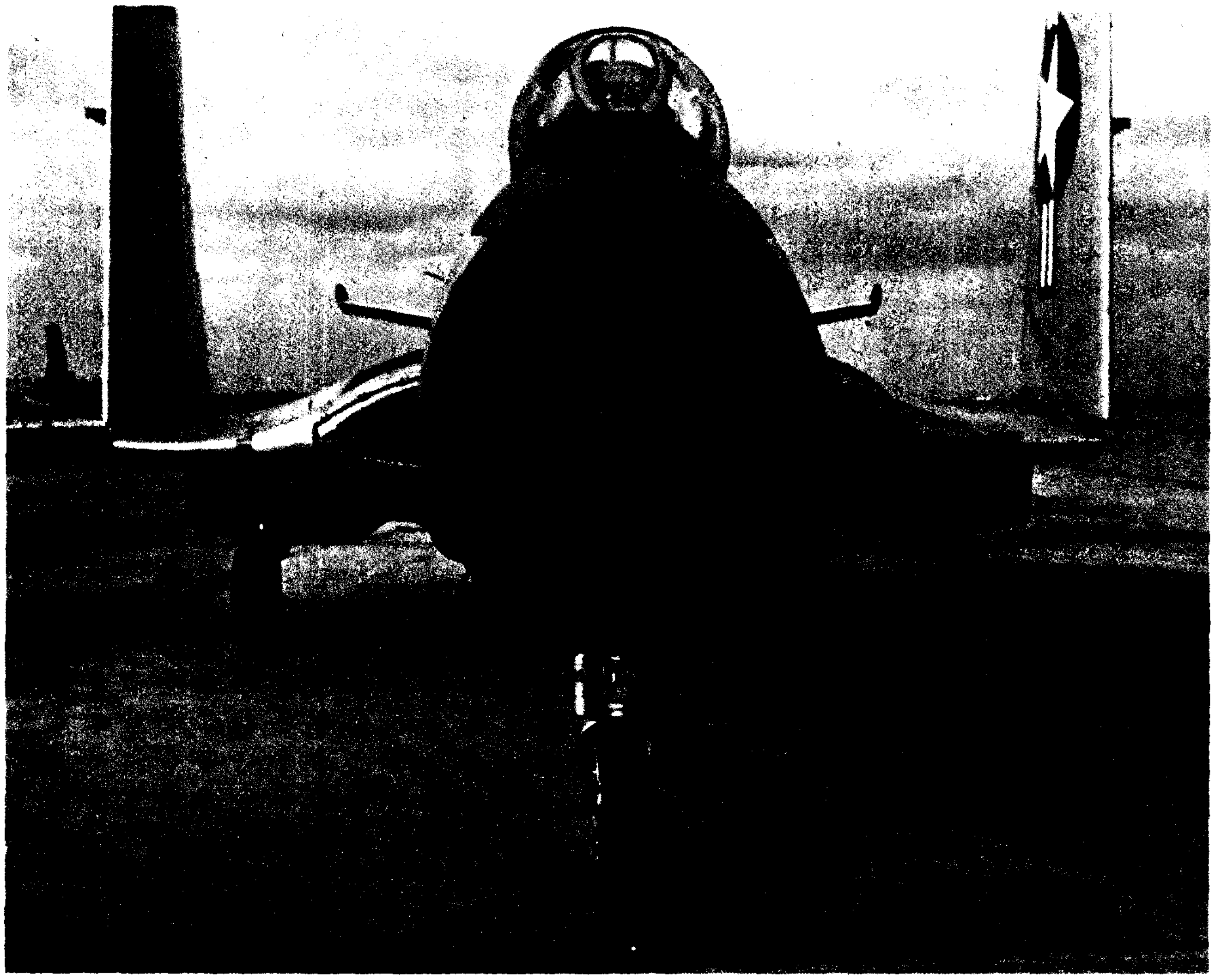
Babineau was the landing-signal officer, and he was dressed up like a Christmas tree. He wore a lighted suit with two parallel rows of yellow lights running from each shoulder down to the respective shoe top. In his hands he held a pair of square panels, similarly lighted, with which he signaled semaphore-like to show the pilots how well they were doing on the landing approach: okay, too fast, too slow, too high, too low. If an approach was unsatisfactory, he would wave off the plane, crisscrossing his lighted panels as a signal to "go around and try it again." If the approach was good, he would give the "cut" signal by arcing his right-hand panel over his head—a sign that "you're doing fine, put 'er down."

The pilots can see the lighted suit and panels a good distance from the touchdown point, even in heavy rain.

Babineau had no occasion to wave off the pilots that night. Despite the rain, Lieutenant Commander Bill Reinhardt, of Seattle, Washington, and Lieutenant Commander Shannon McCrary, of Coronado, California, hurtled their Banshees into the undersized target area four times each.

When we returned to the ready room, we found

The Navy's all-weather fliers proved their worth in fog-plagued Korea



Head-on view of Banshee, standard fighter for VC-4 pilots, shows bulbous plastic nose in which its top-secret radar is carried. Folding wings permit increased storage on carriers

another group of red-goggled pilots (they wear red Polaroid glasses for an hour or so before flight time to adapt their eyesight to night conditions) was preparing to go up and bounce. Someone, quizzically eying the weather, suggested the second bounce be canceled.

"Canceled, hell!" snorted Bill Reinhardt, who was acting operations officer. "They'll run into a lot worse than this when they get out on the carriers. Might as well get 'em used to it. Send them up."

Reinhardt's order reflected the philosophy of Captain Matter and VC-4's top command: teach the pilots everything; the carrier is no place to learn. Pilots may encounter a few "hairy" experiences during their VC-4 training course, but they will be safer pilots when they join the fleet.

Many Accidents Caused by Icing

Low visibility is not the only hazard of all-weather flying. The combination of cold air at high altitude and moisture in the clouds frequently coats a plane's radar and radio antennas with ice, cutting off the pilot from communication with the ground and knocking out his navigational equipment. The condition has caused a number of accidents.

Antenna icing was encountered by Shannon McCrary recently on what should have been a routine hop from Atlantic City to Quonset Point, Rhode Island. Near New York City, he suddenly found himself without any guidance equipment or voice contact. He dropped down out of the clouds almost to water level, found the Hudson River and flew along it until he recognized a bridge near Poughkeepsie, then plotted a mental course to nearby Steward Air Force Base and landed without mishap.

"Were you nervous?" someone asked McCrary afterward.

"Hell," he replied, "I didn't have time to be nervous." He paused a moment, then added thoughtfully: "You're all right unless you start to panic. Panic can be worse than the weather."

Another all-weather hazard is vertigo—dizziness or giddiness. On a dark night or in soupy weather, a pilot has no horizon by which to judge the position of his plane with respect to level flight. He does have an artificial horizon gauge, but constant blind flying frequently leads him to lose confidence in his instruments. He may fly upside down without realizing it, or he may lose control of the plane altogether.

To snap himself out of vertigo, a pilot must force himself to concentrate on his instruments and believe their readings despite what his unbalanced senses tell him. One cure, said Frank Babineau, who has experienced vertigo several times, is just talking.

"I get on the GCI horn," he said, "and just yak-yak with the ground controller about the football scores, politics or anything. In a minute or two I find I'm able to believe the instruments again and then everything's all right."

VC-4's accident rate at one time admittedly was higher than that of the average Navy squadron, but it has been considerably pared in recent months. "We've stretched the training program," explained Captain Matter. "Each pilot gets an extra 35 hours before we send him to a carrier. And every extra hour is an extra degree of safety."

Despite the hazards, there has been a steady stream of volunteers for the Navy's two all-weather fighter squadrons. (The other, VC-3, is on the West Coast.) VC-4, in fact, is now the largest single combat aviation unit in the Navy. It has a complement of more than 1,100 officers and men, and supplies all-weather "teams" to carriers of the Atlantic Fleet, which have no regularly assigned all-weather outfits.

One of VC-4's teams, led by Lieutenant G. G. (Jerry) O'Rourke, a big smiling Irishman from Wayne, Maine, was sent to Korea to put its all-weather training into practical operation. The pilots flew Skynights from a land base known as K-6, where they were assigned to Marine Squadron VFM-513. Their chief job was to escort Air Force B-29 Superfortresses on night raids and weather operations.

Flying in North Korea's MIG Alley with the B-29s, they ran into plenty of opposition from Russian-designed MIG-15 jets. One member of the team—Lieutenant (jg) Robert Bick, of Seattle, Washington—was shot down on a night escort mission. Three MIGs jumped him from the rear while he was chasing a fourth. He got the one he was chasing, but he died in the crash.

The Radar Station on Choto Island

GCI control on the Korean operations was provided by a station on Choto, a small island off the eastern coast of Korea, well north of the United Nations lines. The F3Ds reciprocated by flying combat air patrols over the radar station to protect it from frequent Communist air attacks.

How good were the Red pilots?

"Plenty good," said Lieutenant O'Rourke. "They were as good as we were, and we thought we were pretty hot."

And was there much foul-weather flying?

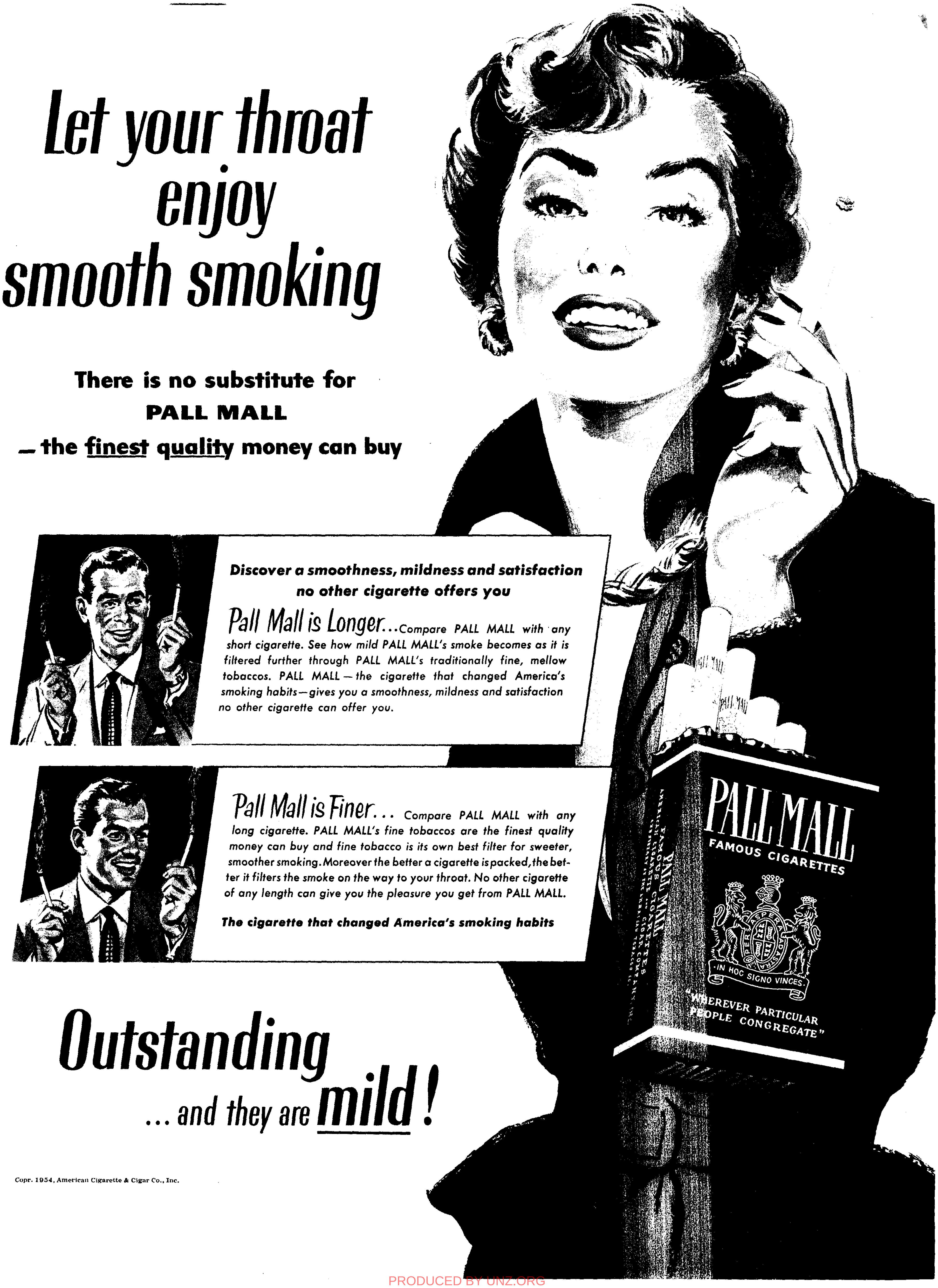
"Man, we had nothing but foul weather. We landed at K-6 right at the start of the rainy season and rarely got a good look at the ground after that." On one occasion, the F3Ds flew for six straight days in extremely bad weather while no radarless fighters could get off the ground.

"We had a saying out there," chimed in Lieutenant Bobbie Allen of Berea, Ohio, one of O'Rourke's teammates. "It was, 'Tomorrow the weather will be better. It can't possibly get worse.' But we were always wrong."

The Korean experience pointed up as perhaps never before the value of the all-weather planes. Today all-weather training is in high gear in both the Air Force and the Navy, although some experts, like Commander John H. Boyum, of Hamakuapoko, Hawaii, VC-4's top technical officer, feel it still isn't getting the attention its importance warrants. Boyum, one of the Navy's first all-weather fliers, believes that the Navy's top command doesn't fully appreciate the need for all-weather operations. What the Navy needs, according to Boyum, is a fleet of all-weather aircraft carriers handling modern, radar-equipped fighter and attack aircraft capable of operating 24 hours a day in good or bad visibility.

"A lot of our aviation people still seem to be thinking in terms of the 'country-club' weather we had for the most part in the lower latitudes of the Pacific in World War II," Boyum told me. "But in a hassel with Russia, for example, we would be operating in an area where bad weather is much more frequent. We would probably have clear weather in the worst months, from October to May, only about 25 per cent of the time. And unless we can take full advantage of the weather, both offensively and defensively, we will not be able to deliver."

There is no question but that the men of VC-4, VC-3 and the Air Force's all-weather squadrons will be able to deliver. But will we have enough men and planes trained and equipped to fly on both fair days and foul if and when an enemy challenges us? The answer could mean the difference between victory and defeat. ▲▲▲



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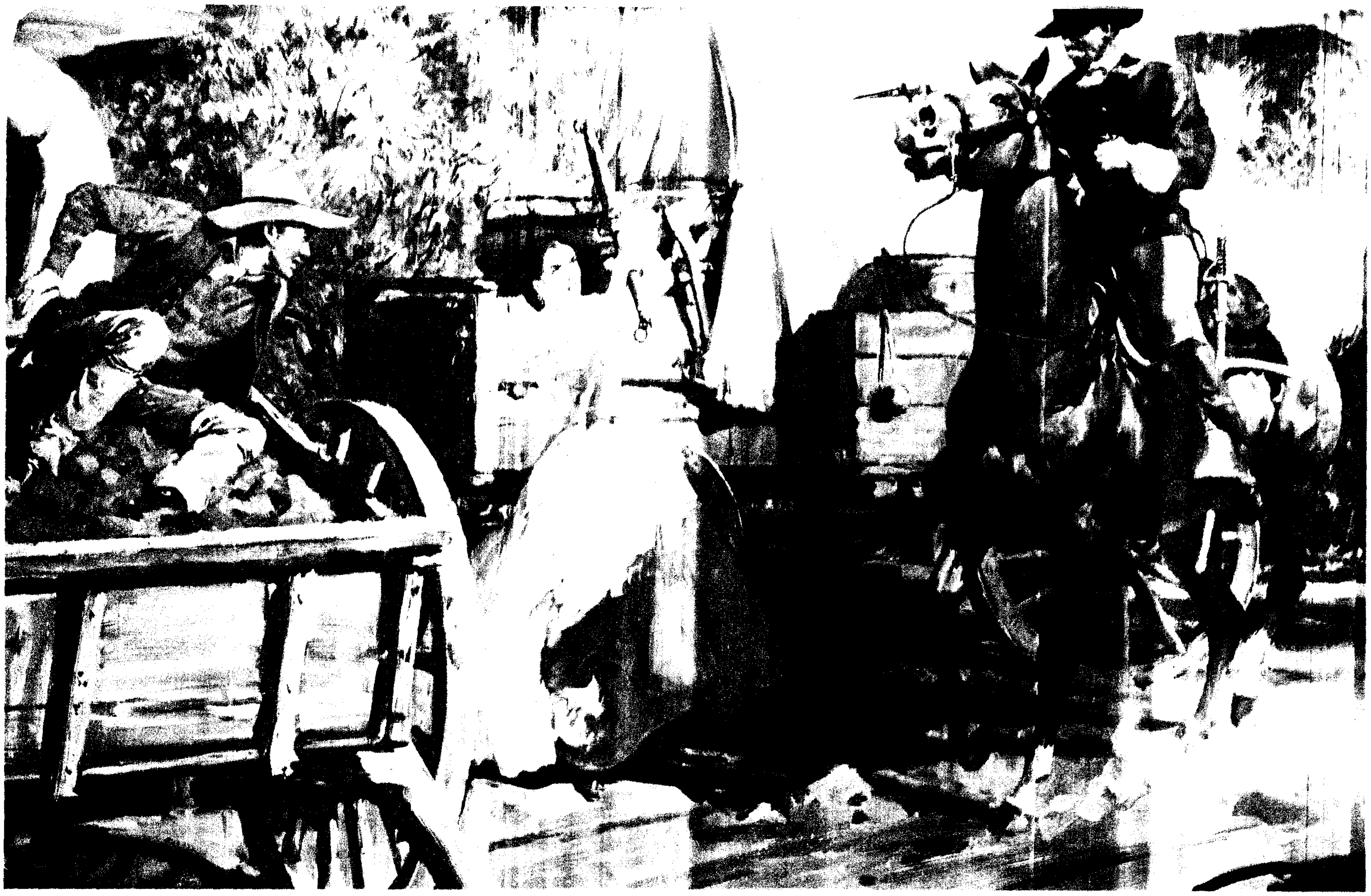

Major Shimbo's first bullet caught Jones in the meat of his left shoulder. He was about to fire at him again when Miss Della came running up

BIGAMY JONES

Bigamy Jones sure did like to get married, and so, when Miss Della said she wouldn't have him, he aimed to find out just exactly what ailed her

By FRANK X. TOLBERT

BIGAMY JONES was the danciest cowboy in our part of west Texas. He danced round. He danced square. And because he'd lived among the Comanches, he mixed in a lot of Indian leaps and stomps. He never got tired. Given the partners and the music, he would dance out a hard place in the ground.

He was a wagon boss on my grandfather's ranch. And one year I got to go along when Jones trailed a herd of my grandfather's cattle to the end of the railroad at Clayton town in New Mexico Territory. I got to go as a kind of graduation present—I was fifteen and had just finished the Third Reader in Sloan's Station Common School. When the herd got to Clayton, I bought my first suit of store clothes. I saw my first locomotive. And I watched Bigamy Jones dance with some wheeligo girls.

I never hear any women called wheeligo girls nowadays. In cowboy talk back in the 1870s, this wasn't an insult. It was a compliment. A wheeligo girl wasn't a wanton; she was just a girl who liked to have fun. Jones described a wheeligo girl as a "real wheeling and dealing girl."

Jones always had his eye out for wheeligo girls because another of his hobbies, besides dancing, was getting married. But he never got married unless he was on a holiday.

"That cowboy took right smart holidays, though," said my grandfather.

On holidays, Jones got married whenever he felt like it. He usually felt like it. He lived so long among the Comanches that he had an Indian's attitude toward marriage. He never bothered about any bills of divorcement. He was a sweet-talking man. He could talk himself into a marriage. And he could talk himself out.

He was tall and red-haired and ornery-looking and, usually, clean-shaven in a land where most of the men ran to scratchy whiskers. He might have been all-around handsome if he hadn't been a kind of gotch-eyed man. He had yellow, narrow, almost-crossed eyes, like the eyes of a loafer wolf.

He usually wore white-men's-style linsey shirts and pants, Mexican hats and boots, and, in cool weather, leather leggings and a vest with gold Mexican coins for buttons. This was a combination that seemed right on Jones. The big sombrero he would whip off his red head every time a woman crossed his trail. And he would cry: "Ma'am, I salute you!" if she was a lady, or, "Lady, I salute you!" if she was believed not to be a lady. For the quality that made Jones stand out was his courtesy to women. He would make great, pants-busting bows and speak easy talk—talk that warmed a woman.

Bigamy wasn't the kind of cowboy to get four-legged drunk and try to shoot up the town when he

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

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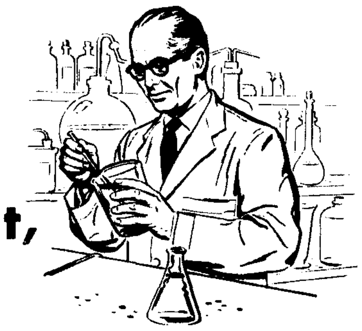

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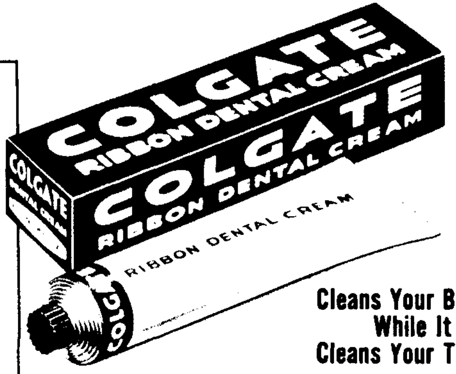

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It's the dividends that "Worth More"!

Greatest engine advances since the original Ford V-8...new ball-joint suspension...new fine-car features and trend setting style

The dividends you get in the '54 Ford are features of extra value. They stem from Ford's leadership in engineering, Ford's famous manufacturing techniques, Ford's cost-reducing volume. They establish Ford, more than ever before, as the car that's "worth more when you buy it and worth more when you sell it."

Specifically: There's a choice of two *new,* low-friction, deep-block power plants—the 130-h.p. Y-block V-8 and the 115-h.p. I-block Six—which usher in a wholly new concept of agile performance hitherto unapproached in Ford's price range.

For a ride as advanced as its performance, the '54 Ford gives you the all-new Ball-Joint Front Suspension, the greatest advance in chassis design in 20 years!

Other dividends include such Ford exclusives as the new Astra-Dial Control Panel, new and colorful interior trim and upholstery, together with over-all styling and beauty that are unique in the industry.

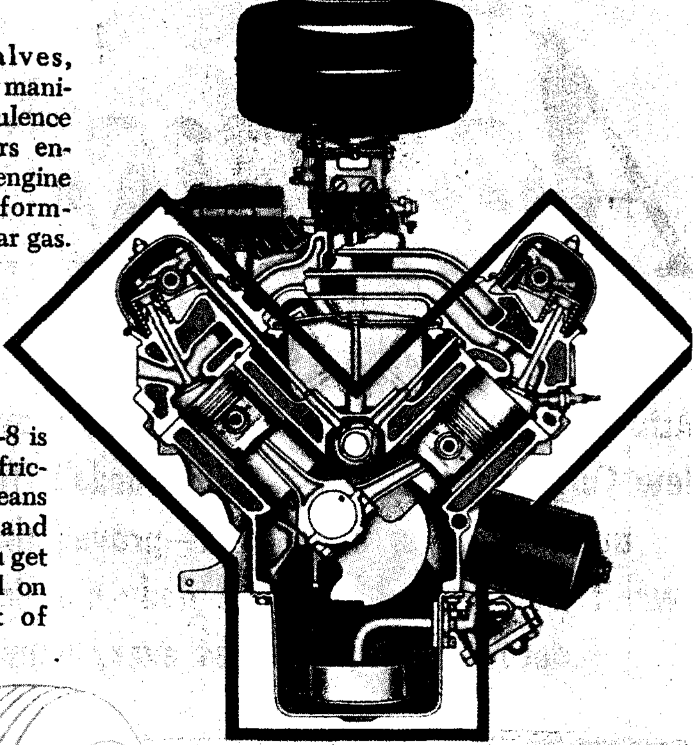
As for choice, Ford offers 3 complete lines of cars —28 models in all—to make possible your selection of a car ideally suited to your taste and requirements.

And, for those who wish *all* of the worth-while additions usually associated with costliest cars, Ford offers five optional power assists.

Yes, again for '54, Ford is . . . *more than ever* . . . the Standard for the American Road.

New 130-h.p. Y-BLOCK V-8

This new Ford engine is called a Y-block V-8 because the cylinder block extends well below the crankshaft, thus making a "Y" of the "V". This design gives greater rigidity . . . smoother operation.

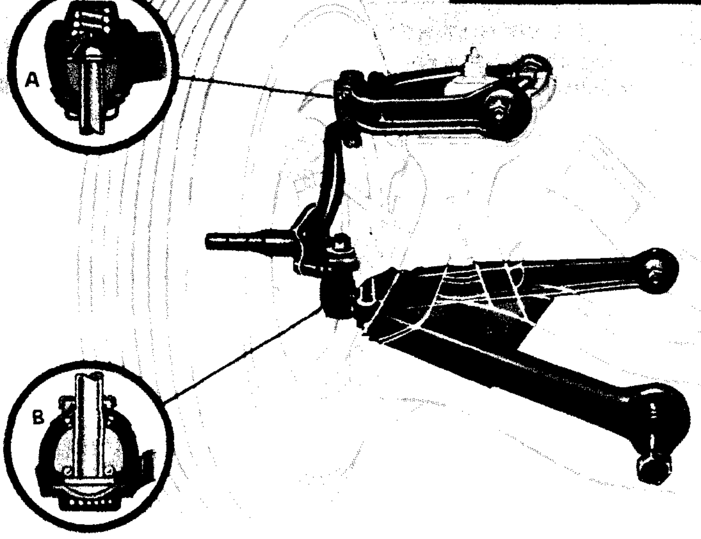


New overhead valves, Double-Deck intake manifold and high-turbulence combustion chambers enable this great new engine to deliver finer performance...and on regular gas.

The Ford Y-block V-8 is of short-stroke, low-friction design, which means less engine wear and greater economy. You get 21% more car travel on the same amount of piston travel.

New Ball-Joint Suspension

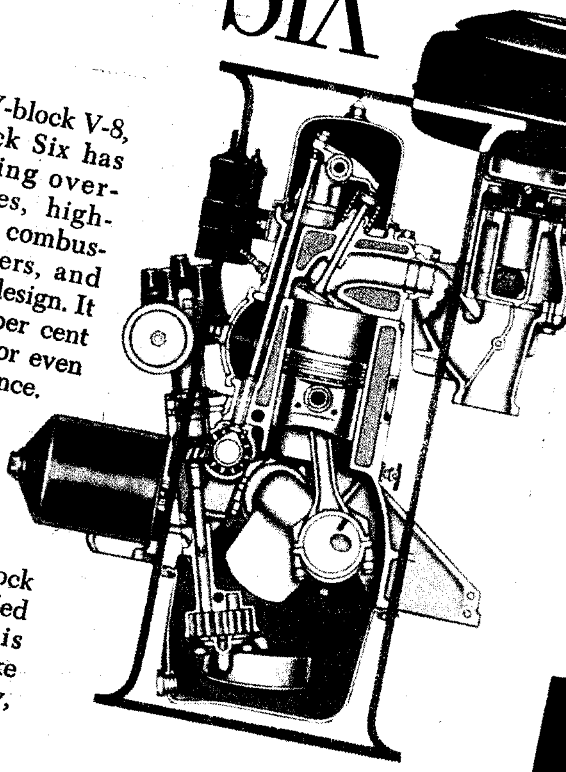
This new suspension gives front wheels greater up and down travel for a smoother, easier ride. And it keeps the wheels in true alignment for consistently easy handling. Movement of the wheels is about ball joints (see A and B) whether in up and down motion or in steering motion. Lubrication points are cut from sixteen to four.



make it

New 115-h.p. I-BLOCK SIX

Like the Y-block V-8, the I-block Six has free-turning overhead valves, high-turbulence combustion chambers, and low-friction design. It now has 14 per cent more power for even finer performance.



The deep-cast block nd precision-molded rankshaft of this ew I-block Six make or greater rigidity, moother operation.

Improved Automatic Power Pilot (standard on both engines) means *more* miles from *less* gas . . . premium or regular.

Plus five optional power assists* you'd expect to find only in America's costliest cars

Master-Guide Power Steering cuts in only when you need it . . . reduces steering effort up to 75%. At the same time you retain the "feel" of the road.

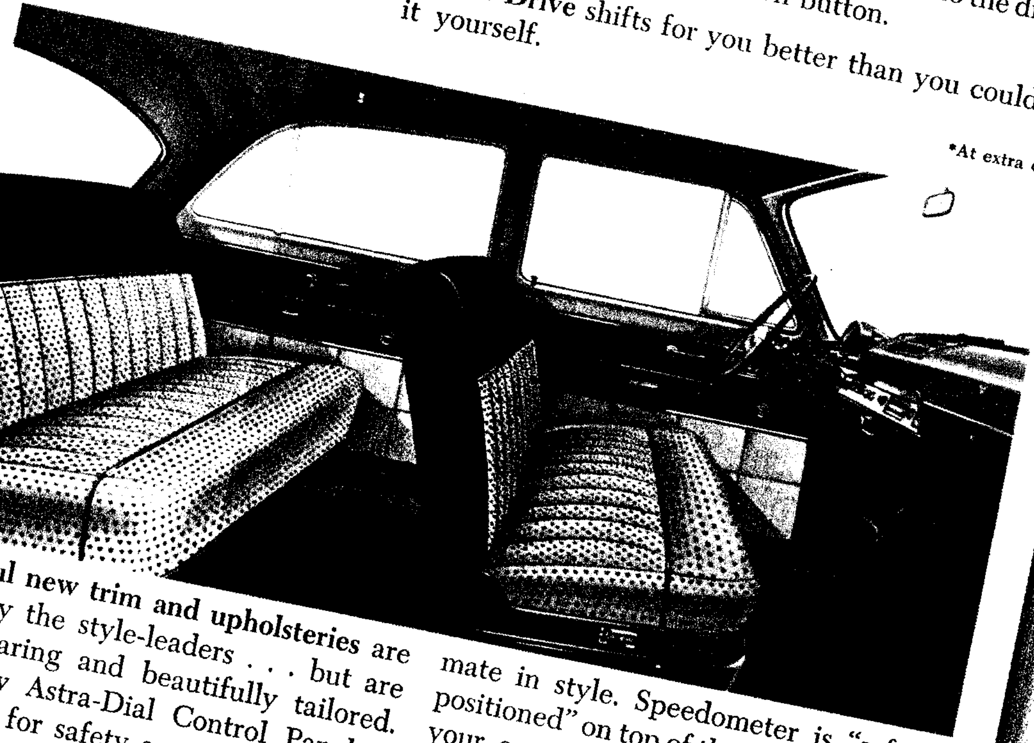
Swift Sure Power Brakes cut braking effort up to one-third—a feature that is especially appreciated in traffic—and add to driving safety.

4-Way Power Front Seat lets you select the exact driving position most comfortable for you.

Power-Lift Windows raise or lower at the touch of a button. The master control for all windows is next to the driver, and each window has its own button.

Fordomatic Drive shifts for you better than you could do it yourself.

*At extra cost.



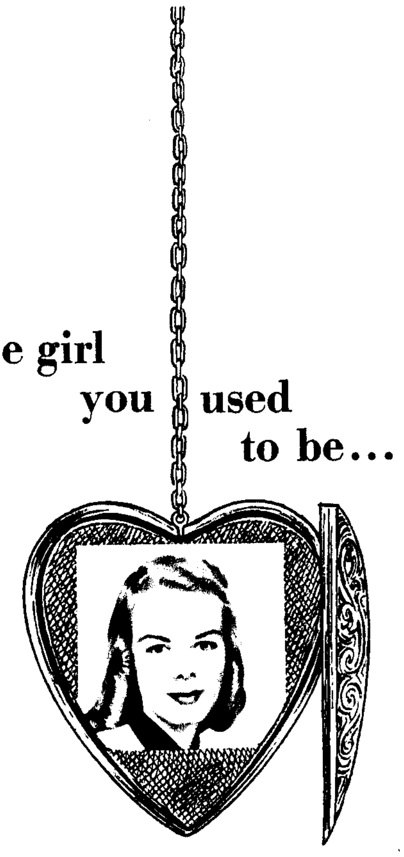
Colorful new trim and upholsteries are not only the style-leaders . . . but are long-wearing and beautifully tailored. The new Astra-Dial Control Panel is designed for safety as well as the ultimate in style. Speedometer is "safety-positioned" on top of the panel . . . before your eyes! Warning lights flash red as a visual signal when the oil pressure is low or the generator is not charging.

Test Drive the '54

Ford

Now more than ever THE STANDARD for THE AMERICAN ROAD

the girl
you used
to be...



what would she think
of you today?

She looks out at the world through older, wiser eyes . . . that girl who once was you. Would she approve the way you look at things, or would she miss the fresh enthusiasm that was so much a part of her make-up? Ask yourself the question she would ask: Do you still have a "young" viewpoint?

Part of feeling young is a willingness to accept new ideas. Perhaps that's why so many young people have turned to the new idea in sanitary protection: Tampax*. Because Tampax is worn internally, it avoids many of the discomforts of "those days"—chafing, irritation, the whole bulky belt-pin-pad harness, and *odor*.

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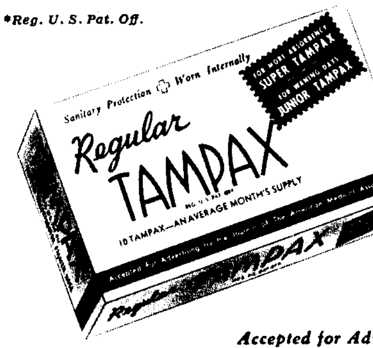
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FOR MORE ABSORBENCY SUPER TAMPAX
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was on a holiday. He just danced and scouted around for wheeligo girls. . . .

Once the cattle were sold, Jones danced for two nights and days with the wheeligo girls of Clayton. Then he took me on my first train ride. We rode the carriages all the way over into Kansas, and Jones and I got called down by the conductor for sleeping with our feet stuck out of a window. The next morning we got off at a switch and rode back to Clayton.

This westbound train was pretty fancy and had a dining car. I went in to eat breakfast while Jones was talking to a gamy-looking blonde from Illinois he'd just met in the chair car. The waiter told me the diner's food was running low, and so I didn't have much breakfast: just a one-pound rib steak and three fried quail and browned potatoes. The waiter was slow bringing me some bread. There was a Yankee major sitting by himself at the table across the aisle.

I yelled: "Pass the bread, Mister Man."

He was a tall, blue-eyed man with a yellow mustache.

I called again: "Pass the bread, please, Mister Yankee Man!"

He still deaf-eared me. So I reached over and grabbed two thick slices of bread off a plate on his table.

The waiter was in the cooking compartment. The major and I were alone. The major reached for the buckle of his heavy blouse belt. I think he was fixing to take off that fair leather belt and give me a good strapping. Then Bigamy Jones came into the dining car, all the leather and metal on him making pretty music in my ears.

THE waiter came back about the same time. The major ordered: "Waiter, get that boy out of the car."

"What you gone and did, Bud?" asked Jones.

I said: "This fellow here wouldn't pass the light bread. So I reached me some. I left him plenty."

"You ought to have said please, Bud."

"I did say please. Didn't I, Mister Man?"

Jones said: "I got to learn you good manners, Bud. Tell the soldier boy you're sorry."

The major was still yelling at the waiter: "Get that boy out of this car."

Jones said to the waiter: "Don't you listen to no soldier boy while I'm ordering breakfast, or I might not take it good. Fetch me a beefsteak and three eggs straight up and coffee—and a bowl for saucer and blowing."

The waiter studied the tall cowboy and the .44 Colt strapped to Jones's right thigh. The waiter gave the officer a helpless look and headed for the cooking compartment, calling: "Beefsteak and three eggs straight up."

The major had a service revolver in a heavy leather holster with a flap that concealed all but the gleam of the stock screw. He moved a hand toward the holster. Then he stopped when he saw Jones's yellow eyes watching.

Jones said: "Put your hands on the table, soldier man, and finish your breakfast. And keep your hands on the table. With that there flap on your holster in the way of your draw, you wouldn't get to dance in the first set, much less open the ball."

The officer's mouth came to a kind of reluctant but smiling high port around the fringes of his yellow mustache. He said: "Cowboy, I want to beg your pardon for causing this scene at mealtime. And you, too, son. I lost my temper."

He got up and walked out without finishing his breakfast. He was very careful to keep his hand clear of his holster as he left.

I said: "That was real nice of him. A blue-back major could have give us trouble when we got to Clayton town if he were seeking to."

"There'll be trouble waiting—and jail," said Jones. "That pretty talk don't mean nothing. I figure that Yankee man is one who would rather tell a lie on the credit than tell the truth for cash. He's mad at us, Bud."

"You're messing with somebody, cowboy," said the waiter. "That's the Squaw Killer."

That didn't mean anything to me, but it meant something to the wagon boss. Jones said this officer was named Major Shimbo and he had been carrying out the new War Department tactic of pulling surprise raids on small villages to get shed of the Plains Indians. On such raids, the old folks and squaws and kids were killed more often than the able-bodied men. But for the Indians, each village was a portable military base, and so, after the Squaw Killer's raids, the warriors were left without a base or supplies—and often without squaws, who were the warriors' "maintenance crews." This tactic had done more to put the whoa on the Indians of the plains than had 150 years of more sporting kinds of cavalry action.

Jones had had some plans to marry the blonde from Illinois he'd just met in the chair car, and she had seemed willing. He had planned to get the conductor to do the job and they'd even get a marriage license written on a railroad ticket and, to make it look real legal, they would seal the license with a jigger used to seal freight cars. But now that cowboy had to forget about the willing blonde. He sat there eating his breakfast and looking worried.

"You scared of that squaw-killing soldier man?" I asked. "Why, you could run him all over New Mexico Territory."

"I'm scared of him," Jones said. "I have lived this long by being scared at the right times."

The train was about five miles short of Clayton. A mile east of town was our cow camp—trimmed down now to only a 200-horse *remuda* and a chuck wagon and a chip wagon—minded by twenty of my grandfather's cowboys. They were waiting for me and the wagon boss to get back from our little train ride. Then we were heading for home. Also, waiting to travel under the cowboys' protection were the wagons of Comanchero Bustamente, the trader and tavernkeeper at Sloan's Station. Bustamente had come to the railroad town to get new girls for bar hostesses and to get barrels of whisky and other trade goods.

Now Jones spoke there in the dining car: "We're getting close to Clayton. And that major will sick the town marshal on us. So you and me's got to jump off this train without that major seeing us. You go see what the major is up to, while I check weapons and get our duffel."

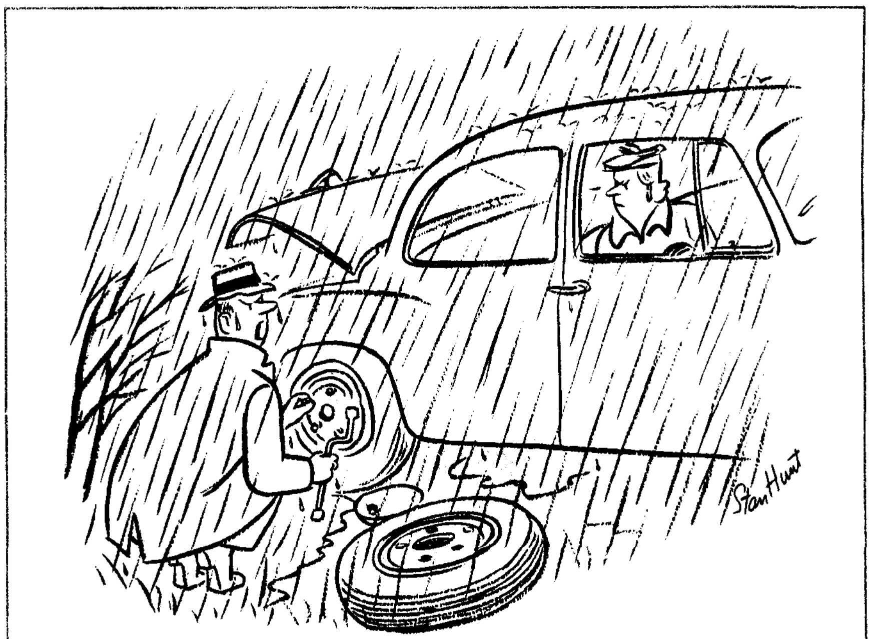
IT TOOK me a while to find the Yankee man. He was sitting and reading a big file of papers and frowning. He wasn't looking out the window. So we jumped off about a mile and a half out of town. I don't believe anyone saw us go. It was a short jump into *caliche*. But the train was going faster than we thought. We hit running. Our legs couldn't keep up with the way the ground was moving under us. We went down into a pebbly little gully in a macaroni snarl of man and boy.

We weren't hurt much; we just lost a little hide. And then while Jones was squeezing pebbles and thorns out of the heel of his hand, he thought of the blonde girl from Illinois whom he wanted to marry. "Mistress Beverly will think I run off. I wish I could get her word," he said.

We walked for about a half mile and then went over a hogback. And there below us was a little plains lake, very blue, with long, faded grass growing up to its edges, and the faded grass was darkly speckled with mounds of dried cattle droppings.

It was a good place to camp; there was water, grass and dried cow chips for good charcoal-like fuel. And there was my grandfather's outfit, the chuck wagon and the *remuda* and all the wagons of the trader, Comanchero Bustamente. They were waiting for us. They seemed to be having a good time waiting. From the hogback, 200 yards away, we heard banjo and fiddle music. A tall woman was standing in the bed of a Conestoga wagon and she was calling squares. Five other women and as many cowboys were dancing.

"So Bustamente hired him six girls



COLLIER'S "What d' y' mean, why didn't I think of this before we started!" STAN HUNT

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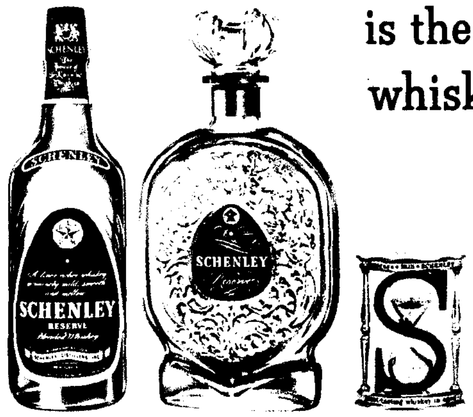
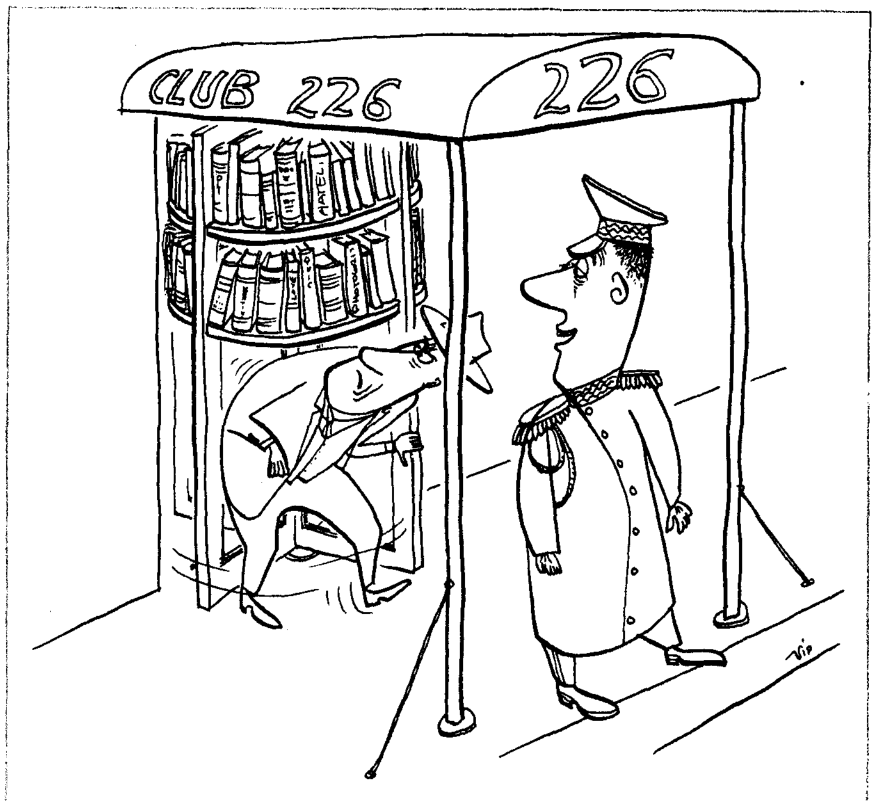




COLLIER'S "Oh, *that.* It's my circulating library" VIRGIL PARTCH

to go back to Sloan's Station, like he wanted," said Jones. "I'll bet there is not a real wheeligo girl in the crowd, unless it's that one on the wagon calling squares. She's got a pretty voice—from here, anyway. You never can really tell all about a woman's voice until you marry up with her and live with her a spell."

The woman's voice carried clearly to us on the hogback. She had a pretty soprano with a Texas accent, but none of the whine that sticks to some Texas women's tongues. She was calling:

"Lady on the green grass,
Lady on the hay—
Take ahold her pretty hand
And lead her soft away . . ."

The nearer we got to camp, the better Jones thought he was going to like the calling girl. *"Lady on the green grass, Lady on the hay,"* Jones was singing, but very low.

"Let's don't break up the dance. Just sneak up and watch them till they get done," he whispered to me. Uncle Will King Solomon, our range cook, was going good with his banjo. A cowboy named Felix Ketchum was playing the fiddle. It was real music.

COMANCHERO BUSTAMENTE was sleeping in a wagon. He was a man with a lot of aches and complaints. He roused when we came into camp and he started complaining: "We was about to give you up. We danced for six days waiting for you and Bud—all except me, that is. I'm too sick to dance. I got to get home."

Then the little trader told us about his latest ailments. Then he introduced us to the six girls. But I could tell Jones wasn't paying any attention to any of them except the girl who'd been calling squares from the wagon. And she was really something to see. I wondered how Bustamente had been able to hire her. Then the Comanchero introduced her. And I began to get the idea.

"This is Miss Della. I'm going to make her a partner in the saloon, Jones. For she can sing and dance and deal faro. All the talents I need."

Jones said: "Let me help you down, Mistress Della."

She was a rather willowy woman with fine, shiny black hair done Spanish style on her small head. She wore a plain dress with a mitered collar and she didn't look as if there were any corsets underneath the dress. She was about thirty and there were tiny wrinkles around the corners of her wide hazel eyes and at the upturned corners of her amused-looking mouth. She wore no rings on her fingers or bracelets on her arms or decorations on her dress. She wore heavy glittering earrings. And she carried a straw Mexican sombrero.

She got down from the wagon bed nimbly, refusing Jones's help. She smiled his way briefly and gave both of us a businesslike nod and she said: "Mr. Jones. Bud." Then to Bustamente she said: "Tony, it's still early. Why don't we head south? We've waited so long."

Jones protested: "We are not leaving this camp until I dance a square with Mistress Della." And he started jumping around on the hard-stomped ground and calling Jim Along a Josie between war whoops, like this:

"Fire in the mountain,
Run, boys, run!
Fire in the mountain,
Run, boys, run!

Cat's in the cream jar,
Run, girls, run!
Cat's in the cream jar,
Run, girls, run!

Hey, Jim along, hey, Jim along!
Hey, Jim along a Josie!"

Miss Della listened him out and then she said: "Mr. Jones, if you're not leaving this camp until you dance a square with me, you better file for a patent on this land. You've held us long enough as it is. Gallivanting around Kansas while we sit here by the lake and wait and fret. Tony, I'll see that the girls have their bags all loaded by the time the horses are harnessed."

Jones bowed to her, a little creakily, for his bones were aching from the jump from the train. He said very sulkily: "I used to be the boss of this outfit, Mistress Della, until you took over. I'll help harness up, ma'am."

He didn't sound like himself. And I

said when we were down by the *remuda's* rope corral: "She's the first woman I've seen to get the best of you."

"Bud, she's a lady you can't crowd none," said Jones. "It didn't take me all summer to learn that. But I got lots of time. The trail to Sloan's Station can be just as long as I want it to be."

The only steer we took back was our lead steer, Little Joe. He was very tame and had led six herds to the northern railroad towns. He always earned his keep on the return trip too. Little Joe pulled the chip wagon, which was a two-wheel cart for carrying dried buffalo droppings. You never could tell on these usually treeless *vegas* when you'd have to make camp where there was no cow- or buffalo-chip fuel.

JOE didn't need a driver. He knew the way to the railroad. And he knew the way home. The first day on the trail I found the chip wagon was a good place to take naps. I would tie my pony to the cart's end gate, and I'd sleep on the load of manure.

Jones caught me sleeping thus, and I was given sentry duty a lot after that. We stood a half-dozen guards each night, because Bustamente had hundreds of barrels of Eastern whisky. And both the Comanchero and Jones were carrying thousands of dollars. Also, we had a fine *remuda.*

"We got horses, women, whisky and money," said the wagon boss. "So we sure need lots of night guards." . . .

We had a real scare one morning around daylight when I was on guard. We heard a drumming. Jones put his ear to the ground and said at least 200 horses were coming at the gallop. We got the *remuda*, whistling and nervous, inside a ring of wagons. We lay in a skirmish line behind our bedrolls. And we drank coffee and waited.

Pretty soon, all mixed up in the watery wash of a morning mirage, several companies of blue-back soldiers and an ambulance wagon from Fort Phantom Mesa came across the grassy swales. The ambulance wagon was carrying a major general. The troops stayed 50 yards outside of our perimeter. The general came in in his ambulance and talked a little with Bustamente and had a cup of coffee. Jones stayed out of sight—for leading the troops, with his yellow mustache flagging in the wind, was that Yankee major we'd had trouble with on the train.

The general didn't tell the Comanchero what they were up to. We guessed they were bound for the Palo Duro to catch some little Kiowa and Comanche camps in winter quarters and kill off their ponies and drive the Indians back to the Indian Nation.

The general didn't get down from his wagon. Said he was stove up in his legs. He was a heavy-set, tough-looking old man. He said thanks for the coffee in a low, polite Yankee accent. Then he left. As the troops were going away though, Miss Della got me to do an errand. And I think the yellow-mustached major saw me. I worried. I was afraid he'd come back looking for me and Jones.

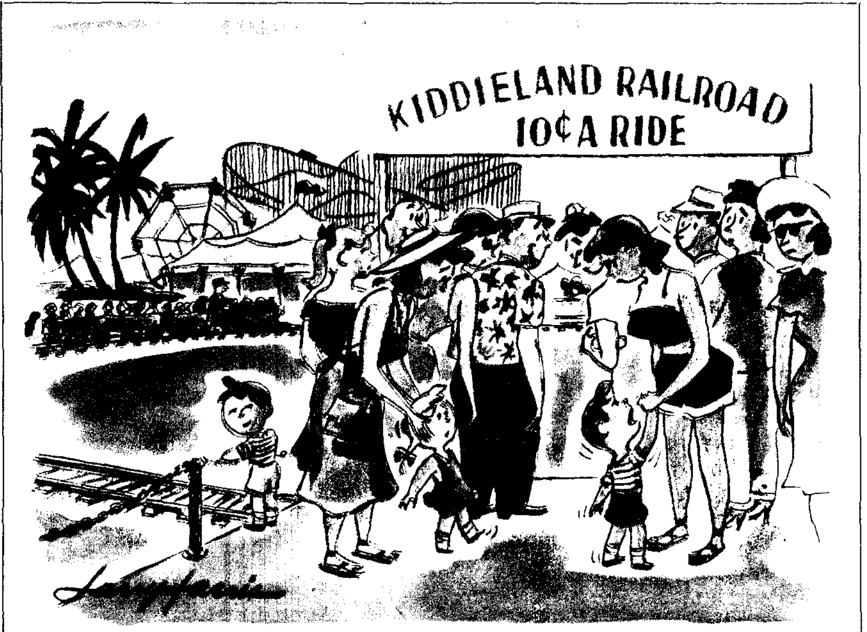
After a couple more days on the trail though, I forgot about Major Shimbo. Miss Della stayed chilly to Jones. And we weren't making much time.

Jones said we were going slow so as not to "bust up any of Bustamente's whisky barrels." I knew we were going slow so Jones could have plenty of time for his campaign to win over Miss Della. At nights we'd dance one or two squares. Miss Della wouldn't call though. Uncle Will King Solomon called and played his banjo too. Yet Jones, usually the danciest man of all, hung back. He didn't dance a square for several nights. He acted real hurt around Miss Della, though he was very polite.

She kept on bossing the outfit and shooing the cowboys away from the girls and keeping everybody real polite. She had a Colt gun and a Sharps .50-caliber rifle in her wagon. Bustamente said she would be real handy if we got into a fire fight. In her wagon she had powder and patches and paper and lead and wads and lubricator and swedge to pack with. She was quick at reloading shells. (In that olden day, we sometimes reloaded shells fifty times or more.)

Miss Della kept chilly toward Bigamy until we got near to the rim of Palo Duro Canyon in the Panhandle. Then Jones came down with a hard fever. He said to me: "Bud, go tell Mistress Della that I'm just wampasjawed with fever and the three-day chill and the swalleybusses. But tell her it is not nothing catching."

He was feverish, I found. His face was redder than a turkey's wattles. He'd tied his pony on the end of the chip wagon, and he lay on the manure with the fever popping out all over him, moaning to Little Joe to take it easy



"But, Mommy, that's what *Daddy* said the other morning when *he* missed the train"

COLLIER'S LARRY HARRIS

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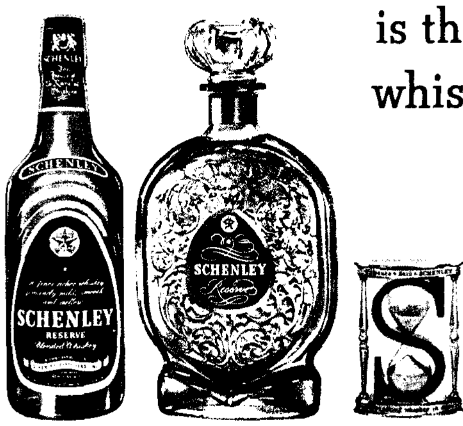

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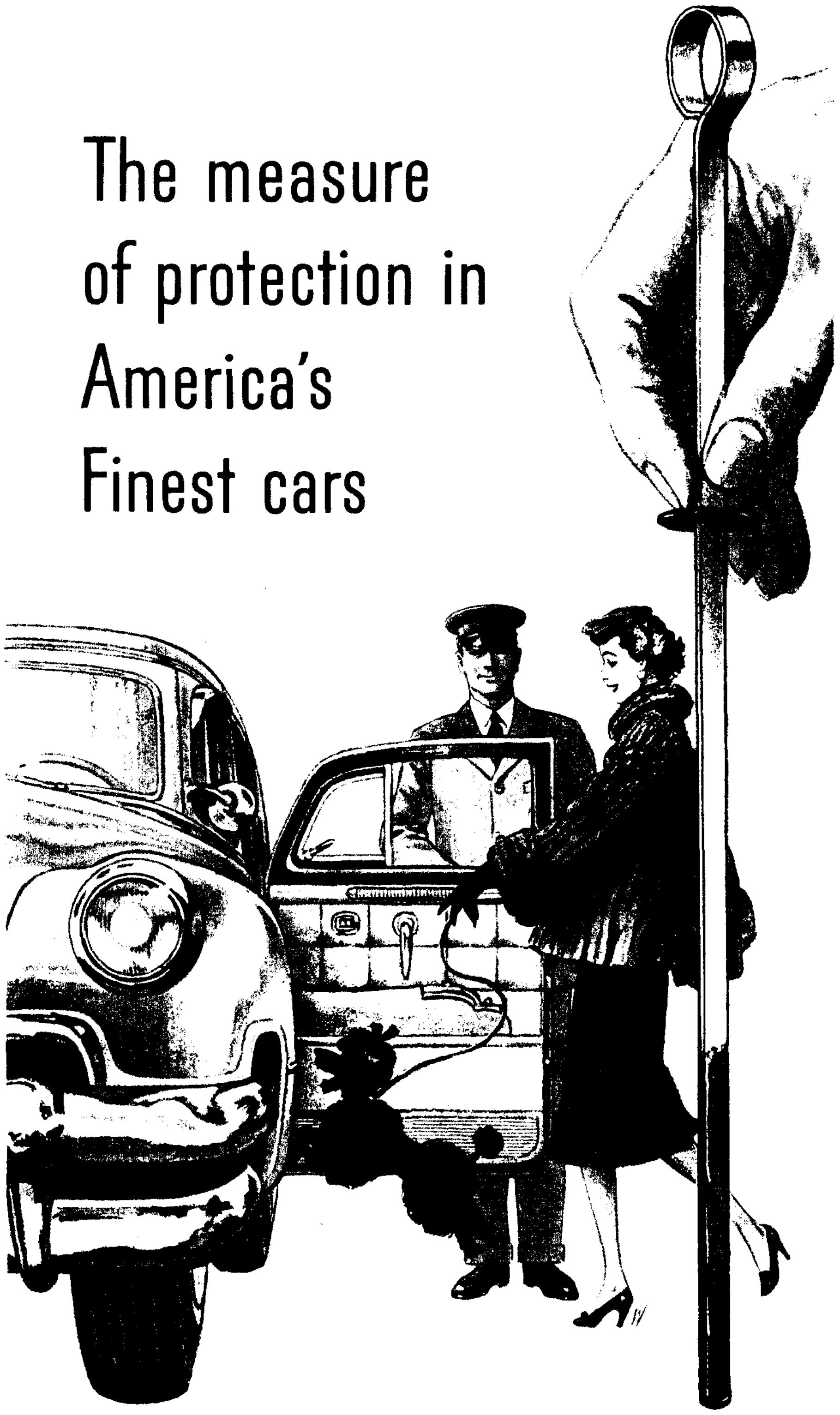
The measure of protection in America's Finest cars



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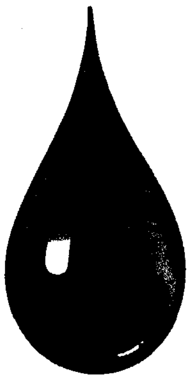

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when the cart crossed gullies or went through prairie-dog towns.

When I told Miss Della about Jones's illness, she turned the lines of her four-mule team over to me. She rode my pony at a lope to the chip wagon. She came back pretty soon with Jones—very flushed and drooping—riding behind her with his arms around her waist. She put him to bed on a pallet in one of the whisky-hauling wagons. She was very businesslike. She even made Jones take off his hat. That cowboy even liked to sleep with his hat halfway on, and it was always shading his face when he was on the trail, or most any other place. She nursed him while I drove the team.

She wouldn't even let him get out of the wagon to eat when we nooned or when we stopped for the night. In the evening, before she went to sleep in another wagon with two of the other girls, she fetched Jones some of Uncle Will King Solomon's stew.

WHEN Miss Della had turned in for the night, I said to Jones: "This is not just the three-day chill. You are really sick. I'm worried. You better not eat no stew in the shape you're in."

"Sure I can eat stew," replied that cowboy. "I am not really sick. I just ate some lye soap to bring on a fever. I had to do it. I finally got Mistress Della figured out. She is the nursy type. She loves to nurse a man. Me and her is not going to have no more trouble any more. I got her figured for sure. She likes a real complaining man."

Jones was right. He got over his fever. But he kept whining around about not feeling too peart. The more he complained the more Miss Della seemed to like him.

He kept this up until we camped on the rim of Palo Duro Canyon. Then something put that cowboy in a dancy, rollicky mood. Maybe it was the wonderful colors in the Palo Duro. Or maybe he just got tired of being a complaining man.

Anyway, Jones told us we was going to camp there on the rim of the Palo Duro long enough to throw a good dance. Felix Ketchum got out his fiddle and Uncle Will took out his banjo. And they started off a song. Jones took off his spurs and started jumping around and singing:

"Hop light, ladies,
The cake's all dough.
Never mind the weather—
Long as the wind don't blow."

Five of the girls took turns dancing with Jones. Miss Della wouldn't dance. She went down among the willow pods to do some laundry. Comanchero Bustamente didn't dance either. He was in his bedroll and ailing, he said. So the dance didn't amount to much. Miss Della stayed in the willow pods until her laundry was dry. Then she went to her wagon and sat on the end gate and did some sewing and didn't pay Jones any mind.

She noticed Bustamente in his bedroll. She went over and felt of the Comanchero's forehead. And soon she had the trading man propped up and was feeding him something with a spoon.

Jones said the dance was over. He sent the cowboys down in the canyon to water the horses. The girls, except for Miss Della, got in the wagons to take naps. The camp was quiet when Jones went to the chuck wagon and ate a half cake of lye soap.

"I got to do this," the cowboy explained to me. "It'll take a right smart fever for me to win Mistress Della back. That Comanchero is rich and he don't even have to play-act as a complaining man. It's natural with him. He might be the kind of project a nursy-minded girl like Mistress Della would like to tackle. He sure complains a lot."

The lye soap hit Jones pretty quick. I had to lead him to the chip wagon and help him get comfortable. Fever was just popping out all over him.

"Go fetch Mistress Della now, Bud," said Jones.

I didn't go, for a man was riding into camp. It was Major Shimbo. And he was alone. He rode up to the chip wagon with a big service revolver in his hand. He said: "I've got a bill to settle with you, cowboy. And I got to do it in a hurry before the general gets here. He wouldn't let me shoot you if he was here. If he comes along in a few minutes though, and finds a dead renegade, a man who had lived a lot among the Indians, I won't have much to explain, especially since we're in a hurry to get to Fort Phantom."

The major's horse was nervous and spoiled his aim when he fired first. The bullet caught Jones in the meat of his left shoulder. The officer's second bullet went into the dirt, for just before he fired, Miss Della had walked up and hit him on the wrist with a singletree. Then she used that singletree to beat him off his horse.

She was standing over him when the troops came up out of the canyon. She was standing over him, still with the singletree in her hand, when the general drove up in his ambulance wagon, but Shimbo was sitting up now, shaking his battered head.

Miss Della said to the general: "I'd heard this man was called the Squaw Killer. I didn't know that he attacked white women too."

The general said: "The first sergeant will take your name and your statement for use at this officer's trial." Then the general had Shimbo put in the back of the ambulance. And the wagon and the troops went off in a big boil of dust toward Fort Phantom Mesa.

MISS DELLA went to work on Jones. He was a mess. He was bleeding from the shoulder wound. And he was boiling hot with fever.

She nursed him all the way back to Sloan's Station. And she was as sweet to him as any woman could be. They didn't get married when we got home though. That was one time when Bigamy Jones shied off from getting wedded.

"I'm just too naturally peart for a girl like her. She's not really a wheeligo girl. And I'd have to eat lye soap and get shot by soldier boys about twice a month if we was to get along. I've told Mistress Della that she ought to marry the Comanchero, for he is the richest and whiny-est and aching-est man at Sloan's Station. I've about got them matched up."

I guess Jones had them two figured all right, for Bustamente threw an engagement dance one night soon after that. Miss Della called the numbers. She didn't seem to be looking at the Comanchero much though. She was looking right at Jones when she called:

"Lady on the green grass,
Lady on the hay—
Take ahold her pretty hand
And lead her soft away . . ."

—FRANK X. TOLBERT

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The Beer that Made Milwaukee Famous

Sitting on a sawhorse pew in a railroad-shop church, Buford Long, O. D. Cook and J. W. Creek typify the men who spend lunchtime at prayer

An Hour with God

Hundreds of Kentucky railroad men in overalls join hands and hearts daily at noon to praise the Lord. They've been doing it for 50 years

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAN WEINER

Out in the shops. William Fries plays a portable organ while the men sing hymns. Fries has been the organist at the meetings for 21 years. His favorite hymn: Take Time to Be Holy

Freight-car repairmen, John Blair and Manville Lewis, knock off work to keep standing lunch date with God

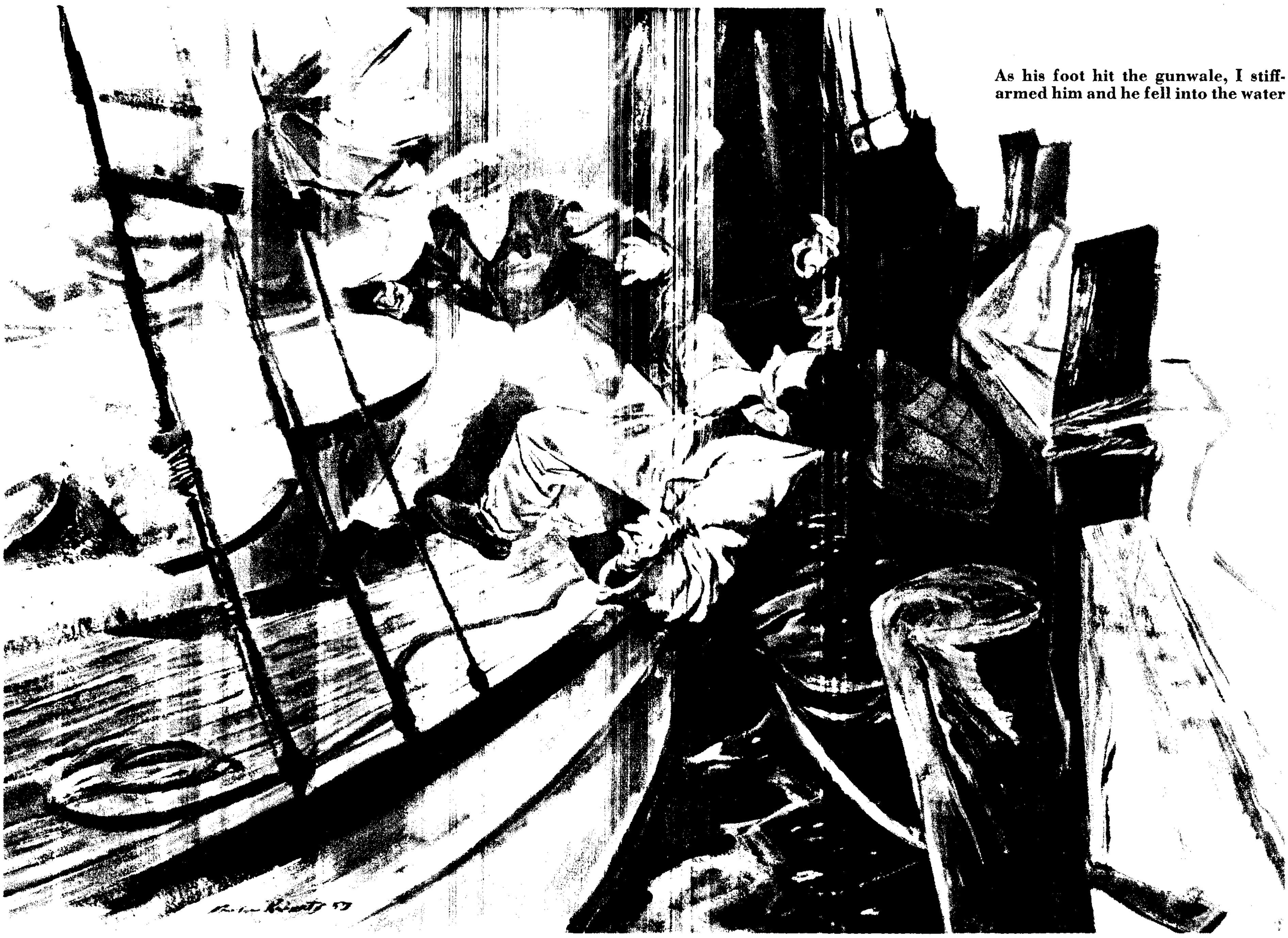
IN LOUISVILLE, Kentucky, there is a group of men who not only remember the Sabbath, they remember, too, that God doesn't work a one-day week.

You see some of these men here. They are neither saints nor angels. They are simply a bunch of working Joes who pull their daily bread out of the grease and steel of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad's South Louisville shops. Every day, when the noon whistle blows and the shops go quiet, as many as 600 of the 3,000 men who work in the shops tote their lunch boxes over to a central area and spend the next hour at prayer meeting.

They and their fathers have been devoting lunch hours to religion for more than 50 years. Noontime meditation began in the L&N shops around the turn of the century, when the railroad branch of the Y.M.C.A. first started to invite ministers—Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Lutherans, Episcopalians—to come and address the men. The early meetings were attended by only a few, but soon workers began to drift over to see what it was all about. Today, half a century later, the men in the shops compose one of the liveliest and most unusual congregations in the U.S.

Lunch-hour prayer doesn't make any of them less tough or less likely to get into a scrape with the boss. It does, though, give them a sense of accomplishment and a fresh feeling toward God. They seem to have found Him anew, and their relationship to Him is a vibrant mixture of awe, delight, reverence and personal possession and familiarity. It's the kind of feeling that lets a man say with a touch of humor, but without a trace of blasphemy, as one railroader did, "Here in the shops we break bread with God."

In the coach repair shop, one of several indoor meeting places, evangelist Angel Martinez speaks to men. During the year, practically all denominations are represented by preachers



As his foot hit the gunwale, I stiff-armed him and he fell into the water

KILLER'S TIDE

[illegible] MASSELINK

I was marooned, and only one man knew where. He didn't dare save me, because if I lived, he died

ILLUSTRATED BY MORTON ROBERTS

E WAS standing over the body at the end of the dock; he whirled around when he heard my footsteps. I couldn't see too well because there was no moon. But the yellow bulb on the pole at the end of the dock shone on him—and on the machete in his hand and the man lying on the dock with a split skull. I wished I'd had one more drink in Jack's Bar and been too late for this, but there I was, standing still now, looking at Big Pete, the shrimper, and the dead man. There I was, a witness.

Pete growled and came at me with the machete. I turned to run, tripped on the planking and sprawled flat. I rolled over on my back, doubled up my legs, caught him in the stomach with my feet and kicked. He went up and over my head. He hit hard, shaking the dock with his weight. Now he was between me and the land, cursing and rolling over and getting to his feet. I got up and ran out to the end of the dock and jumped aboard my sloop.

As soon as I hit the sloop's deck I spun around. Just as his foot hit the gunwale, I stiff-armed him and knocked him into the water. I cast off the line and could hear him sputtering and swearing and clawing at the hull of the Talofa. I ground the starter, the auxiliary caught, and I threw her into reverse. I saw Pete's hands on the gunwales as he tried to pull himself up on deck and I ran forward and stomped on them. He swore and fell back into the water.

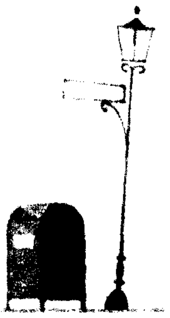
I was almost through the harbor entrance of Turtle Cay when I looked to the stern and saw Pete climb back up on the dock, shake himself like a big wet dog and look across the water at me. He picked up the dead man and boarded his motor cruiser. I heard the motor start. I doused my running lights.

When I was well past the harbor entrance and beyond the reef, I set the tiller, scrambled forward and raised the jib and then the mainsail. I'd need all I had, especially with this load of crawfish. Back at the tiller, I corrected the sheet, made it fast and set a northwest course, skirting the reefs and cays on the weather side of the Little Bahama Bank.

I had made this trip at night only once before and that was in full moonlight. And that time I hadn't been loaded the way I was now. Forty miles north at the Matanilla light I'd have to change course and head due west, skirting the northern point of the banks. The description of the north bank on the navigation chart said: *numerous uncharted reefs and shoals in this area.*

The Matanilla light was unattended; it was a steel structure driven into the coral where the depth of water was four feet; and it was out in the middle of nowhere, not a speck of land in sight. The nearest dry land, a small cay, was thirty miles to the south. This light was stuck there to blink off the steamers and freighters coming down the Gulf Stream from the north on their way to Miami, the West Indies and South America. Once I was past Matanilla light I'd have clear sailing across the Stream and into Palm Beach.

I looked to the stern. Pete was almost to the Turtle Cay harbor entrance. He'd cut his running lights. His cruiser had more power than the Talofa but I hoped to make up the difference with canvas. Pete drew more water than I did, and so I could sail closer to the reef, cut a few corners. I looked at my watch: twelve fifteen. With luck, with this head start, and if the stream wasn't too rough, I'd



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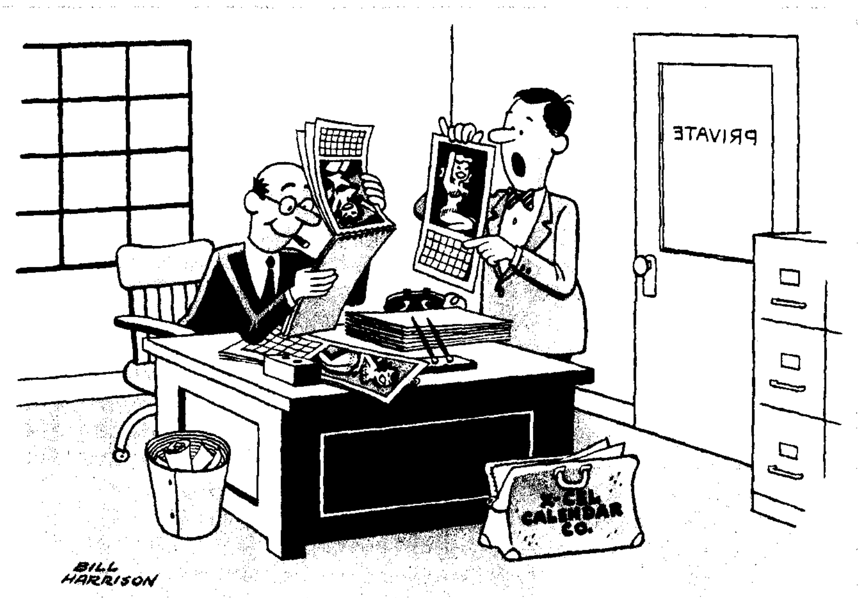

COLLIER'S "And, of course, each one of our calendars includes the days of the week and the months of the year" BILL HARRISON

make it to the mainland by seven. Pete wouldn't dare follow me through customs, not with what I knew. But I knew too that if he did catch up with me he wouldn't hesitate to ram me and leave me for shark bait. Who would ever know what had happened in this remote section of the Bahamas?

I DIDN'T know much about Pete except that he was a troublemaker. I'd seen him in the bars of the Bahamas: Dirty Dick's in Nassau, Jack's on Turtle Cay and the native joints up and down the line from the Ragged Islands to Abaco. Pete came from the Florida Keys, where he'd made his living salvaging ships that piled up on the reefs there. Pete was always getting into fights. But so far as I knew, tonight was the first time he had ever killed a guy. They always say the second one comes easy. I wondered if he'd dumped the guy yet.

I'd noticed Pete and this guy, a Bahamian who lived on Turtle Cay, arguing in Jack's Bar. They'd struck up an acquaintance there, and then started arguing. Finally they'd walked out of the bar together. Fifteen minutes later I left to hit the sack aboard the Talofa. I wish I had stayed on at Jack's. If I had, I'd have been sound asleep by this time, happily ignorant of the murder.

There wasn't much on Turtle Cay except a store, fresh water, coconuts, a few drums of Diesel fuel and Jack's Bar. There was no commissioner, no police, no one to report this murder to even if I'd had the chance. Turtle Cay was a one-night stand, a stopover before heading up the banks and across the Stream to Florida. After picking up a load in the lower Bahamas, guys like me, crawfishermen, stopped at Turtle Cay the way truck drivers stop at an all-night café, except that we spent the night there and shoved off in the morning.

There was a flash on my sails and I jerked my head around. Pete had snapped his spotlight on, then off, just to see my position. He was a good three-quarter mile to the stern. I squatted by the tiller and trimmed the Talofa. Her sails were tight and heavy in the tropical breeze. I looked west. I should have been off Powell Cay by this time but I couldn't see it. The low-lying cays and reefs were just part of the black night, part of the sea and sky. I didn't like this coastal cruising in the Bahamas at night. I was centerboard rig, shallow draft, drawing only four and a half feet loaded, but in these parts coral heads rose to within inches of the surface and cruising was tough even in the daytime. The old-timers always say, "The rules for pilotage in the Bahamas are Lookout, Lookout and Lookout—when in doubt, anchor."

The reef around Matanilla where I would have to change course was rugged. The water shoaled from the one-hundred-fathom mark in the Stream to two fathoms in less than a mile. I'd have to take a good bearing on that light in order to skirt the reef.

An hour and a half later I picked up the Matanilla light. It was a quick-flashing light. Blink, blink-blink, blink. It was just where I wanted it, off my port bow. Pete hadn't flashed his spot since the first time, and so I had no idea just how far to the stern he was. I edged the tiller to starboard, cutting in toward the light easy, setting a course now more west than north. If I could cut this corner just a little I'd make time. The sea wasn't heavy enough so that it broke on the high coral. My eyes hurt from the strain of trying to see, in this blackness, the white water which meant danger. Blink, blink-blink, blink. It was tough to judge the distance between me and the light.

I let out the sheet. The wind must have changed, switched to due east, because now the boom swung out and the sail caught the wind full in its belly. Blink, blink-blink, blink. Suddenly there was a sickening, terrifying noise—a grinding, rasping and ripping. The Talofa lurched and buckled and rammed and rolled and shuddered. The sea rose and smashed against the starboard hull, and the Talofa rolled over on her port side and the coral gouged her hull. I cut the motor, sprang forward, spun the sheet from around the cleat and the mainsail fell like a captured flag. I crabbed up forward and lowered the flapping jib. The mainmast sank lower and lower toward the invisible horizon as the Talofa rolled and floundered on the coral. And still the light, the impersonal, unseeing light was there: blink, blink-blink, blink.

I had to crab along on deck to keep from slipping off. I cut the lines that made fast the dinghy to the deckhouse, rolled it over on top of me and lowered it off the high, starboard side. Where were the oars? I could find only one, bound to a cleat. I slashed at the line, freed the oar and dropped it into the dinghy. The coral was like a million daggers in the Talofa's belly and her plankings moaned. Then I remembered I'd have to have water. I jumped down into the crazily tilted cabin and felt the sea around my ankles. I climbed back up the ladder with the five-gallon tin and put it into the dinghy. I ducked down in the cockpit. I could hear Pete's heavy-throated motor. What a sitting duck I was!

But then it passed. I could see nothing. The sputtering motor just melted into the warm blackness. What else? What else? I crawled into the cabin, slammed open the stores locker and grabbed an armload of canned stuff. The locker was on the portside and the Talofa groaned with my added weight. I got back up on deck again, dropping cans, and rolled over the side into the dinghy, cut the painter and pushed off.

There was only one place to go and that was the light. Blink, blink-blink, blink. It was calmly blinking just as if nothing had happened. I sat in the stern of the dinghy and with the oar in both hands I sculled toward the light. After I got underway I looked back. I couldn't see the Talofa. I didn't think she had sunk because I would have heard the noise.

IT TOOK me a good half hour to scull over to the Matanilla light. Once I heard the bottom of the dinghy scrape lightly against coral. I knew that for a hundred yards in all directions from the light the depth of this shoal was about four feet at flood tide. At slack tide the tops of some of the larger coral heads were dry.

I tied the painter to one of the steel pilings of the light. Above me I could hear the clicking of its mechanism as it blinked on and off, and as I climbed up on the platform there was alternately light and darkness. I sat down on the platform which was a good five feet above the surface of the water. I saw a light to the north and at first I thought it was Pete, but then it got bigger and bigger, with many more lights all in a row and I realized that it was a big ship heading south down the Gulf Stream, not a mile from where I sat, being warned by the light I was sitting on. After a while I curled up on the hard steel platform and tried to go to sleep. The light blinked above me, on and off, on and off, like the neon sign of a cheap hotel.

I awoke stiff and damp and cold. Fifteen feet above my head the light was still blinking. The platform was about ten feet square; other than it there was nothing but water, to the east of me, to the north, to the south, to the west. The sun was just coming up over the horizon in the east and lighting, on the horizon to the west, a big red-and-black freighter in the shipping lane of the Gulf Stream.

I jumped up and down and screamed and shouted, "Come on! See me! See me!" I climbed halfway up one of the pilings and waved wildly. But it was no use. The freighter wasn't that close. The night before, the lighted ship had seemed much closer, but this one was a good two miles away. And even if they could see me through the glass they'd probably think I was just some crazy conch fisherman or a guy refueling the light. I climbed back down to the platform.

Two hundred yards to the east lay

the Talofa. She was on her side. The water around the light was a pale, washed green, an Easter-egg color, splotched in places by the purple of coral heads. As it deepened, the water turned turquoise in color. The Talofa lay on a patch of turquoise. Just beyond her the water was deep blue. If I had stood off that reef but five yards I'd have been in Palm Beach by now. I got into the dinghy and unloaded the supplies: three cans of sauerkraut juice and four cans of beer. Well, I could have a party anyway—drink myself to a hang-over on the beer and then cure it with the sauerkraut juice.

I sculled over to the Talofa. The water was clear. As I dodged around the coral heads I could see the red-and-green flashes of the reef fish below me. The Talofa had settled on her portside and was lying in four feet of water just on the reef. Off the bottom of her hull the water dropped to two fathoms. The coral was holding her fast. She could slide down into deep water any minute.

I CLIMBED aboard. Everything was lost now—my boat, my load of crawfish—just because I hadn't had one more drink at Jack's last night. Hanging onto the gunwale of the starboard side I slipped into the cockpit. The deckhouse was half filled with water. I could see the gashes and holes in the Talofa's hull and even now the tiny reef fish were beginning to inspect what had been my home for the last two years and what was now going to be theirs. I unlashed the mainsail and dumped it into the dinghy. I'd use it as a windbreak. I salvaged a can of white gas, my primus stove, some more canned goods, powdered coffee, fishline and hooks, dry matches . . . What else? The dinghy was loaded. I could come back for more. Before I left I unhooked the framed snapshot of the Talofa from the bulkhead at the foot of my bunk. At least I'd have that.

I had unloaded the last of the supplies onto the light platform when I saw a boat on the horizon to the southwest. I thought the freighter had seen me after all and had radioed Abaco. I started to feel warm inside just thinking about being aboard a boat again and sitting in West Palm Beach drinking coffee. I was all set to start making a fuss, waving my arms and yelling, when it hit me. I squinted at the boat. The sun was behind me, on the boat. Quickly I began tossing the stuff—canned goods and water can and canvas—into the sea, tossing it and shoving it off the platform into the water. I jumped down into the dinghy, tilted her and water poured in over her gunwale. She sank. Waist deep in water, I hugged a piling and watched the boat approach.

It was Pete all right, but he couldn't get within one hundred yards of the light with the amount of water he drew. He spotted the Talofa. He cut his motor and glided up alongside her in deep water outside. I saw him climb up on the cabin of his boat and look down into the Talofa, and then I saw him look up right at me and the light.

I sank behind the steel piling so that just my nose and eyes were above water. I felt something against my left leg, looked down into the water and saw, not very plainly because of the refraction, a green moray eel slithering against my leg like a cat rubbing its back. I heard Pete's boat sputtering as it idled one hundred yards away. I kept working around the piling, keeping it between me and Pete. I tried to forget about the moray. My movement must have scared him. I didn't dare look down but I couldn't feel him any more. Slowly, Pete made a semicircle from southeast to southwest. He was probably looking at the light through glasses and I hoped I hadn't left a can of something up on the platform. I didn't dare come out from behind the piling to check. Then there was the roar of his motor and he was off. I raised up and saw him head south, back down toward Turtle Cay.

I hung up the canvas to dry on the steel supports. The light was off now, not blinking any more. It was one of those acetylene-gas lights equipped with a sun valve, which shuts off the gas and conserves it during daylight hours. I bailed out the dinghy and stowed the water can in it. Then I sloshed around, picking up the tin cans from the bottom. I put all the supplies in the dinghy. If Pete came back again, all I'd have to do would be to sink the dinghy and toss the canvas into the water. Then I remembered I hadn't had breakfast yet. I warmed the primus with my hands, lighted it and put on a pan of water for coffee.

I looked up at the light. An acetylene-gas cylinder, padlocked in place, hung down from its center. There were many such unattended beacons in the Bahamas. The cylinder holds enough gas to last for three months. It would just be my luck to be on one that had recently been refueled and the tender wouldn't be around again for two or three months. But I knew I wasn't going to sit it out for three months, or three weeks, or three days.

The nearest spit of land was No Name Cay, thirty-five miles to the southeast, the direction Pete had just gone. If he didn't think I'd drowned, he probably thought I had set out for No Name in the dinghy. The coast of Florida was forty miles to the west, but it was a tough forty miles across the Stream which, like a great warm river feeding the arctic, travels north at a speed of about four knots. If Pete figured I'd survived the wreck, he'd never think I'd try to make it across the Stream in a dinghy, especially one without a sail. I'd end up in Iceland.

I UNTIED the dinghy and made a last trip over to the Talofa. I unhinged the boom, took all the rope I could cut loose and sculled back to the light. For the rest of that day I turned sailmaker and rigger, cutting the mainsail to size and binding it to the boom. As I worked I watched the freighters pass out on the Stream, going south to Miami or Havana or Rio, going north to Charleston or New York. They were so close, and yet so far. Sometimes there would be three in a row as if they were playing follow-the-leader. When I couldn't stand it any longer I'd drop my work and climb up on the supports and wave and scream until I was tired and hoarse. They just kept going on and on, disappearing like ghost ships, empty, piloted by no one.

By splicing the rope I made a good strong loop that I bound to the bow seat of the dinghy. In this I would step the mast. I didn't have a boom, but as long as the wind stayed in the northeast I could ride before it. I'd shove off early next morning and, to make up for the speed of the Stream, head southwest toward Fort Lauderdale. That way I might end up somewhere around Palm Beach.

Late that afternoon clouds began piling up in the north. The breeze freshened and small wind waves lapped against the pilings. I could see

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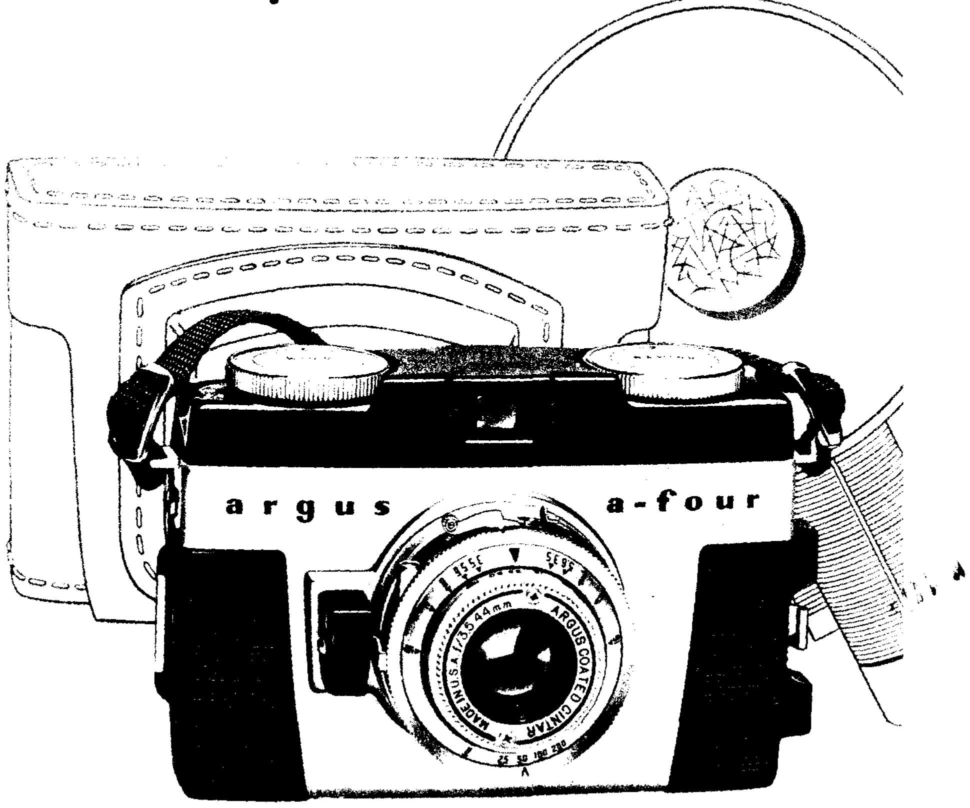

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Amos 'n' Andy SALE at REXALL

Drug Stores Everywhere

February 15 through 28

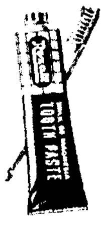
SAVE 71¢

CARA NOME Miniatures

Reg. $1.00 *Now* 29¢

Cara Nome's hypo-allergenic face powder in choice of glamorous shades . . . *plus* a 1-dram bottle of exquisite Cara Nome perfume.

SAVE 39¢ REXALL MILK OF MAGNESIA TOOTH PASTE *Plus* KLENZO NYLON TOOTH BRUSH



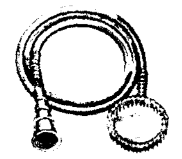
Pleasant-tasting milk of magnesia formula helps neutralize acids for a sweeter, cleaner mouth. Brushes in choice of styles.

5½ oz. tube... 63¢ value. Regular 39¢ tooth brush $1.02 value

BOTH FOR ONLY 63¢

89¢ VALUE
ONLY 59¢

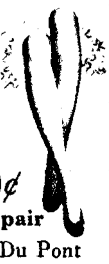
DEFENDER BATH and SHAMPOO SPRAY



With handy rubber massage brush ring... fits all faucets.

SAVE 50¢

Spuntex NYLON HOSIERY



$1.29 Value 79¢ pair

First quality Du Pont Nylons in the newest Spring shades. Full-fashioned, 51 gauge, 15 denier, for lasting beauty.

FIGHTS COUGHS FROM COLDS TWO WAYS
Rexall CHERROSOTE

Cherrosote

Highly effective. Helps relieve coughs due to colds.

plus

MEDICINAL TEASPOON

for accurate and uniform dosage. A must for every medicine chest.

8 oz. Reg. 98¢ BOTH FOR 89¢

FREE of extra cost HANDY POCKET VIAL

reg. 33¢

25 tablets for pocket, purse or office drawer.

with

MONACET APC COMPOUND

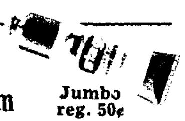
100's reg. 79¢ / $1.12

MONACET COMPOUND A P C

Both for Only 79¢

Effectively relieves headaches and muscular pains and discomforts of common colds.

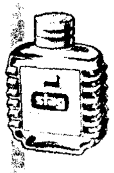
FREE *Your Choice of...*



STAG Brushless Shave Cream — Jumbo reg. 50¢
STAG Bay Rum Shave Cream — 3¼ oz. reg. 40¢
STAG Coolated Shave Cream — 3¼ oz. reg. 40¢

with purchase of

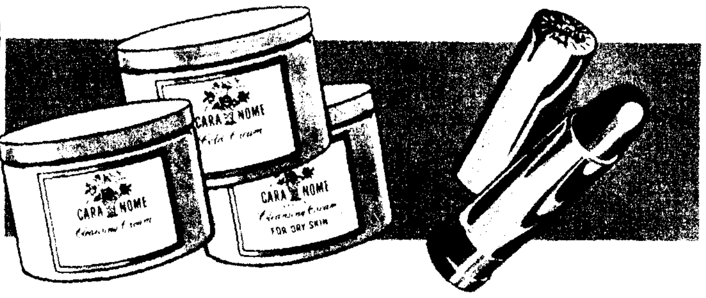
STAG After-Shave Lotion
6 oz. reg. 75¢



Both for 75¢

Brisk, bracing skin freshener with a masculine fragrance.

LOOK! ½ PRICE!



CARA NOME CLEANSING CREAM, COLD CREAM OR DRY SKIN CLEANSING CREAM...so pure, so safe...these fine creams leave delicate skin clean, petal-smooth. Regular $1.10 jar........Each 55¢

Fungi-Rex Powder. Soothes and helps relieve discomforts of Athlete's Foot. 4 oz., reg. 59¢....**29¢**

Rexall Hygienic Powder. Use in spray, gargle or syringe. Non-irritating. 16 oz., regularly $1.49, **74¢**

CARA NOME PERMACREME OR REGULAR LIPSTICKS... long clinging, clear edging. Choose your favorite hue from a wide range of high-fashion shades. Regularly $1.10.. 55¢

Rexillana Cough Syrup. Especially recommended for relief of dry, tickling coughs caused by common colds. Pleasant tasting. 8 oz., regularly 98¢..........**49¢**

Rexall Mineral Oil. Heavy body . . . tasteless, non-fattening, non-habit-forming. 8 oz., reg. 44¢, **22¢**

Rexall Mi 31 Solution ANTISEPTIC
Rexall ANTISEPTIC
Rexall NEW IMPROVED BISMA-REX MATES

REXALL Mi-31 OR KLENZO MOUTHWASH. These breath-freshening antiseptics are ideal as either mouthwash or gargle. 6 oz., reg. 39¢ each.. 19¢

Rexall Cod Liver Oil. High potency . . . for prevention of deficiencies of vitamins A and D. Ideal for children. 8 oz., reg. 95¢...**47¢**

Rexall Vitamin B_{12}. Each tablet contains 10 mcg. of red crystalline B_{12}. 100's, reg. $3.60..**$1.80**

BISMA-REX MATES. Easy-to-take tablets for fast relief of discomfort caused by excess stomach acidity. 75's, regularly 79¢.......... 39¢

Rexall Glycerine and Rose Water. Softens and soothes chapped skin, protects from wind and weather. 4 oz., reg. 49¢..**24¢**

Rexall Saccharin Tablets, ¼ gr., 500's, regularly 63¢..........**31¢**

ASPIRIN
THERAMINS

REXALL ASPIRIN. Three tablets for less than 1¢ . . . and there's no faster-acting aspirin made. Every tablet contains 5 grains of pure aspirin. 50's, regularly 32¢.......... 16¢

Rexall Penetrating Liniment. Gives soothing relief from muscular aches caused by over-exertion, exposure. 8 oz., reg. 98¢.....**49¢**

Stag Cream Hair Tonic. Contains modified lanolin, relieves dryness without being oily. 6 oz., regularly 79¢..................**39¢**

Rexall Milk of Magnesia Tablets. Neutralize excess stomach acidity. 250's, reg. 95¢.......**47¢**

Rexall Antihistamine Tablets. Relieve symptoms and discomforts of common colds. 50's, reg. 98¢, **49¢**

Rexall Cold Tablets Special. For fast relief of simple headaches and muscular pains that accompany colds. 75's, reg. 79¢.....**39¢**

REXALL THERAMINS. High-potency, multi-vitamin capsules. Intended for treatment of definite vitamin deficiencies. 50's regularly $4.75......... $2.37

Rexall Rubbing Alcohol. Our finest quality. 8 oz., reg. 39¢..**19¢**

Rexall Polydrops. Liquid multi-vitamin concentrate for infants. Mixes quickly into formula, milk, juices. 30 cc., reg. $2.09....**$1.04**

Rexall Polycaps. Supply minimum daily requirement of all vitamins known to be essential for children up to 12 years of age. 30 capsules, regularly 98¢......**49¢**

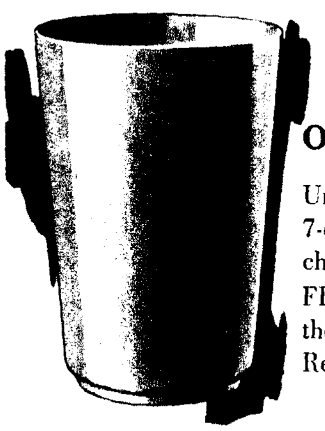
Rexall Alpha-Caps. Provide 12 times minimum adult requirement Vitamin A. 100's, reg. $7.95, **$3.97**

Elkay's Dip-Off Silver Cleaner. Makes silver sparkle without a rub or scrub. 8 oz., reg. 98¢......**49¢**

Stag Perfumed Hair Oil. Grooms even "problem" hair without plastering it down. 6 oz., reg. 75¢, **37¢**

YOU CAN DEPEND ON ANY DRUG PRODUCT

PLASTIC TUMBLER FREE!



OF EXTRA COST

Unbreakable . . . easy to hold . . . 7-oz. capacity . . . perfect for children. Choice of colors. FREE with purchase of any one of the 13 money-back guaranteed Rexall products listed below.

Bisma-Rex Gel. Rexall's famous 4-way antacid in *liquid* form with Aluminum Hydroxide for the plus advantages of adsorbing excess acidity and leaving a protective covering. 8 ounces........**$1.19**

Rexall Nasothricin. Double-action nose drops with antibiotic Tyrothricin; relieve stuffy nose... inhibit many bacteria... cover nasal passages more thoroughly. ½-oz. bottle with dropper....**69¢**

Rexall
BISMA-REX
LOZOTHRICIN
ASPIRIN ANTIBIOTIC
THROAT LOZENGES

BISMA-REX POWDER. Exclusive Rexall formula neutralizes excess stomach acidity promptly... eases gastric distress, soothes and protects irritated stomach membranes. 4¾ ounces, **79¢**

REXALL LOZOTHRICIN. Cherry-menthol flavored lozenges that combine pain-relieving aspirin with antibiotic Tyrothricin. Soothe and relieve coughs due to colds. 12's............ **69¢**

Rexall Celurex Laxative. A modern aid for constipation that supplies lubricating bulk plus gentle stimulation. 130's...**$1.69**

Rexall Biokets. Pleasant-tasting troches with Tyrothricin. Soothe minor throat irritations. Inhibit many bacteria. 15's..........**69¢**

Rexall
Anapac
TABLETS
REXALL DRUG COMPANY
Rexall
Formula V-10

REXALL ANAPAC. Combines antihistamine with time-tested APC Compound for quick, all-around relief from cold symptoms. 36 tablets.... **98¢**

Rexall Mouthwash with Chlorophyll. Mint-flavored breath-sweetener and gargle. Pint...**79¢**

Rexall Sweet'n-ets Sprinkle. Non-fattening, granulated sweetener in a shaker. No calories. 2¼ ounces.........................**98¢**

Rexall Saltee-Flavor Shaker. The easy-to-use, no-sodium salt substitute in a shaker. 2½ oz., **79¢**

REXALL MULTI-VITAMIN FORMULA V-10. A new, easy-to-take formula carefully balanced with iron and vitamins to aid as a dietary supplement. Pint.................. **$1.98**

Aerosol Fungi-Rex. For Athlete's Foot. Finger-tip controlled spray-on relief gives positive coverage to entire infected area. No messiness. 4 ounces.......**$1.59**

Aerosol Rex-Salvine. Quick spray-on relief from burns. Cooling antiseptic spray forms protective film on skin. 5 ounces.....**$1.39**

CHOCOLATE COVERED CHERRIES

Delicious, red maraschinos in luscious, creamy centers covered with smooth, rich chocolate.

1-lb. Box
69¢ Value
59¢

Milk Chocolate Chips. Crunchy honeycomb chips coated with tempting milk chocolate. ½ lb., regular 49¢..............**39¢**

SUPER SPECIALS ON EVERYDAY NEEDS

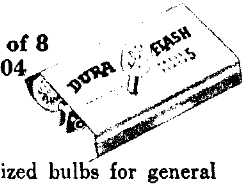
Klenzo
HAIR BRUSHES

Men's and Ladies' Styles
$2.00 Value
ONLY 89¢

Choose your favorite style and color from this handsome assortment. Ladies' styles—Professional, Half-round or Oval. Men's Club style. All nylon bristles.

Dura-Flash
"PRESS 5" BULBS

Package of 8
Reg. $1.04
88¢



Popular-sized bulbs for general purpose flash pictures. Ideal for the amateur photographer.

REXALL DRUG PRODUCTS ARE GUARANTEED TO GIVE SATISFACTION OR YOUR MONEY BACK

PRICE-SLASHED FIRST AID HELPS

Quik-Focus
FEVER THERMOMETERS

Flat-style for easy reading. Precision-made. Plastic case with clip. Oral or rectal.

Reg. $2.00 Now $1.79

Rexall
PRO-CAP ADHESIVE TAPE

Rexall PRO-CAP ADHESIVE PLASTER

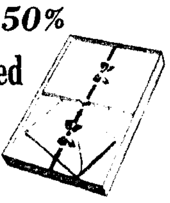
Sticks better, stays put longer, less irritating. Regular or waterproof.

½" x 5 yd. Reg. 23¢ 16¢

Rexall Plastic Quik-Bands. Flexible adhesive bandages that stretch and cling. Flesh color, plain or mercurochrome. Reg 39¢..........**36¢**
Rexall Quik-Swabs. 200 cotton-tipped applicators. Reg. 49¢....**33¢**
Rexall Cotton Squares. 40 ready-to-use cotton pads. Reg. 19¢...**16¢**
Rexall Gauze Bandage. Sterile, 1½" x 10-yard roll. Reg. 23¢...**19¢**
Rexall Cotton Balls. Sterilized, 65's. Reg. 35¢...............**29¢**
Cotton 'n Swabs. Individually sealed cotton swabs in handy dispenser with pull-out bulk cotton section. Reg. 89¢.....................**79¢**

STATIONERY SAVINGS

Save up to 50%
Assorted boxed WRITING PAPERS



Values to $1.00 each 49¢

Choose from folded notes or flat sheets in vellum and linen finishes; plain or colors; some engraved, some with deckled edges. All boxed. Stock up now at this special price and save.

50¢ Off
LORD BALTIMORE RETRACTABLE BALL POINT PEN

Reg. $1.29 79¢

Press top to write, press again to retract. New non-smear ink will not stain, fade or skip. Uses standard refill. Choice of colors. Approved by bankers for every legal use. A genuine bargain!

Lord Baltimore Portfolio. 36 large flat sheets with white linen finish, 24 matching envelopes in handy kit. Regularly 59¢.....**49¢**

Cascade Linen Ink Tablets. Choose from letter or note size, plain or ruled, reg. 10¢..**3** for **25¢**

Cascade Envelopes. Social size, reg. 10¢ pack of 15....**3** for **25¢**

Air Mail Tablet. 27 large 6" x 10" lightweight onion skin sheets, regularly 15¢ pack.....**2** for **27¢**

Air Mail Envelopes. 15 lightweight, 6¾" envelopes with striped air mail border. 10¢ pk., **3** for **27¢**

Wonder Pack. 30 sheets of fine vellum writing paper and 20 envelopes... plain white, bordered or floral designs. Reg. 39¢ value, **29¢**

Belmont Filler Paper. 2- or 3-punch, regular 59¢ pack.....**53¢**

Cascade Pen and Pencil Set. Gold-trimmed, steel-tipped pen; propel-repel pencil. Both have handsome gold-finish metal caps and sturdy pocket clips. Deluxe gift boxed. $2.50 value.....**$1.19**

Cascade Typewriter Tablet. Large 8½ x 11" sheets, white, regularly 50¢..............**43¢**

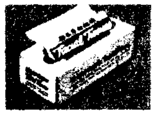
Zipper Portfolio. Genuine leather, 2- or 3-ring, brown, regularly $1.98..............**$1.79**

Belmont Lead Pencils with erasers, medium lead; buy several packs for home, office or school; dozen, 40¢ value...........**27¢**

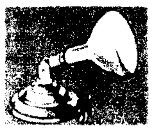
Cascade Playing Cards. Bridge, pinochle, poker; linen-finish for extra-durability. 55¢ value...**47¢**

Gift Wrap Tissue Paper. Ten 20" x 30" sheets, each..**3** for **27¢**

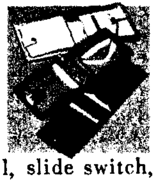
Helen Cornell Nylon Hair Nets. Regular or bob, 7 shades; regularly 10¢, **7¢**
Helen Cornell Wave Net. Reg. 10¢, **7¢**
Adrienne Powder Puff. Reg. 25¢, **19¢**
Defender Nose & Throat Atomizer. Clog-proof, leak-proof; reg. $1.79, **$1.49**
Snugfold Folding Fountain Syringe. Top quality, regularly $2.89......**$2.59**



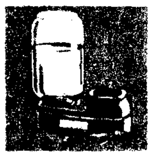
Klenzo Tissues. 300 sheets to box; extra-strong, extra-soft, extra-absorbent. White or colors, 4 boxes for only **83¢**
Colby Men's Wrist Watch. Shock-resistant, jeweled movement, unbreakable crystal; regularly $4.95..........**$4.39**
Colby Pocket Watch. Chrome-plated; unbreakable crystal. Reg. $2.59..**$2.29**
Rex Alarm Clock. 40-hr. movement, luminous shut-off button; reg. $2.79, **$2.39**
With luminous numerals & hands, **$2.98**
Silver King Pipes. Algerian briar with silver band; hard rubber screw or push stems; aluminum filter. $2.00 values, **89¢**
Stork Bottle Warmer. Automatic shut-off, U.L. approved. Reg. $2.49....**$1.98**
Cape Cod Lunch Kit. Workman's style with pt. vacuum bottle; reg. $2.59, **$2.39**
Cape Cod Wide Mouth Vacuum Bottle. Drink out of it—eat out of it. Spoon reaches easily to bottom. Fits into lunch kit with room to spare for other food. Regularly $2.49................**$2.29**
Cape Cod Lunch Kit & Wide Mouth Vacuum Bottle. Both of above bargains at even greater saving. Reg. $4.98, **$4.49**



Rex-Ray Heat Lamp and Holder. U.L. approved. Adjustable to any desired position. Snap-on spring clip hanger. Reg. $3.98, **$3.19**
Men's Pocket Comb..............**3¢**
Maximum Hard Rubber Pocket Comb............................**13¢**
Same as above with spring clip.....**23¢**
Maximum Nylon Bobby Comb, regularly 25¢.........................**19¢**
Klenzo Cellulite Sponge.........**23¢**
Deb Shower & Make-up Kap. Crepe rubber. Regularly 59¢.............**45¢**
Rexall Deluxe Junior Toothbrush. Soft nylon for children; reg. 39¢, **2** for **59¢**
Klenzo Dental Plate Brush......**43¢**



Genuine Leather Billfolds. Men's and Ladies' styles. Assorted models with various features: zippers, removable pass cases, coin purses, etc. Regular $2.00.....**99¢**
Scout Spotlight. 2-cell, slide switch, fixed-focus; regularly $1.49......**$1.19**
Flashlight Batteries, reg. 13¢, **2** for **21¢**
Klenzo Face Cloth, reg. 17¢, **2** for **26¢**
Trim-Tie Shoe Laces, reg. 5¢, **3** for **10¢**
Extra fine. Reg. 10¢, **7¢ ea.** or **3** for **19¢**
Canvas Utility Zipper Bag, 18", sturdy construction; regularly $2.98.....**$2.29**
Permedge Razor Blades. Single edge 18's or double edge 20's, **3** packages **89¢**
Stag Lather Brush, reg. $1.00.....**79¢**



Rex-Ray Vaporizer. Automatic shut-off. Has ½-gallon jar for 10-12 hour vaporization. Durable plastic base. U. L. approved. Regularly $6.95...........**$5.89**
Rex-Ray Vaporizer, pint size, automatic shut-off; regularly $3.19.........**$2.59**
Medford Paper Napkins, 80's, **2** for **29¢**
Medford Paper Towels, 2 rolls for **39¢**
Medford Toilet Tissues, 4 rolls for **59¢**
Aluminum Foil, 25' x 12", reg. 39¢, **31¢**
Rex-Ray Infra-Red Lamp, "hard glass" for greater safety, fits standard sockets. Long life. Reg. $2.95............**$2.29**
Rex-Ray Extension Cord, 6-feet, cube tap, brown or white; reg. 59¢......**39¢**
Whisk Broom, all corn, 7½" long, **59¢**
Shaving Mirror, plain and magnifying, 5½", with standing-hanging bracket, **44¢**

THAT BEARS THE NAME REXALL

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BETTER THAN BEER?

can it *be*?

Try Carling's Red Cap Ale

...and *see*!

At Carling's we brew both beer and ale—and each is mighty popular. But more and more people are telling us Carling's Red Cap Ale gives them more pleasure than any beer they ever tasted. They say it's light and dry as the smoothest beer, yet with that extra flavor—that "heart" which only a fine ale can provide! They call it the "light-hearted" ale.

Tonight, why not try it? See whether *you* are one of those who find Carling's Red Cap Ale tastes even better than beer!

Red Cap
CARLING'S
RED CAP ALE

CARLING'S
Red Cap Ale

© CARLING BREWING COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

the sea, unhindered by reefs, smashing against the Talofa and sending spray up over her hull. To the lee of the light I tossed out a hand line baited with whelk I had pried from the pilings. In fifteen minutes I had supper, two grunt. The wind was so strong by this time that I had to use the dinghy sail as a windbreak. At dusk I heard a soft hissing noise, a click and once again the light above me was in business: blink, blink-blink, blink.

I ate my boiled fish and sat huddled against the canvas and watched the freighters and big ships pass by in the safety of the Stream. They were lighted up like gambling ships, and, being warned by the light, they stayed clear of me as if I had the plague.

By ten o'clock it was blowing a gale. I unloaded all the gear from the dinghy to make it lighter in the water and then made sure the painter was secure. By midnight the waves had heightened and were breaking on the pilings and soaking me. I rolled up in the canvas and, just to make sure, tied one foot to a piling.

THE wind had died out by morning. Cold and wet and miserable, I sat up and looked around. The sky was clear, a good sailing day. I couldn't see a sign of the Talofa. She had finally slipped off the reef and into deep water, a home now for crawfish and eels and snapper.

I stood up, hammering at my legs to work the cold stiffness out of them. The dinghy was gone.

I got to my knees and grabbed what was left of the painter. The end was frayed from rubbing against a piling. I looked in all directions. There wasn't a sign of anything—nothing but water, not even the Talofa now. I hadn't realized before what a comfort the Talofa had been, just being out there, something to look at. Now I was without anything. I was stranded on a light beacon. A freighter, aloof and indifferent, passed by in the Stream. As the sun rose in the sky, it warmed me. And it warmed the valve in the light. Click, the light went off, and I got an idea—an idea so perfect, so infallible, that I began to laugh. Why hadn't I thought of it before?

There wasn't much to do but fish for the rest of that day. I sat on the light and watched the ships pass by and, feeling good with my perfect plan, I grinned at the grand ships and thought: Just wait, just wait. I thought I saw a small boat, just a tiny speck to the south, but it could have been a bird. I had plenty of time to hide from Pete now; there was no dinghy to sink. Anyway he must have thought I was dead by this time.

I ate an early dinner. Before the sun set, I folded the canvas into a strip three feet wide and twelve feet long. I heard the hiss and click above me and the light went on again, just like a hot-water heater when you turn the tap. Then I waited for darkness.

I slung the canvas over my shoulder like a giant Mexican serape and climbed the salt-crusted supports. The light was so bright that I had to close my eyes to slits as I wrapped the canvas around and around the glass. I bound it with a line tied in a slipknot. Now there was complete darkness, but the blinking and clicking noise was still going on inside the canvas.

Off to the north I saw a string of lights, twinkling in the darkness. I waited. The freighter or whatever it was, was off her course all right. I could imagine the captain snapping at the navigator: "Damn it, mister, you got us off wrong somehow. We're supposed to pick up that Matanilla light at this latitude. Now, damn it, where is it?" They would be up on the flying bridge burning their eyes out in the darkness trying to find the light I had gagged.

Like a dog off on a wrong scent, the freighter got off her course more and more, always coming toward me. I waited. There was plenty of time. I wanted to get that captain really steamed up. When I could hear the freighter's turbines, when I could see even in the blackness her foaming bow wave, when she was but one hundred fifty yards from the ragged shoals, I jerked the slipknot and the warm canvas fell free. Again the light warned the navigators of the world: blink, blink-blink, blink.

I could almost hear the freighter's plates creak as she veered off to starboard. In a way it was kind of funny, like a scene in a movie. I could visualize them all on the bridge and hear the captain bellow: "Hard to starboard! Hard to starboard!" And bells would be clanging and dishes breaking and chairs skidding. "Hard to starboard! Damn it, man! Look alive!" And that poor quartermaster, probably just a kid, would be spinning that helm as if it were a roulette wheel.

Well, sorry, boys, but I had to throw little scare into you. You wouldn't want me to sit out here in the middle of nowhere for the rest of my life, would you?

I climbed down the upright with the warm roll of canvas. I bet that captain was in the radio room now, burning up the air waves with his report on the faulty Matanilla light. For the first time since I'd wrecked the Talofa, I felt good. I unrolled the canvas on the steel platform, stretched out on my back and closed my eyes.

I heard a splash and sat up. It must have been a fish, I thought. Then it came again. Then there was another noise, an unmistakable noise, a creaking, chaffing noise. I got to my knees and crouched behind a piling. Into the circle of light made by the beacon glided a dinghy with a guy rowing it. The oarsman's back was familiar; it was Pete. When he turned to fend off the pilings and tie up, I fumbled around in the darkness and found a full tin can. He was standing up in the dinghy, making her fast. I crept toward him. As he hoisted himself up onto the platform, I jumped and hit him behind the ear. Then I dragged him over to a piling and lashed him to it.

"How do you like your eggs, Pete?" I asked him the next morning. I put a pan of water on the primus.

"Thought you was dead."

"You mean you wished I were dead."

He nodded at his boat, hung up on the reef a few yards south from where the Talofa had sunk. "You're to blame for that. I was sailing along looking for the Matanilla light when all of a sudden it's right in front of me. Then it's too late."

"You won't need a boat where you're going, Pete."

I HEARD the rumble of a motor, stood up and saw a boat coming from the south. As it got closer I could see that it was the government launch out of Abaco. She anchored outside the banks, lowered a dinghy and an officer rowed toward us.

"What the devil goes on here?" he said, getting up onto the platform. Tools and a fresh acetylene cylinder were in his dinghy. "You guys nearly caused a freighter to run aground."

"I'm sorry about that," I said. "But I was marooned here. I got hung up on the reef two nights ago. Covering the light was the only way I could figure to get help."

"Who's this guy? Why you got him tied?"

"His name is Pete."

The officer knelt down in front of Pete. "So this is Pete, Big Pete, the shrimper. Well, well, we've been looking for you."

"I ain't done nothing."

"Oh, no? Body washed ashore on No Name Cay yesterday. Guy had been murdered. Skull was smashed with a machete."

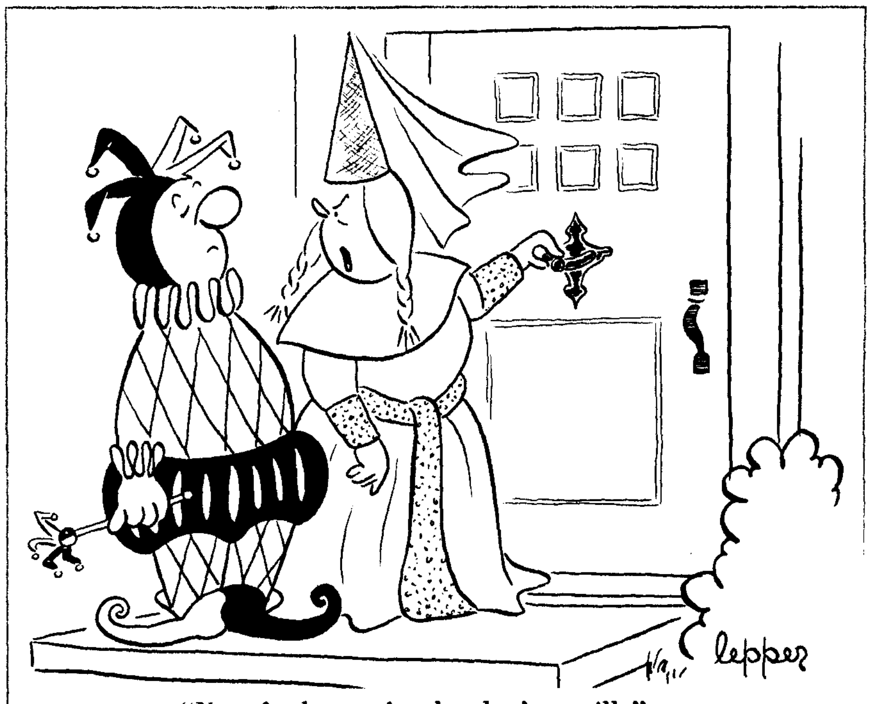
Pete looked at me. I didn't do anything. He didn't either.

"Jack at Turtle Cay says you and the dead guy had an argument," the officer said.

Pete looked at me again. I was waiting for him and he knew it.

"All right," Pete said to the officer. "Get me out of these ropes. I'll go along with you."

"What else did you think you'd do?" the officer asked. —BEN MASSELINK



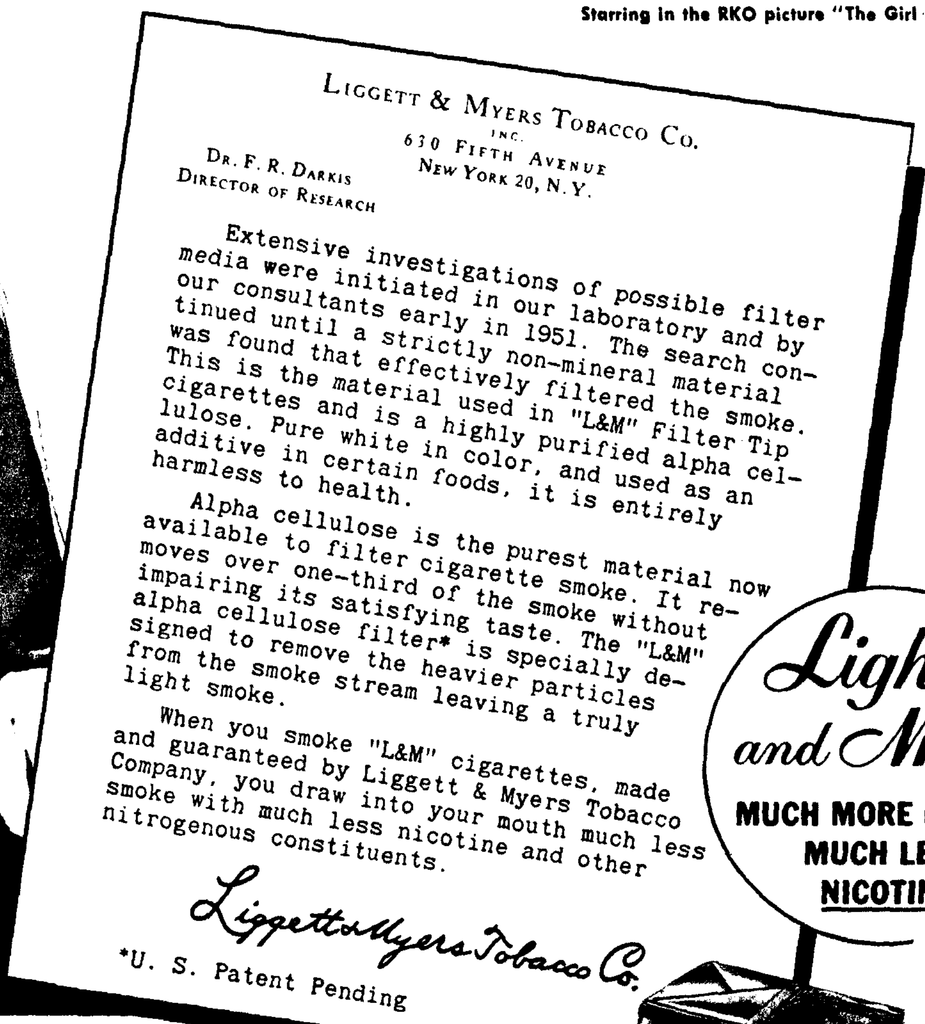
COLLIER'S "Now, for heaven's sake, don't act silly" EDWIN LEPPER

ys," L&M Filters are
)octor Ordered!

I wanted a cigarette with a filter I could depend on and a flavor I could enjoy. I read the letter below from Dr. F. R. Darkis, Director of Liggett & Myers Research, and changed immediately to L&M Filters. I recommend them to you."

Rosalind Russell

Starring in the RKO picture "The Girl Rush"



LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
INC.
630 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 20, N.Y.

DR. F. R. DARKIS
DIRECTOR OF RESEARCH

Extensive investigations of possible filter media were initiated in our laboratory and by our consultants early in 1951. The search continued until a strictly non-mineral material was found that effectively filtered the smoke. This is the material used in "L&M" Filter Tip cigarettes and is a highly purified alpha cellulose. Pure white in color, and used as an additive in certain foods, it is entirely harmless to health.

Alpha cellulose is the purest material now available to filter cigarette smoke. It removes over one-third of the smoke without impairing its satisfying taste. The "L&M" alpha cellulose filter* is specially designed to remove the heavier particles from the smoke stream leaving a truly light smoke.

When you smoke "L&M" cigarettes, made and guaranteed by Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company, you draw into your mouth much less smoke with much less nicotine and other nitrogenous constituents.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

*U. S. Patent Pending

Light and Mild

MUCH MORE FLAVOR
MUCH LESS NICOTINE

ONLY L&M FILTERS GIVE YOU ALL THIS...

1. **Effective Filtration, from a Strictly Non-Mineral ilter Material**—Alpha Cellulose. Exclusive to L&M ilters, and entirely pure and harmless to health.

2. **Selective Filtration**—the L&M Filter selects and emoves the heavy particles, leaving you a light and aild smoke.

3. **Much Less Nicotine**—the L&M Filter* removes one-third of the smoke, leaves you all the satisfaction.

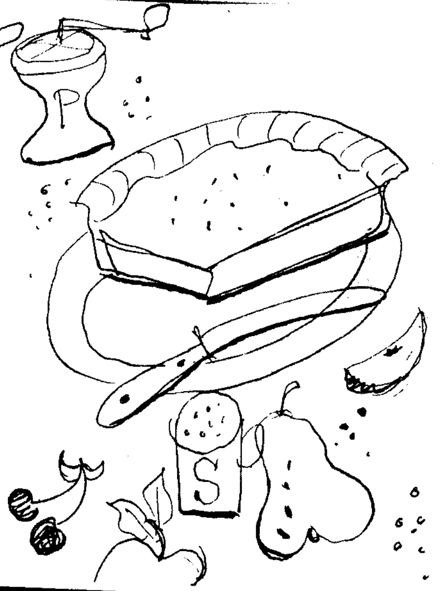
4. **Much More Flavor and Aroma.** At last a filter tip cigarette with *plenty* of good taste. Reason—L&M Filters' premium quality tobaccos, a blend which includes special aromatic types.

*U. S. Patent Pending

EFFECTIVE FILTRATION
20
L&M
FILTERS
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

L&M FILTER TIP
Cigarettes

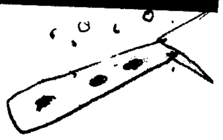
Jean Ravaud

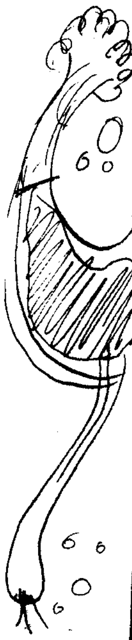


H. Gregory Thomas

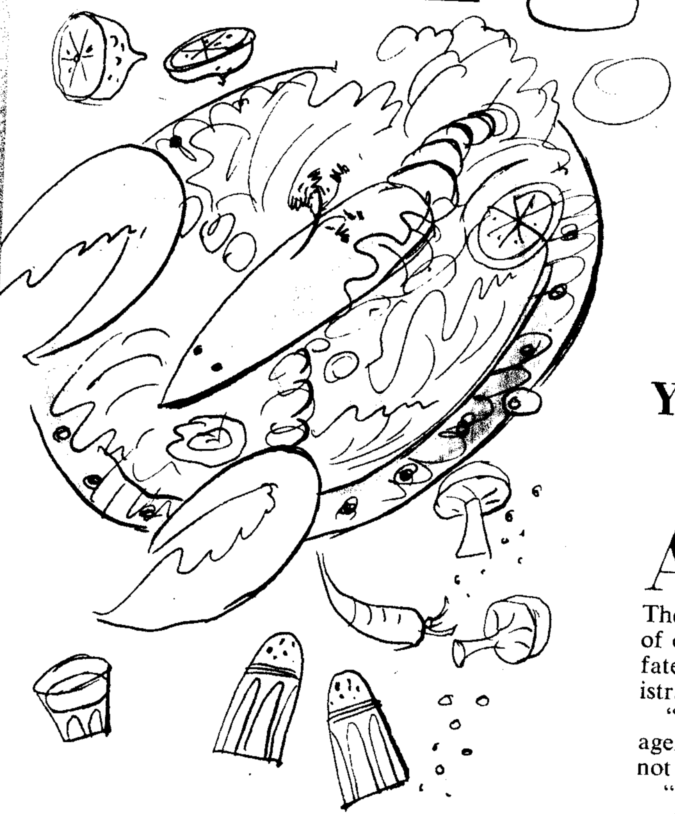
Guy Rocherolle

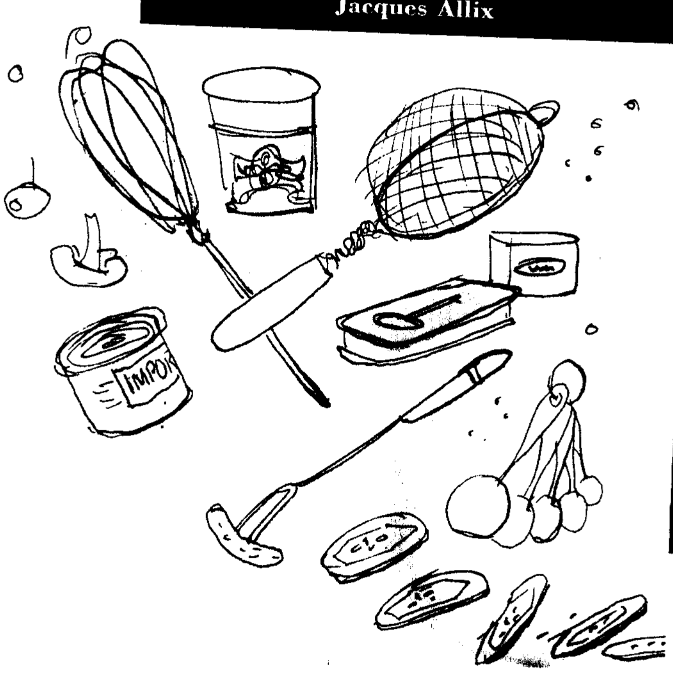
Jacques Cornet





Jacques Allix





Roger van den Perre

A Meal

You can almost whiff the aron

A NUMBER of executives were seated around a board of directors' table in the imposing offices of a great corporation in New York. They were in deep and earnest discussion, the kind of discussion that must involve, you'd suppose, the fate of a stock issue in Wall Street or the administration of a vast financial empire.

"No, no!" exclaimed Guy de Berc, general manager of the French Line in North America. "I cannot agree to such an unorthodox method."

"It is daring, I know," replied Jean Després, executive vice-president of Coty, Inc., "but the results justify the means, my friend."

He leaned across the table.

"The leg of lamb is suspended on a rope over the open fire. When the rope burns through, the meat is done. Simpler, you must agree, than using a meat thermometer."

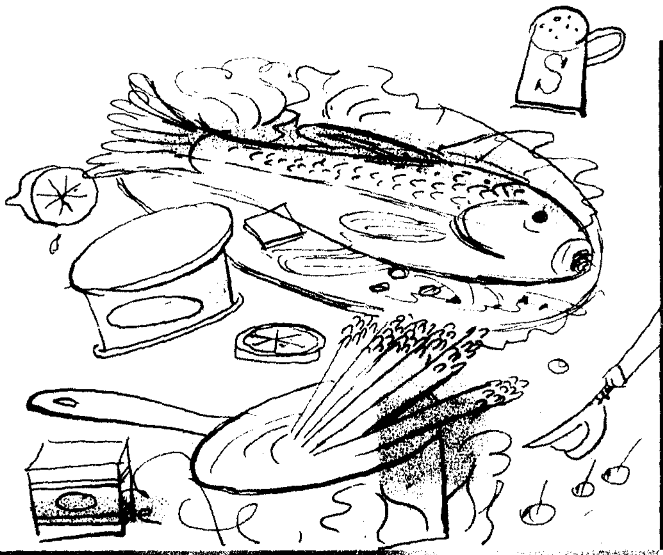
"But the sauce," put in Pierre Ordonneau, first counselor of the French delegation to the United Nations. "That, you must agree, is the crux of the matter."

"Do not fear, my friends," replied Després, with an air of finality. "Tonight you shall see."

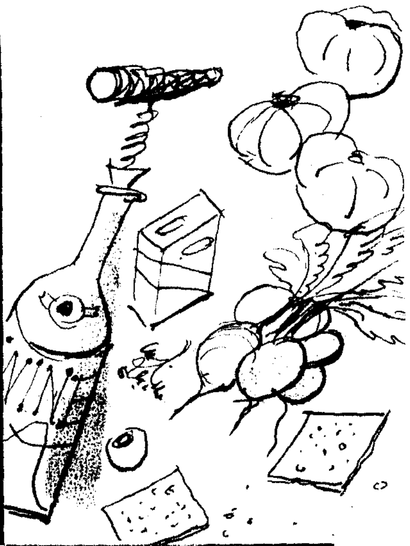
The men, members of one of the world's most exclusive clubs, *Les Douze Gueules* (The Twelve Gourmets), were making plans for the meeting of their organization that evening at the Després home in Poundridge, New York.

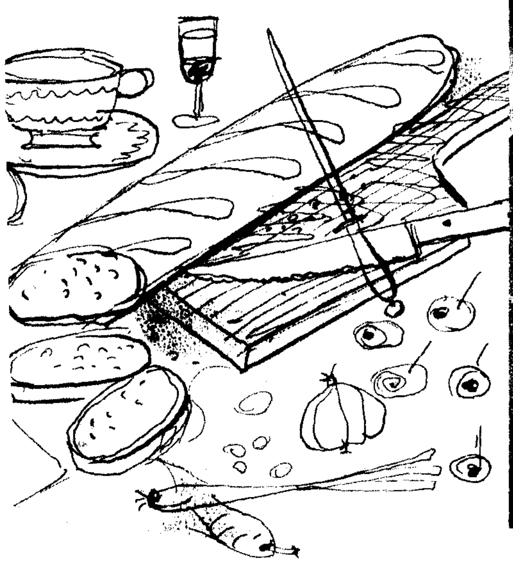
Each member of *Les Douze Gueules* is not only a

Jean Després

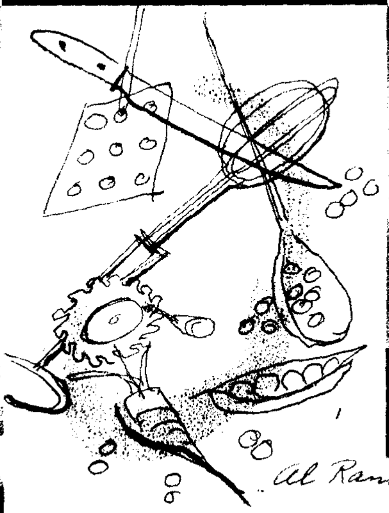


Pierre Ordonneau





Guy de Bere (left) and Jacques Mercier Cointreau



Jacques Suraud

You'd Never Forget

exotic cookery when a dozen gourmets talk shop

By DOROTHY ROE LEWIS

connoisseur of food, but a hobby chef as well. Once a month they meet for dinner at a different home; no women are allowed, except the wife of the host (the gentlemen, being by nature both canny and chivalrous, decided it would be unwise to try to bar any lady from her own home, even in the interests of gastronomy; the hostess is permitted to be present, provided she stays out of the kitchen and behaves like a guest).

Besides De Bere, Després and Ordonneau, the members of the group are Jacques Mercier Cointreau, president of Cointreau Ltd., maker of the famous French liqueur; Jacques Cornet, president of Bianchini, Ferier, Inc., the noted silk firm; Jean Ravaud, president of Le Biarritz, a New York restaurant, and honorary president of the French Chamber of Commerce of the United States; H. Gregory Thomas, the only American-born member of the group, president of Chanel, Inc.; Guy Rocherolle, president of Roger and Gallet, French perfumers; Jacques Allix, general manager of Bardinet, Inc., importer of Rum Negrita; Jacques Suraud, president of Rayonier Overseas Corporation; and Roger van den Perre, representative in America of Compagnie Française des Petroles, France's large petroleum company. At the moment there are only 11 members, one having quit because he was leaving the country.

At their dinners-of-the-month, the host goes to great lengths to outdo the others in serving rare and exotic dishes. Gregory Thomas recently offered a five-course meal of which each dish and each wine originated in a different province of France. Guy Rocherolle recently dazzled his guests by serving crayfish flown in from Oregon, young quail from Japan and venison from Norway.

Consider the loving care with which Guy de Bere cooks green peas. He starts with fresh peas, preferably just picked. As he shells them he discards those that are too large or too small, keeping only the perfect, tender morsels which the French call *petits pois*. When he has four or five cups of shelled peas (to serve 12) he puts a quarter pound of butter into a heavy saucepan with a tight cover, then chops the white parts only of a dozen small green onions and adds them to the melting butter.

He puts the peas in a sieve, runs cold water over them, then adds them to the pan, with no water except what clings to them. He ties together several sprigs of parsley and fresh chervil and tosses it into the pot, with a teaspoon of salt and half a dozen green lettuce leaves, shredded. Then he turns the fire very low, covers the pan and lets the mixture simmer for 25 to 30 minutes. The lettuce supplies the necessary liquid, and should almost disappear by the time the peas are done.

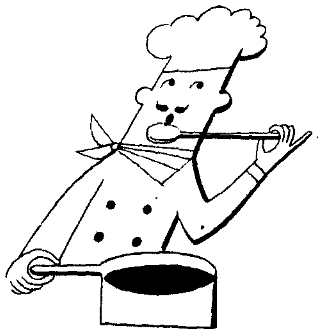
When the peas are tender, the tied faggot of herbs is discarded and the small amount of liquid remaining in the pan is slightly thickened by adding a scant teaspoon of flour creamed with two tablespoons of butter. De Bere then shakes the pan in a circular motion over the flame, using no spoon which might crush the tender peas; as soon as the mixture comes to a boil he serves the peas immediately in their own sauce.

Les Douze Gueules consider sauce a vital part of any carefully prepared food. The sauce often makes the difference between a relatively commonplace dish and one with an exotic, exciting flavor—a fact as useful to the housewife as to the gourmet. Since it is not always easy to find the recipes for the basic French sauces, the chart on page 76 is offered as a useful guide to home cooks who want to dress up their meals in the best French style. The ten sauces listed are used by all French cooks—including the highly proficient amateurs of *Les Douze Gueules*. Jacques Allix makes a delicious veal-and-rum dish with a Bechamel sauce to which flaming rum and cheese are added. When Jean Després serves leg of lamb which has been roasted on a rope he includes a slight variation of the basic brown sauce which is one of the mainstays of French cookery.

The lamb-on-the-rope trick makes a dramatic show, and you might want to try it sometime.

First rub the lamb—preferably a small leg, which will cook fairly quickly—with salt, black pepper and garlic. Prepare your fire, using hickory logs if possible, and let it die down; the fire should consist of red coals covered with white ash before the meat is placed over it. The rope should be the

Sauce for the Cook



THERE'S no secret to making a French sauce, but there are a few essential facts to remember. Most sauces consist of a thickening and a liquid. Usually the thickening is a *roux*—a mixture of flour with butter or another good fat. It may be white, golden or brown, depending on how long the flour and fat cook together.

The liquid part of the sauce may be milk, cream, stock, wine or a combination of liquids that blend well. Enough liquid should be used to permit reduction—the long simmering process that leaves a residue of the utmost flavor.

Use a wire whip when adding the liquid to the thickening. The sauce should be made in a heavy saucepan, to avoid scorching, and should be stirred constantly with a wooden spoon. Strain the finished sauce through a fine sieve.

Here are 10 good French sauces picked for Collier's readers by Louis Diat, author of the book, Sauces, French and Famous.

Sauce	Used For	Ingredients	Method of Preparation
BECHAMEL A simple basic white sauce. Other sauces are made by adding cream, egg yolks, cheese, tomato purée and such to this base	Vegetables, poultry, fish and the simple creamed dishes; as a base or thickening for other sauces	2 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, ¼ cup flour, 3 cups hot milk, ¼ teaspoon salt, 3 white peppercorns, 2 sprigs parsley, pinch nutmeg	Melt butter, add onion, cook until soft. M in flour, cook slowly until blended. A milk, stir vigorously; add remaining gredients. Cook slowly, stirring frequen until reduced to 2 cups. Strain
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Cook Bechamel sauce slowly until [illegible] to 1½ cups. Add cream and bring [illegible] boil. Add lemon juice if used for [illegible]
BROWN A basic sauce with a rich, strong flavor	[illegible] of stews, [illegible] and [illegible] dishes; base [illegible] for [illegible] Chasseur, [illegible] and [illegible] enriching pan [illegible] cooking [illegible] wine sauces [illegible] poultry	[illegible]	[illegible] fat, add carrot and onion, cook u [illegible] softened. Add flour. Cook, stirri until vegetables are brown. Add 1 qu stock, garlic, faggot, tomato purée. Co stirring vigorously until mixture thick Add remaining stock. Cook slowly, stir frequently, until reduced to 4 cups. Skin [illegible] during cooking. Strain
MUSTARD CREAM A cream sauce variation that has a pleasant tanginess	Fish, particularly baked fish; hard-boiled eggs; vegetables	1 teaspoon English mustard, 1 tablespoon water, 1 cup hot cream sauce	Mix mustard with water until well blen Combine with hot cream sauce
MAÎTRE d'HÔTEL One of the butter sauces. Cook slowly to avoid scorching butter	Broiled or sautéed meats and fish; brains; vegetables such as asparagus and broccoli	½ cup butter, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ¼ teaspoon salt, a little pepper	Melt butter, cook slowly until a haze brown. Add lemon juice, parsley, salt pepper, swirling pan over heat to com them quickly
MARCHAND de VIN Another butter sauce, with a wine and onion flavor	Broiled or sautéed meats	2 teaspoons chopped shallots (or onion), 5 ounces red wine, 4 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, ¼ teaspoon salt, pepper	Cook shallots (or onion) and wine unti duced to one fourth. Cool. Cream bu and parsley; combine with wine mix Add seasonings
CHASSEUR A [illegible] sauce [illegible] quickly [illegible]	Meat, game, poultry, veal [illegible] mignon	[illegible]	Melt butter, add mushrooms, salt and per. Cook, shaking pan frequently, mushrooms are golden. Add shallots onion) and wine. Cook until reduced t half original quantity. Add brown sauce mato purée, parsley and cook until blended
VINAIGRETTE Also called French dressing. A basic cold sauce that is varied by adding herbs, pickles and the like	Tossed green salads; [illegible] vegetable [illegible] tables such as [illegible] and [illegible]	[illegible]	Combine seasonings with vinegar, add [illegible] if used. Add oil, stirring briskly. S [illegible] stir well just before using
VANILLA The basic sweet sauce. For extra smoothness stir with a whip. To make other sauces add chocolate, whipped cream, puréed strawberries, etc.	Berries and sliced fruits; puddings such as rice or chocolate; dessert soufflés; as base for richer whipped-cream sauces; as base for floating island	1 cup milk, 1 cup cream, ½ vanilla bean, 4 egg yolks, ½ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon flour	Scald cream and milk with vanilla Whip yolks until very light, whip in and flour. Add milk and cream, st vigorously. Cook over gently boiling stirring constantly, until thick like cu Strain. Cool
CREOLE A very flavorful sauce made without a *roux*. Use a heavy pan and stir frequently because ingredients scorch easily	Boiled and steamed fish, shellfish, meats, poultry; rice; egg dishes, especially omelets made with leftover meats, poultry or fish	2 tablespoons butter (or good salad oil), 2 tablespoons chopped onion, ½ cup each of chopped celery, green pepper and pimiento, 3 cups canned tomatoes, 1 tablespoon cornstarch, 2 tablespoons water, ½ teaspoon salt, a little pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley	Melt butter (or heat oil). Add onion until golden. Add celery, green pepp miento, tomatoes; bring to boil and si 1 hour. Mix cornstarch with water, st hot sauce. Cook until mixture is sl thickened. Add salt, pepper and pars

best grade of heavy hemp, about the thickness of a man's finger. Tie one end to the bone end of the lamb, the other to an iron crane such as is used for hanging pots over the fire. The meat should be about six inches above the coals. Give it a slight turn when it is in place, and an occasional nudge thereafter; the natural twist of the rope will keep the meat revolving.

It will take about an hour and a half for the rope to burn through, at which time the lamb should be done. If a wire somewhat longer than the rope is tied to the crane, it will keep the lamb from falling into the fire. The meat will have a charred crust outside and a delicate pink color inside (European gourmets prefer lamb slightly rare), with a delectable smoky flavor like that of charcoal-broiled steak. Serve it with brown sauce; with a butter sauce such as is used for steak, made by creaming fresh butter with chopped chives and parsley; or perhaps with chopped shallots or young green onions which have been cooked in white wine, adding a little chopped parsley at the last minute.

Gourmets Debate over Details

Of course, there are many variations of this recipe—or any recipe. It's the variations that fascinate the true gourmet; put two experts on cookery in a room and they are sure to start a heated discussion over whether white wine or vinegar makes a better sauce Diable, or over the relative merits of dry or prepared mustard in vinaigrette.

It was a series of such discussions among a group of friends, all well versed in French cuisine, that led to the formation of *Les Douze Gueules*.

"All of us," says Jean Ravaud, "used to meet regularly for lunch, and all of us had our special recipes. One day we fell to discussing the merits of this or that café, and someone said, 'Instead of meeting in restaurants, why don't we form a club and cook our own meals?' We then agreed on twelve men, all old friends, who appreciated the finer points of cooking, and it was done."

The first luncheon was held at the Connecticut summer home of Guy de Berc, and it lasted all day, with the morning spent in preparation of rare dishes, the afternoon in discussing their merits.

Succeeding meetings were held at the homes of each of the 12, a particularly memorable one being at the New York City apartment of M. Ravaud, who served a French Easter menu, featuring a roasted whole baby lamb.

But the meeting the gourmets are proudest of took place last winter. A Saturday luncheon had been scheduled at the Després home in Poundridge, 45 miles from Manhattan. Careful plans were made long in advance. A prime calf, personally selected by Després, was entrusted to the care of a farmer in nearby New Jersey, with orders for milk feeding and butchering at precisely the correct moment. Wines for each course had been chosen with loving care and delivered to the Després home a week in advance, so they would have ample time to "rest" before the big day.

On the night before the appointed date, one of the worst ice storms in a decade hit the Atlantic coast. Roads were coated with a glaze that made travel almost impossible. Trees were coated with a beautiful but treacherous layer of crystal. Telephone and electric wires broke with the weight of the ice. The countryside was immobilized.

The logical move would have been to postpone the luncheon, but to *Les Douze Gueules* the storm was merely a challenge. Most of them spent the night in Manhattan hotels, rather than risk being marooned at their suburban homes. The veal, brought into the city from New Jersey, was placed in the refrigerators of the Ravaud restaurant when host Després found that his driver was unable to negotiate the icy roads to Poundridge on Friday night.

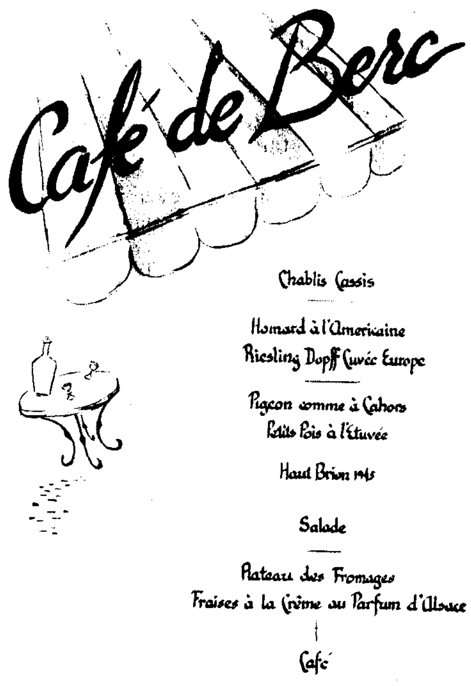
Perilous Journey to a Feast

Early Saturday morning the gourmets gathered, loaded up a fleet of hired limousines and set out over the glassy parkway. Few other cars attempted the icy roads that morning, but the gourmets got through. Trees and wires were down across the roads, but in due time the caravan drew up at the Després home.

There it was discovered that there was no electricity—and therefore no heat and very little water, since country estates around New York are almost wholly dependent on electric power for furnaces, pumps and cooking. But the gourmets were undaunted. They donned sweaters and heavy socks, started fires in the fireplaces, lighted candles and stoked the auxiliary wood range in the kitchen.

The veal and accompanying delicacies were tenderly unloaded. Tycoons pitched in to peel potatoes and stoke fires. The wines were set out on the hearth to achieve the correct temperature, and at the proper moment were uncorked, so they might "breathe."

Operating with the primitive methods once used by their French ancestors, The Twelve Gourmets prepared the meal, and devoured it with much thumping of wineglasses and roaring of hearty French songs. At the end, the meeting was pronounced one of the club's most successful—proof that the true gourmet can triumph over any obstacle that stands between him and an excellent meal. ▲▲▲



Café de Berc

Chablis Cassis

Homard à l'Americaine
Riesling Dopff Cuvée Europe

Pigeon comme à Cahors
Petits Pois à l'Etuvée

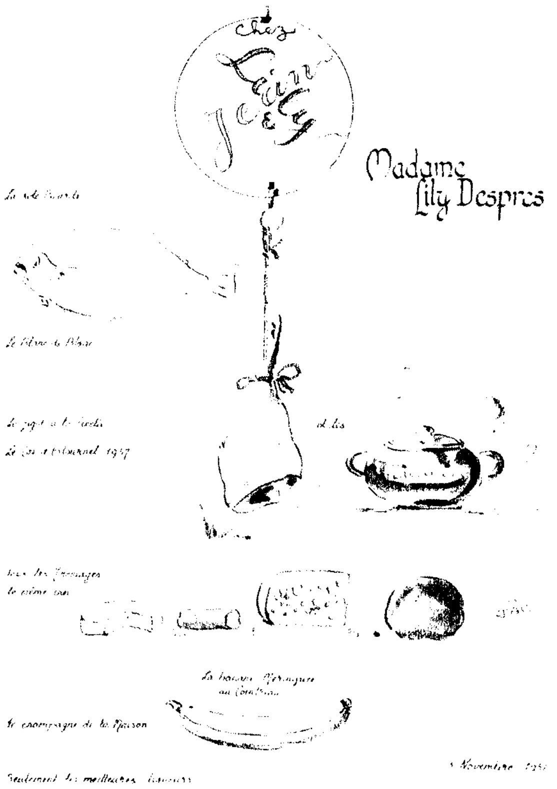
Haut Brion 1945

Salade

Plateau des Fromages
Fraises à la Crème au Parfum d'Alsace

Café

Here are typical menus of *Les Douze Gueules*. Above: a white Burgundy wine; lobster with a sauce of tomato, garlic and wine; white Alsatian wine; squab stuffed with goose liver and served with a cognac sauce; peas; red Bordeaux wine; salad; cheeses; strawberries in liqueur; coffee



Madame
Lily Despres

Menu for lamb dinner mentioned in story. Sole cooked in white wine; a still white wine from the Champagne area; lamb roasted on rope; lima beans; red Bordeaux wine; assorted cheeses; a banana, soaked in liqueur, sautéed, then baked with meringue; champagne; assorted liqueurs

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KENDALL The 2000 MILE OIL

KENDALL REFINING COMPANY
Bradford, Pennsylvania

Write Me a Love Story

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

ANYWHERE UNTIL YOU AGREE TO PRINT BISBEE ITEM.

Phelps to Wicker: YOUR ATTITUDE INCREDIBLEST. I WON'T PRINT BISBEE STORY UNTIL I RECEIVE FULL AIR-MAILED EXPLANATION, IF THEN.

Wicker to Phelps: AIR-MAILER UPCOMING BUT IT'S ALL OFF THE RECORD. HOWEVER I STILL HAVE SOME FAITH IN YOUR HUMANITY SO AM FLYING TO HONG KONG IMMEDIATELY AFTER MAILING DETAILS.

Phelps to Wicker: GO. REMEMBER I WANT THAT LOVE STORY BEFORE YOU LOSE YOURSELF IN HONG KONG.

Via Air Mail
John R. Phelps, Foreign Editor
San Francisco Globe

Dear John:

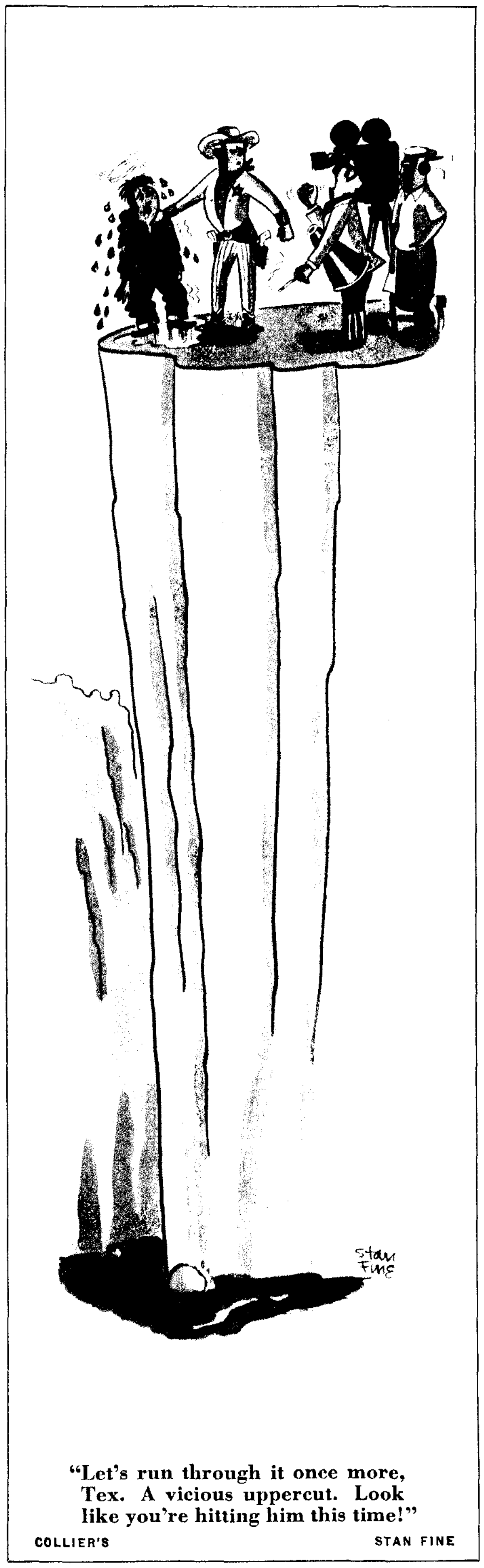
Sorry we had so many words at approximately seven cents a word, but after you've read this I'm sure you will agree I couldn't do anything less. As you will see, the life and happiness of two people—eventually three—depends on your printing that item about Lieutenant Bisbee. Besides, I owe the general and the colonel a few favors.

I was sitting in the Correspondents' Club here in Tokyo just at dusk last evening when it started. You will be interested to know that I was drinking black coffee. The coffee at the club is free, and besides I floated some curaçao on top of it. The curaçao was also free, a present to the club from one of the Dutch diplomats. The club was almost empty.

Four Air Force officers came into the lounge and took off their caps and slickers. One was Tough Tom Culinan. He's the major general commanding fighter bombers, Far East. I recognized him clear across the room. There's a reddish-purple burn scar that runs down the whole right side of his face and his hair is absolutely white, although he's only forty-six. With him was Tony Canova, the colonel who has the 710th Wing—F-84s—in Korea, up near Suwon. I've known them both a long time. Tough Tom was the youngest brigadier on the staff, Mediterranean Allied Air Forces, in the old war. Tony was a hot pilot in First Fighter. I never thought he'd quiet down enough so chickens could roost on his shoulders.

There were two kids trailing them, one a captain and one a lieutenant. Junior officers always seem to stumble all over themselves when they're out socially with big brass, but these two were worse than usual. They looked scared to death. The captain was tall and thin and he kept hunching his shoulders and pulling his head down in between them, as if to hide like a crane. The lieutenant was a crophaired, pink-faced boy, not tall but well built. He looked like a military-school halfback togged out for the graduation parade. I wonder why they always seem so young? Maybe they aren't so young. Maybe you and I, John, are getting old.

The kids had the usual rash of Air Force and theater ribbons on their chests, but in addition the lieutenant had a Purple Heart and a Silver Star, two they don't pass out with the rations. General Culinan looked around the room and spotted me and headed my way, and I knew I was his target for the night. Culinan introduced the captain and the lieutenant. The captain was a Captain Humelmyer, of the Fifth Air Force's troop-carrying wing. The lieutenant was Bisbee.



"Let's run through it once more, Tex. A vicious uppercut. Look like you're hitting him this time!"

COLLIER'S STAN FINE

"Bisbee here," said the general, "pushes an F-84 for Tony. Or used to." He sounded grim, but Culinan always sounds grim.

I told them to sit down. I called a *boy-san.* I asked what they would have and thriftily recommended the curaçao, but Culinan and Tony preferred Scotch, and the captain and the lieutenant wanted bourbon. During the course of the night we had a good many drinks, the cost of which will be included in this month's expense account. You know how it is, John.

The general talked shop for a while. That is, he speculated on how many of his men were still being held in Manchuria, or had been shipped to Russia to be squeezed by experts; and the capability of the new F-84 to tote an A-bomb; and why the Army insisted on the 280 gun when the Air Force could do so much better with a plane; and the new airdrome build-up north of the 38th; and how long we would have to stand on our arms in Korea, or would it start all over again. Finally he said, "Sam, your paper's got a big circulation all over northern California, hasn't it?"

I recognized that the preliminary chatter was over, and that he had intended it only to put the junior officers at ease; now would come the reason he had visited the club and sought me out. I told him, "Yes, we've got the biggest. We cover northern California like the dew covers Dixie."

Lieutenant Bisbee spoke up. He sounded eager. "That's right," he said. "Everybody in Higher Hyannis reads the Globe. Wendy's family takes it regularly. They'd . . ." His voice trailed off and he became miserable and frightened again. When he took a drink of his bourbon his hand was trembling.

"Sam," Culinan said, pretending not to notice the lieutenant, "I've done you a few favors, haven't I? Remember when I took that B-25 on the whisky run from Caserta to Brazzaville? Brought you back a whole case, didn't I? And I've helped you on a few stories, remember? Ferried you places for free."

I said sure I remembered. I did too.

Tony spoke up. "I've done a couple of favors, too, Sam. Like when I let you ride in the nose of that reccy job we had in First Fighter—P-38."

"Almost got me killed," I said.

"It was what you wanted, wasn't it? Gave you a good story, didn't it?"

I admitted that it had.

"Well, now, we want you to do us a favor," said Culinan. "I have just issued Lieutenant Bisbee, here, an official reprimand. We want it printed back home in a spot where it will be read by everyone in Higher Hyannis, California. All of us want it." He looked at the others. They all nodded in agreement.

"He wants it?" I said, looking at Bisbee.

"I *have* to have it," he said, as if it were a matter of life and death to him.

Well, John, immediately I thought of all the objections that you probably had when you read my first communiqué on Bisbee. In the first place, I thought this was a most peculiar request. The armed services don't go around bragging that their young men occasionally foul up. They don't try to publicize disciplinary action. They usually try to keep it quiet, except when it's already a public scandal or is really important and involves national policy. This wasn't any Billy Mitchell case or the recall of MacArthur. This was a reprimand for an unknown first lieutenant.

I said, "General, I'm sorry, but we can't waste cable tolls for stuff like that. Not unless it's real hot, and this obviously isn't—because if it were it would mean a court-martial, not just a reprimand."

"It's hot for me," said Lieutenant Bisbee. "You don't know how hot."

They all squirmed and looked down into their drinks.

"If you tell me the whole story," I said, "maybe I can help you. I don't promise anything, because this whole setup looks fishy to me, but in memory of that case of Scotch the general brought back from Brazzaville, I'll give it a courteous listen."

"Thank you, sir," said the lieutenant, grateful as a spaniel who has been allowed to crawl into your lap.

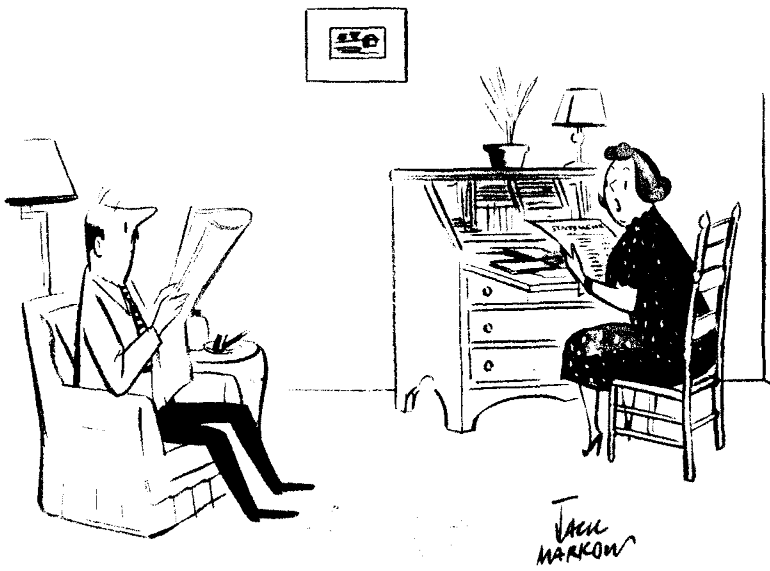
"Now, wait a minute," I told him. "Don't look so happy. Back in San Fran I've got a foreign-news editor (I know you will pardon me for this, John) who misers every word. You'd think the dough for cable tolls was coming out of his lunch money instead of being charged off to the paper's operating expenses, which of course are tax-deductible. I don't know your story, but whatever it is, there is this ulcer-bitten deskman who can either put it into the paper or kill it, depending on how he feels."

So they told me the tale. I know it's true because all the interested parties were there—except the girl in Higher Hyannis and her parents and the population of that town. It's your job to check it on your side of the Pacific, John, old boy.

IT TURNS out that about the time the Korean war started, in June of '50, Bob Bisbee graduated from the University of California in Berkeley. He was a native of Willow Switch, Nevada, where his father operated a gambling casino. Nevada laws being what they are, the lieutenant's pop was the most respected citizen of Willow Switch.

Bisbee did all right at Cal. He was a little light for football, but he managed to get on the second string and play in a couple of minor games. His grades were good, and the Air Force had its eye on him.

He had his eye on Wendy Starr. Isn't that a lovely name? Lovely girl, too. His wallet was full of pictures of



COLLIER'S "A bank that worries about two cents must be pretty shaky!" JACK MARKOW

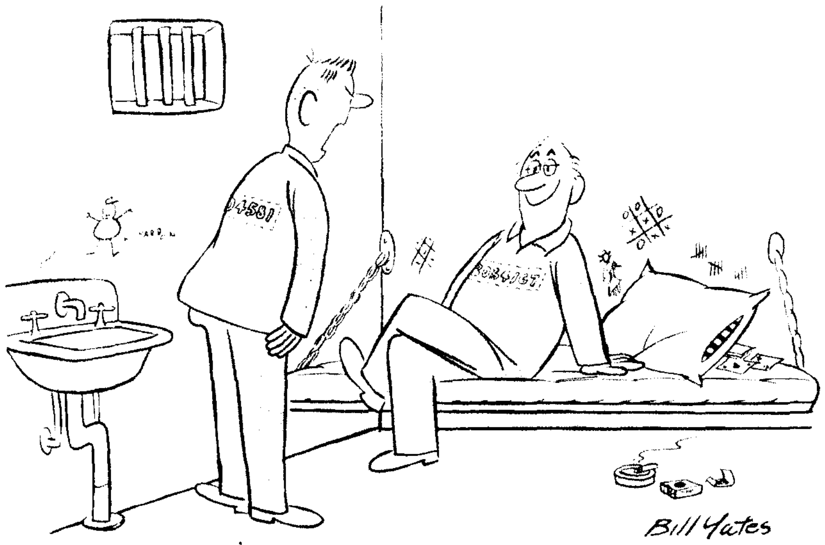
ıer, and it didn't take much encouragenent for him to spread them out on the ıble in the Correspondents' Club, as lazzling as a royal flush. She's one of hose tawny golden girls we seem to ıreed in northern California. If I ound like a booster, John, it's only beause I've been out here three years and erhaps my viewpoint is disorted, or lse I have contracted acute nostalgia.

Wendy Starr was a classmate of Bisee's and they used the same science ıb. They kept trying to peer into the ıme test tubes and microscopes, and ubbing noses, and sort of nudging, if ou know what I mean. By graduaon, the romance was pretty serious. he day Bisbee graduated, the Air orce proposed he become a cadet. le accepted. That same day, he proosed marriage to Wendy. She acepted, but her parents didn't.

DO YOU know Higher Hyannis? It is perhaps the most respectable, or uffy, little town in the Valley. It is habited mostly by retired couples om New England and the more conrvative areas of the Midwest. They eep themselves busy pruning apricot ees, clipping hedges and coupons, and eping up with the restrictions and ue laws. The Starrs were appalled by the thought of their daughter marrying the scion of a gambling-hall family, and so they sent Wendy to study at the Sorbonne for a year. That's what they always do in places like Higher Hyannis. They send 'em to Paris, perhaps in the belief that there are no boys, only girls, in Paris.

The Air Force sent Bisbee through schools in Iowa and Texas, and he got his wings and ended up at a jet base in Tampa, Florida. He and Wendy corresponded regularly; and when she finished her year at the Sorbonne she returned to California via Florida, which is a considerable detour.

At his Florida base, Bob introduced her to Tony Canova, who was impressed. Tony—he's the colonel in this saga, remember?—is a bandy-legged ape with a chest like a boiler of the battleship New Jersey, but he used to be a favorite of the ladies from Casablanca to Berlin. It takes a considerable lady to impress Tony. Wendy stayed in Tampa only two days, however—because her parents started sending indignant telegrams to the Secretary of the Air Force. If she and Bob had ignored her parents and the Air Force and got married right then, it might have saved a lot of complications, including this letter. But they



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COLLIER'S "Will you shut up about Jean Harlow for a minute and let me tell you about this Monroe dame?" BILL YATES

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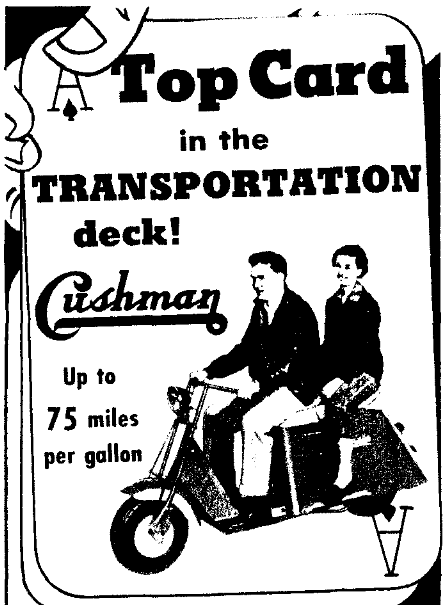

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were nice kids who believed that if they behaved properly the world would be kind to them. So they waited.

Wendy had been back in Higher Hyannis a couple of months when the 710th Wing was alerted for the Far East. They had seventy-two hours' notice and then they were to fly their F-84s from Tampa to Tokyo. Tony Canova briefed the wing. He gave them the route—Atlanta, Louisville, Chicago, Denver, San Fran, Seattle, and then Anchorage, the Aleutians, Hokkaido, and finally Tokyo.

After the briefing, Bisbee had a talk with Tony.

Bisbee asked whether it would be all right if he flew directly to San Fran and picked up the wing there for the leg to Seattle. Canova thought it over and said: "Okay, but not for anything frivolous."

"I was not considering doing anything frivolous," Bisbee said.

"If you want to marry the girl," Tony said, "you'd better call her and inform her. The law calls for applications and blood tests and so forth."

So Bisbee called her and she said yes, whether her parents liked it or not. The Starrs didn't like it, but since there was nothing they could do about it, the wedding plans got under way. Since Bisbee couldn't take the time to go to Higher Hyannis, the wedding had to be in San Fran.

Bisbee whipped his F-84 across the continent in what would certainly have been a record for that type aircraft had he not stopped off in Willow Switch, Nevada, to pick up a fresh stack of blue chips from his pop.

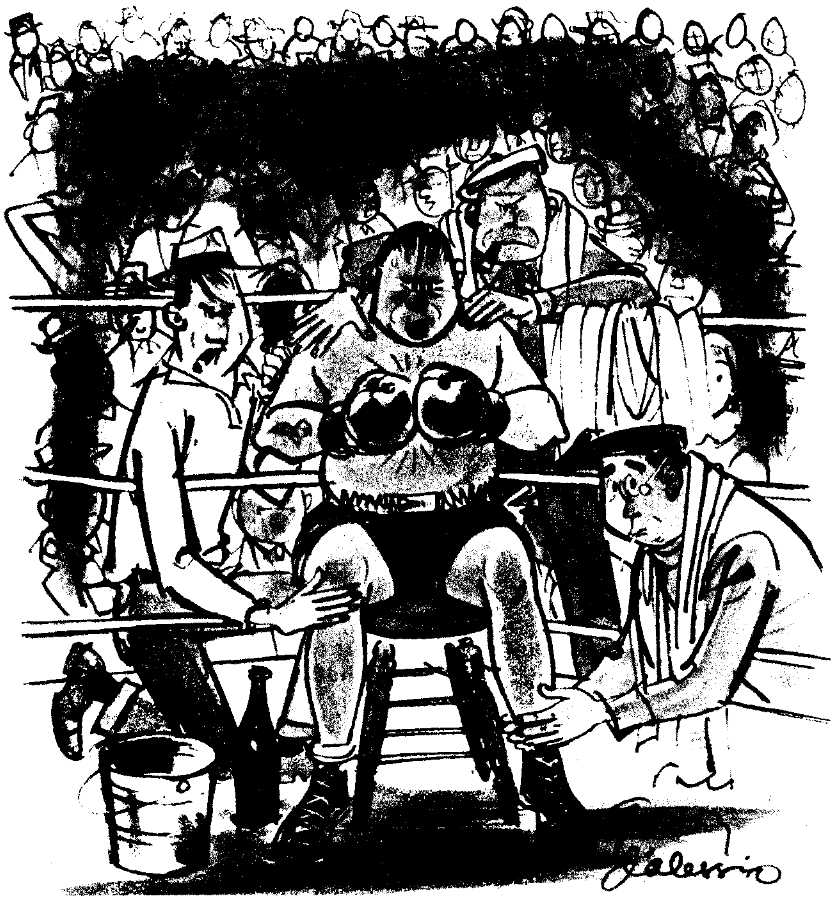
It took a full three days to arrange everything for that wedding. It took place at the St. Francis, the bride and groom parading under an arch of swords (provided by a local costumer) in the hands of fellows of his squadron. In the newspapers the bridegroom's father was described as "the Nevada sporting magnate," and everybody—but everybody—from Higher Hyannis was there.

Wendy's pop gave the bride away and Tony Canova, having landed his wing at Hamilton Field a scant ninety minutes before the ceremony, stood up with the groom.

Tony did not stick around for long, for the flight was scheduled into Seattle before nightfall. Tony allowed his chicks exactly one glass of champagne at the reception, and then herded them back to their planes. The bride was allowed to kiss her husband at Hamilton, but they wouldn't let her go out on the field with him for fear a jet blast might set fire to her gown. So when Bob Bisbee got to Tokyo he was married, as we say, in name only.

FOR almost a year Tony's 710th was assigned to the defense of Japan, and when the wing was finally shifted to Korea the war was already old. The rule in the 710th was that a pilot was rotated home after a hundred combat missions.

Bisbee became about the most eager fighter-bomber pilot in the theater. Early in 1953, when the fighting was heavy around Capitol Hill and the Punchbowl, pilots in the 710th usually flew two missions a day. Bisbee sometimes crammed in a third. Once he was caught in a flak trap and got hit in the shoulder, but he somehow managed to bring his plane back. This cost him three weeks in the hospital. Another time he and his wingman split up a MIG. That made him one tenth of an ace, but this was good for an F-84, which wasn't supposed to fight MIGs.



COLLIER'S

"Now I'm REALLY mad! He said the food in my restaurant is inferior!"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

On the day of the cease-fire Bisbee had accumulated ninety-seven missions. He went off by himself and I guess he wept. If the war had lasted two more days he would have been on his way back to Higher Hyannis and Wendy. Or he might have been dead. I don't think he ever considered that. From Bisbee's viewpoint, peace was a good wind that had blown him ill.

By then everybody in the wing knew about Bisbee's dash for his hundred missions, and they all sympathized with him. This only made him feel worse. He took to spending whole days in the sack, and skipping meals, and on occasion talking to himself.

Tony Canova had his eye on him, of course, and one day Tony called him into his office and said, "Bisbee, I'm giving you five days' R. and R. in Tokyo. Have yourself a time."

"Rest and rehabilitation isn't what I need," said Bisbee.

"It's an order," Tony said. "Get going."

As it happened, a C-119 transport, a flying boxcar, had just landed at the base with mail and newspapers. When it took off again for Tokyo, Bisbee was aboard.

The pilot was this tall, thin captain—Humelmyer. He invited Bisbee to come up front and fly copilot for a while, and they naturally discussed women. "I suppose," said Humelmyer, "that when you get to Tokyo you're going to find yourself a Moosie-Maid." Moosie-Maid is a corruption of the Japanese word *musume*, the word for daughter. Now it has become a colloquialism among Americans in these parts, meaning steady girl.

"I don't know any Moosie-Maids," Bisbee said, "and I don't want to know any. I've got all the girl I want back home. As a matter of fact, she's my wife. Only I know I'm never going to see her again. I'm fated." And he told Humelmyer the whole story.

Humelmyer said that was tough, but that was the way the world was at this particular moment. Now take his own predicament, for example. Humelmyer had no girl whatsoever Stateside, but he had an enchanting doll in Manila. So what happened? He made Manila perhaps once every three months, but since he was on the Tokyo-San Francisco shuttle he flew Stateside twice a month, regularly. As a matter of fact, he said, he was flying Stateside the next morning.

"If we could only trade jobs!" said Bisbee.

"I'm glad we can't," Humelmyer said, "because at least I get the Manila run once in a while, and a fighter pilot never gets a run anywhere—not with a woman at the other end of it."

An hour before they landed at Haneda, outside Tokyo, Humelmyer had an idea, and he began figuring times, distances and schedules. Then he said, "You know what, Bisbee? I could fly you to San Francisco and back, easy. You could have a whole day in California and nobody would ever know about it. Of course, I don't know that a day in California would do you much good. In spite of what you say about Moosie-Maids, perhaps you'd better take your five days R. and R. in Tokyo."

"I would rather spend three minutes in California with my girl—wife, I mean—than three years in Tokyo," Bisbee said. Then the enormity of what Humelmyer was suggesting hit him. "Look," he said, "suppose something happened? Suppose you were held up in San Fran, or were grounded by engine trouble or they shot you off on another mission? Suppose we got crossed up some way? I'd be AWOL. Worse than that—I'd be a deserter. Why they might shoot me!"

"No, they can't shoot you," said Humelmyer. "They can only shoot you if there is a war on, and there is no war on at this moment. Besides my job is routine and all laid out. I'm strictly a freight man. I'm carrying mail and dispatches Stateside, and I'm bringing back four new jet engines. That's all I'm carrying."

"Suppose there was an accident," said Bisbee. "Suppose you got appendicitis, or we had to ditch?"

"If we have to ditch in this job," said Humelmyer, "you will not have to worry thereafter. What's the matter—you scared? Or don't you love the girl?"

"I love her," said Bisbee. "I do love her. I'll fly with you in the morning."

WELL, Bob Bisbee didn't even go into Tokyo; he slept at Haneda that night. In the morning he and Humelmyer took off in Humelmyer's boxcar. There was no trouble with operations or security control. People with big sheafs of papers are always bumming rides Stateside, and nobody reads the small type; and anyway, Bisbee was right there with the airplane commander when Humelmyer wrote out his flight plan.

The crossing was without incident, except the farther east they flew, the more frightened Bisbee got. If he was caught, he knew he would be court-martialed. And so he would have to sneak into Higher Hyannis and he would have to sneak out. Either that, or Wendy would have to come to San Francisco.

When they landed at Hamilton Field, Bisbee raced to a telephone and called her. Of course, Wendy's first thought was that he was home for good. Then he gave her the word and warned her not to tell anyone, even her parents, about what he had done. She solemnly promised she wouldn't. She told him that, luckily, the Starrs were visiting in the East; so he could come to Higher Hyannis for the night. He should take the five-o'clock train to San Jose, and she would meet him.

That's what happened, and he spent the night in Higher Hyannis, and the next morning—before either the paper boy or the milkman arrived—she drove him to Hamilton Field and kissed him good-by again.

Everything went according to plan, and Humelmyer's flying boxcar was back at Haneda in plenty of time for Bisbee to catch the Korea shuttle that stopped at his base in Suwon.

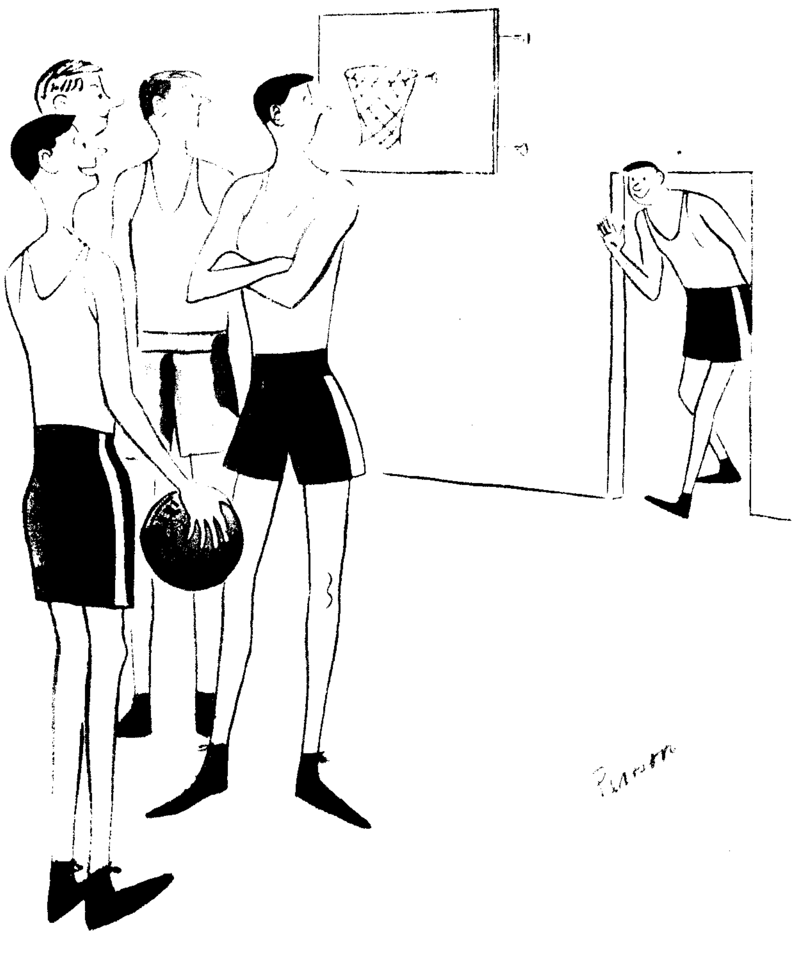
From then on Bisbee's entire attitude changed. Every day he sent his jet whistling around the area like a joyous skyrocket. He was the happiest and most active man in the wing. He got up amateur theatricals, started a duplicate bridge tournament and initiated the idea of dummy strikes on a deserted island in the Japan Sea. People figured he really must have found something during his five days' R. and R. in Tokyo. Tony put him in for a captaincy and decided to make him squadron leader when the present squadron leader got rotated home.

It was four months after his R. and R. that Bisbee and some other pilots of the 710th jeeped up to Seoul to have a few drinks and a steak at The Temple Bar, which is the Fifth Air Force club, and a better one you will not find between Thule and Thailand.

Bisbee was in the middle of the steak when he got a telephone call from Suwon, and delegated the squadron baby, a second lieutenant fresh from the States, to answer it. This second lieutenant brought back the message exactly, having written it down. It was a cable for Lieutenant Bisbee from a place called Higher Hyannis, California, and it read:

AM PREGNANT. WHAT SHALL I DO?
LOVE. WENDY.

At this point it seems that Bisbee lost his head. He failed to comprehend the potentialities, and momentarily suc-



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cumbed to man's instinctive elation at being able to perpetuate himself. When the second lieutenant handed him the message he stood up on his chair and yelled, "Whoopee! I'm going to have a baby!"

Everyone looked at him in astonishment. "That is," yelled Bisbee, waving the bit of paper, "my wife is going to have a baby!"

All the boys in the squadron still seemed as astonished as ever, and Bisbee began to suspect he had committed a *faux-pas*.

One of the boys said, "Bob, how long ago was it that you left California?"

"Fifteen months," Bisbee said, before he had time to think over the question. Everyone looked up at him, in sorrow and horror and pity.

Then Bisbee's brain came back to him. "It's a gag," he said. "My wife is a great one for gags. Why, back at Cal she was the biggest practical joker on the campus."

Nobody said a word.

Bisbee couldn't eat the rest of his steak. Six pilots were crammed into that jeep on the ride back to Suwon, but he was lonely.

What he did first, of course, was try to get Wendy on the transpacific telephone, but emergency calls were stacked up seven days in front of him; and while he claimed that his call was urgent, the worst emergency possible, he couldn't reveal what the emergency was, so he got a low priority.

Outwardly, his relations with the rest of the squadron and the wing appeared the same. But they weren't. Everyone was a bit formal with him. The word didn't quite get up to the top echelon, not then. The Korean girls in the PX knew all about it, of course, but Tony Canova and his staff hadn't yet heard.

All Bisbee could think of to do was send her a cable: PLEASE WRITE FULL DETAILS.

He was thinking how silly that cable was when he got a letter from her:

Dear Bob:

I hate to write you this because there is nothing you can do about it, because if you did anything about it it would ruin your whole career and your life. Darling, we are in deep trouble.

I am pregnant. We are going to have a baby. Ordinarily that's what a wife most wants to tell her husband, but in this case, as you know, it means that the Army—I mean the Air Force—will try you if they find out about it. Isn't it true that they shoot you for desertion in the face of the enemy? Maybe you can prove they had declared peace, or something, when you sneaked home that night. It was all over, wasn't it? I mean at least the shooting was over, wasn't it? Bob, I'm scared.

Worst of all, everyone in Higher Hyannis knows about it—I mean, they know I'm going to have a baby—and the last person they think of as the father is you. The reason they know is because of mother's cleaning woman, Hattie. She comes twice a week, and she is not only a good cleaner but most observant, and when she asked me about it I thoughtlessly told her yes, I was going to have a baby. Then Mother found out, and everybody. Everybody in Higher Hyannis believes I am going to have an illegitimate child.

Nobody knows that you were here that night. And, darling, I will never tell them—never.

THAT, in substance, was the letter, and after Bisbee read it and read it again, he put on his blues and fixed his tie and went to see Tony. He stood straight in Tony's office and said, "Sir, I request a court-martial," and he told Tony the story.

Bisbee didn't know Tony's background, but I do. When Tony was a lieutenant in First Fighter, he had a girl in England. On occasion Tony would gun his P-38 across the Ligurian Sea and clear across France and the Channel for a date with that girl in Lipstick-on-Rye, or wherever it was. It was always listed as long-range reconnaissance.

Almost any other wing commander would have told Bisbee to consider himself in arrest and to confine himself to quarters—but not Tony. Tony was naturally sympathetic. He would have instantly forgiven Bisbee for taking one day's R. and R. Stateside instead of taking five in Tokyo, except that the concern of both of them was Wendy, in Higher Hyannis.

COLLIER'S "It was all a big help one time when we ran short of toothpicks" KATE OSANN

Beginning in Collier's Next Issue . . .

FLIGHT of the TIGER

By JOHN D. MacDONALD

Lieutenant Ben Morrow had heard a lot about this model, this Helen MacLane. As soon as he hit New York, he was going to look her up. But when he got to the Big Town, he couldn't find her; and when he asked around town for leads on her, he got the run-around. Then he discovered he was mixed up in the hottest woman hunt in the city's history. The police, a shady private detective and a bunch of gangsters were all after Helen MacLane; and the gangsters were ready to kill anyone who got in the way of their search

. . . *a new, high-tension chase serial*

So Tony, faced with a problem that a wing commander couldn't solve, talked it over with Major General Culinan, who was on inspection in Suwon at the time.

Tough Tom Culinan is as hard and cold and logical as steel, which is why he bears that nickname and, perhaps, why he is a major general. He listened to the story and questioned all concerned, and it was Tough Tom who decided they all should fly to Tokyo and present the problem to me. They had an idea that everything I wrote automatically appeared in the paper, not knowing about editors, etc. Culinan decided that if the Air Force issued a reprimand that officially placed Bisbee in Higher Hyannis four months ago, it would save a couple of reputations, or three. So that's what he did.

Now it's up to you, isn't it, John?

Got to get back to the hotel and pack for Hong Kong. I'm going to investigate that love story for you. Cable your decision on the Bisbee item.

Sam.

Via Cables and Wireless, Ltd.
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SAN FRANCISCO GLOBE
FOR PHELPS

YOU WILL BE BLESSED.
WICKER

Via Air Mail
Sam Wicker
U.S. War Correspondent
Repulse Bay Hotel
Hong Kong Crown Colony

Dear Sam:

Yes, I'll be blessed. I'm going to be blessed if I'm going to stand for any more of your useless off-the-cuff cables. Your last one cost the Globe $1.28, which will come off your check next month. You yourself can argue it out with the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

I want to tell you that I took a train to San Jose and then hired a cab to Higher Hyannis and checked up on this whole story. All this I did at my own expense; and without cable tolls. Amazingly, I found it to be quite true. Sam, if you were as accurate at describing news as you are in writing stuff that is off the record you would be the world's greatest foreign correspondent, which you are not.

However, you might be interested to know that after we printed that little paragraph in the Globe, everything changed for Wendy Bisbee in Higher Hyannis. She's holding up her head again, and then some, for in all the history of this part of California your Lieutenant Bisbee was the first man to fly six thousand miles for an evening with a girl.

What you don't know is this: Tom Culinan is my friend too. Perhaps I know him better than you do. I knew him when he flew in the strike on Ploesti out of Africa. I flew with him. Do you think I like to sit at a desk?

All the best,
John

P.S. I'm writing Tom, privately, and telling him everything is okay in Higher Hyannis. Also, I'm asking him to drop quietly that reprimand on Bisbee. It wouldn't look good in Bisbee's file if there ever came a selection time for colonel, or general; and I would sort of like to see Bisbee stay in the Air Force.

Via Cables and Wireless, Ltd.
SAN FRANCISCO GLOBE
FOR PHELPS

YOUR HONG KONG TIP HAY-WIRE. IT WASN'T AMERICAN VICE-CONSUL AND BEAUTIFUL EURASIAN GIRL. IT WAS TWO ELDERLY SIAMESE. SORRY. NO LOVE STORY.

WICKER

—PAT FRANK

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NOON OUT
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FR 9 46
FR 9 49
FR 9 50
FR 9 54
FR 9 55
FR 9 56
FR 9 57
40-34

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY PETER DIMITRI

A BLACK cloud, somewhat bigger than a man's fist, is drifting across the labor-management horizon today. To some it seems an ominous portent, to others an answer to a prayer. Either way it is a phenomenon no wise man can afford to ignore: it presages an economic change which, unless all forecasts are wrong, will affect the welfare of all of us—employer and employee alike.

In a crowded meeting room in New York not long ago a husky steelworker from Birmingham, Alabama, made clear that the cloud did not look ominous to him. "That's pie in the sky," Jack Hopping told his fellow delegates, gathered to decide what policy the United Steelworkers of America (CIO) will follow in contract negotiations with the steel industry next spring. "And," he went on, "we're ready for a little dessert."

Gray-haired Steelworkers' President David J. McDonald, one of the most important labor leaders in the nation, corrected him.

"That's not pie in the sky," McDonald said. "That's meat on the table."

The guaranteed annual wage, which the Steelworkers were discussing, is perhaps the hottest topic on either side of the labor-management dividing line these days.

Whether pie or meat will rain down when the cloud finally breaks, no one can now foretell. But there are many, on both sides, who predict some cases of economic bellyache, instead of full and contented stomachs, when the break comes.

A Utopia Just Around the Corner?

Just what is a guaranteed annual wage? In general terms, it is an unbreakable commitment by an employer to provide fifty-two weeks of work, or wages, to all his employees during a given year. To some it looks like the gate to a workers' paradise, where a man will get a year's pay no matter what happens, making layoffs and unemployment historical curiosities. Only a few, even among the guaranteed wage's stoutest adherents, believe the Utopia is just around the corner. But others insist the plan will, in modified form, be translated into practice—and not too long from now.

The guaranteed wage has been around a long time and has worked out pretty well for some companies, but only in the last few years has it been passionately pursued by the big unions. Today it is one of the chief goals of the CIO. Walter Reuther, the dynamic redhead who heads the United Auto Workers as well as the CIO, has said that the Auto Workers will get it even at the cost of a strike, and he has indicated 1955 as the target year. Dave

Guaranteed Each Year

By KARL SCHRIFTGIESSER

he debate over the guaranteed wage is growing hot—and the outcome will affect us all

McDonald has put it this way: "I don't predict it overnight, but only after much diligent work, tremendous application—and perhaps eventually we will have to win it by the same device we won pensions and insurance."

That makes the steel makers shudder. They gave in to the Steelworkers on the pension issue in 1949 only after a seven-week strike that paralyzed the industry.

Should some form of guaranteed wage be adopted in the steel and automobile industries, two predictions seem safe: (1) at first it will be less than a guarantee of 52 weeks of full pay for all; and (2) the effect will be felt by men who have never seen an open hearth or swung a wrench on the assembly line; what happens in auto and steel has a tendency to seep down into other industries which have CIO unions.

Some Past Experiments With the Plan

What are the prospects that the great army of unorganized workers may get the guaranteed wage? The history of the plan is not encouraging. A few years ago a federal commission counted the number of guaranteed-wage programs in operation. It found 196, covering 68,600 workers. No accurate count of plans has been kept since then, but most experts believe the number is even less today.

The first recorded guaranteed-wage plan was started in the wallpaper industry around the turn of the century. Experiments, with and without union backing, have been tried in various businesses since. Almost without exception they have been confined to the retail trade, textile mills, food factories, communications and public utilities, chemicals, transportation and the wholesale trade, in that order. Not once has a guaranteed-wage plan been tried industry-wide.

Two years ago the U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics found that of 2,600 collective bargaining agreements less than 7 per cent contained any kind of guarantee, and none guaranteed a full year's work or pay for all employees.

Some plans have worked remarkably well. The three so-called classic examples—in the George A. Hormel Company of Austin, Minnesota; Procter & Gamble; and the Nunn-Bush Shoe Company (which has a modified flexible plan)—have been in operation for many years. These three were initiated by management—not forced by union pressure.

In fact, Hormel introduced its version of the guaranteed wage gradually, over vigorous union resistance, during the depression years of 1931, 1932 and 1933. Today the plan not only is cherished by the workers but is incorporated in a contract with the CIO United Packinghouse Workers. Under the Hormel plan, employees are guaranteed fifty-two weeks' notice before they are laid off for lack of work. A long work week is balanced out by a short work week. Work quotas are established and if the workers exceed the quotas they are paid extra for the overproduction. The company is permitted to transfer workers from a slack department to a department which has more work to do.

There are comparatively few people in Austin who do not work for the meat-packing company. I roamed through the town talking with many of them.

"We like the idea and the way it works," both workers and local tradesmen said. What they like most is the steadiness of their income. The workers know just about what they will earn in a year; the shopkeepers feel such industrial stability means greater and steadier business for them.

One Hormel worker summed it up:

"I've got a cousin in another town. When he went there he was making more than I do. But they started to change the model or something in his plant, and he got laid off. He didn't know when or where he'd get a job next—a married fellow, too, with a wife and kids and a nice little home. He was buying a refrigerator and a car on time. Mighty tough, meeting those payments. As a matter of fact, come to think of it, they came and took the television set he'd started to buy. Maybe they got the car and refrigerator by now.

"Well, that doesn't happen very often in this town. We work pretty steady here and a guy with any sense at all, or a guy with a smart wife, he can budget his way pretty well."

Housewife Sees Advantage to Schools

Others in Austin confirmed that view and told me of additional advantages to the plan. It has encouraged home ownership, because payments can be scheduled. "And," a young housewife said, "with almost everyone sure of steady work, owning their homes and all that—not being afraid of sudden layoffs that can last the Lord knows how long—we can afford better schools and steadier schooling for our children." School taxes are certain of payment; even more important, families don't have to move on to new towns in mid-term when jobs fail.

The Hormel plan came about because Jay C. Hormel, son of the company's founder, felt a responsibility for the men and women in Austin who depended upon his business for a livelihood. He also wanted to establish a stable labor market.

Hormel, P & G and Nunn-Bush all had to institute many revolutionary business and production practices to make their plans work. Hormel's main problem was the unpredictable flow of livestock to the market; the company had to find new methods of shopping for hogs and steers. Nunn-Bush also had to solve the problem of seasonal flow of raw material to its shops. P & G was harried principally by the unsettling practices of speculative wholesalers and jobbers as they tried to anticipate raw-material price advances.

Procter & Gamble eliminated many of the jobbers and sold directly to retailers, and invented new storage systems to keep its cottonseed crushing mills on an all-year operational basis.

Business Practices Must Be Revamped

The National Association of Manufacturers, which has long advocated the principle of year-round employment, has found that most companies would have to revamp greatly many of their present practices to make a guarantee plan practical. It is significant that the three successful major plans—and most of the smaller ones which have succeeded—have been confined to consumer goods and service industries, in which markets can easily be predicted and goods stockpiled in slack seasons.

I talked with many businessmen who approve the guaranteed wage in principle but have encountered major obstacles. A small manufacturer near Buffalo, who has been in business for half a century and who has a CIO contract, best explained the difficulties.

"There's more to this annual wage than meets the eye," he said. "Anyone who has ever run a business knows that except under extraordinary conditions he cannot honestly predict what his future business will be. He has to consider competition, his sources of supply, the ups and downs of the market and all that. There are often seasonal conditions over which he has no control. But if he's smart, he'll try to fit his labor supply to meet these conditions and keep as many of his workers on the job as he can.

"Now, the good worker—not the floater, but the willing and able citizen of his community—wants, it seems to me, security above anything else. He likes the idea of an annual wage—and I suppose it's bound to come, sooner or later. But to get it he will have to make some compromises.

"If he thinks he's going to be guaranteed a full 52 weeks of work, he's mistaken. I know of very few businesses which could afford such a guarantee. But suppose I guarantee my men forty weeks of work this year. My men can't tell me which forty weeks they will work. That will have to be

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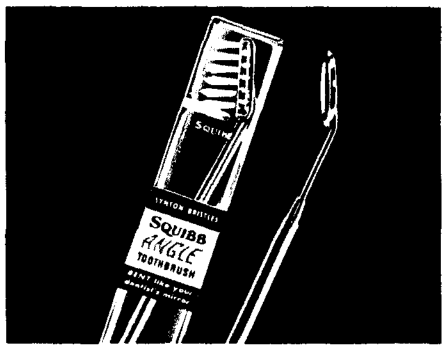

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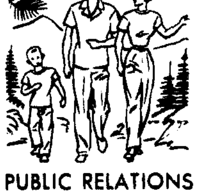

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"Management also will have to have more say about where a man will work. A man hired to run a particular machine may very well have to do something entirely different—even sweep floors—when that machine has to be shut off.

"Furthermore, I can't go for the argument that this scheme will stop depressions. Slumps are caused by a combination of economic factors, over most of which business has no control. I would never agree to sign a guarantee for more than one year.

"If we had a recession I might not be able to fulfill even a 12-month agreement. Even if I could, by setting up a reserve fund based on my total payroll, I could not go on after the year was out, if the slump lasted that long. Then my workers would be out in the cold."

This management interpretation has some backers among union experts. One AFL economist told me guaranteed-wage plans would not work unless all competitors in a given industry had equal agreements—and that even then they would be limited in nature and, under present seniority rules, would apply only to the well-established worker. There would be many fringe workers not covered, he said. Few if any employers would guarantee a full 100 per cent coverage—and their financial responsibility would be limited to a reserve fund which in most cases could not be made large enough to be of lasting value.

"The boss," he told me, "would want to concentrate benefits on those workers he was pretty sure he could keep busy throughout the year, or the portion of the year guaranteed. Pretty soon there would be an aristocracy of workers; they would benefit, but at the expense of many others—who are just the people least able to bear the burden of unemployment."

Seeking Industry-Wide Pacts

The Steelworkers will ask for nothing less than industry-wide agreements when they go after their version of a guaranteed wage this spring. They have been seeking such an agreement for many years. Their first attempt, under the late Philip Murray, came in 1943. They did not get it, but as a result of their demands the late President Roosevelt created a commission to study the question.

The commission report, issued in 1947, rejected the suggestion that some form of guarantee be made possible through federal legislation and urged instead that it be won at the collective-bargaining table.

Philip Murray thereupon asked the steel industry for a guarantee of 40 hours' work each week for 52 weeks, but the demand was rejected by the industry.

Now the Steelworkers indicate they will ask something quite different. On the advice of Murray W. Latimer, a member of the Roosevelt-appointed commission, and the economists of their own union and the parent CIO, they have tied the wage guarantee to unemployment compensation. The Steelworkers tried unsuccessfully to get such a plan once before.

In 1952, they asked the Aluminum Company of America to set up a reserve fund, at its own expense and without union contributions, which, while it lasted, would help make up the difference between what an unemployed worker would receive from the state government and what he would normally receive if he were working.

How Much Pay for Unemployed?

A proposal tied to unemployment compensation raises many complex issues—not the least of which is the necessity of revising the Federal Unemployment Insurance Act and the many state laws which now refuse full unemployment compensation to people who receive income from other sources. The unions claim that this provision makes compensation woefully inadequate, and Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell not long ago ordered a study to determine whether workers get enough from the present scale—it averages about 33 per cent of average weekly wages—to tide them over jobless periods.

What does industry think of the guaranteed wage? I went to the United States Chamber of Commerce in Washington to find out. Dr. Emerson P. Schmidt, C of C director of research, who has spent years studying the problem, told me:

"Businessmen have learned that regular employment and steady pay for employees benefit the employee, the employer and the community alike. They realize that steady employment helps to maintain labor skills and consumer buying power, and to reduce costs. But few firms have turned to the guaranteed wage.

"Naturally, the individual's job is important to him. But security is too often sought at all costs, regardless of its resulting stultification and stagnation of both the specific business and the economy in general.

"Now, the unions maintain that top management men get paid by the year and are not docked for layoffs as workers sometimes are. They say that if employers must pay penalty wages—this is Walter Reuther's big argument—their concerns will see to it that production is regularized and employment kept steady.

"But many employers have absolutely no control over seasonal demand, monetary and tax changes, price changes and many other considerations bearing on their ability to provide steady employment.

"I think this plan might very well intensify the very economic breakdown it is supposed to prevent. Labor costs which are now variable would become fixed costs, and they would have to be met whether there is any work done or not."

In Pittsburgh several leaders of the steel industry said they objected to the CIO plan because in their estimation it is little more than an attempt to make them undertake a special and private version of what for many years has been a public, tax-paid program of unemployment insurance. The same objection was voiced in management offices in Detroit.

"The union," a highly placed steel official told me, "likens the guaranteed wage to the pension plans already won by the unions. That isn't so. The pension is supposed to be a continuing source of income. It goes to men who have stopped working. But the unemployed worker, no matter how he got that way, is only temporarily out of a job. He is not, like the pensioner, out of the labor market. To say that unemployment compensation is analogous to pensions is to say that the purpose of unemployment compensation is to support able-bodied citizens in permanent idleness."

The unions answer that nothing would be more inducive to employment stabilization than the guaranteed wage—and they react angrily to any implication that it would make loafers out of workers.

One fact remains certain: the CIO has made the guaranteed wage one of its main goals during the next two years. Altogether, some 5,000,000 CIO members are committed to seek it. Although the AFL has not taken a firm stand on behalf of the guaranteed wage it has never rejected it and has even indicated approval for its application in some industries. Should the two parent bodies merge, as many observers believe they may within the next few years, there might be a formidable body of some 13,500,000 workers covetously eying the guaranteed wage. The effect might be felt all over the country—by the small businessman, the independent manufacturer, the harried executive striving to meet a payroll, the white-collar worker.

Two Industries Sure to Resist

Auto- and steel-industry men made it clear to me that they would resist the unions on economic grounds. Steel, that behemoth of all industries, argues that it cannot control the needs of its customers nor can it stockpile its wares, as some other businesses can. The automobile industry, with its changing styles and highly competitive and sensitive market, feels it cannot extend the plan to the many seasonal or migratory workers on whom it so greatly depends.

Not long ago a national trade magazine of the milling industry polled its executive readers. Only 3 per cent of those who answered felt the guaranteed wage was practical.

But I talked with 20 top industrial leaders, and few expressed really bitter opposition to the idea. All said they had been studying it closely, knowing that the unions have done the same. The steel companies believe they have demonstrated clearly, in extensive testimony before the Wage Stabilization Board, that the plan would be economically disastrous to the steel industry. Nevertheless, they all believe they will have to face the issue again and again in the next few years.

So look for a big fight on the labor front the next two years.

Only after a bitter struggle will it be possible to know whether Jack Hopping was right when, gazing at the cloud of what he said was pie in the sky, he exclaimed, "We're ready for dessert." ▲▲▲

PROFESSOR CHARLES N. STAUBACH, *Department of Romance Languages, College of Literature, Science and the Arts, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan. Professor Staubach is a talented musician, and has played 1st violin in the Ann Arbor Civic Symphony Orchestra and other instrumental groups.*

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The Tru[illegible]

(+)........THE PLUS

General Clark says the Korean war had these beneficial results:

1. The United States and its allies repelled Communism's first military aggression against a sovereign state and thereby demonstrated to the Kremlin that we are willing to shoot as well as talk in defense of our principles.

2. The Communist invasion of South Korea roused the United States out of a dangerous lethargy and touched off a rearmament program that bolstered our strength far above that of 1950.

3. Through our rotation system, we battle-trained nearly a million men and developed a new crop of young, aggressive commissioned and noncommissioned officers.

4. Our land, sea and air forces showed they could operate smoothly in wartime under the unification policy decreed by Congress.

5. Integration of Negro troops in white units on a percentage basis proved an unqualified success—against the predictions of many military men, including myself.

6. We learned invaluable lessons about the need for more interpreters to co-ordinate operations with our allies and for standardization of basic weapons, equipment and ammunition.

The former United Nations commander i

By GENERAL MARK W. CLARK

BOTH the Korean war and the armistice negotiations were deadlocked when I took over as United Nations commander in May, 1952. The 155-mile fighting front had been stabilized six months earlier along a twisting line extending from the Han River estuary, 10 miles south of the 38th parallel on the west coast, to Kosong, 40 miles north of the parallel on the east coast. And there it was to remain until the cease-fire, except for minor gains won by the Chinese in a final "face-saving" offensive.

The stalemated front represented a true balance of power. The enemy had almost one and a half times more combat troops than we did inside Korea and a considerable reserve across the Manchurian border, 200 miles north of the battle line. They were lavishly supplied with artillery. They had some armor and approximately 2,000 first-line planes, slightly more than half of which were Russian-built MIG-15 jet fighters based on the untouchable Chinese side of Korea's Yalu River border.

Ever since MIGs first appeared in North Korean skies in November, 1950, there has been widespread speculation whether Soviet pilots were at the controls. I can say categorically that the UN command possesses adequate information to show that Russian pilots—sometimes in considerable numbers—in fact did engage our jets in combat.

The evidence includes our pilots' reports of intercepted exchanges in Russian on the MIGs' intercom systems, and the testimony of returned UN war prisoners that they had talked with Russian combat pilots while in North Korean prison camps.

We balanced the enemy's greater man power in Korea with our greater striking force. We had superiority in tanks, and our naval units gave us uncontested control of Korean waters. Our Air Force and Navy carrier planes ruled the skies as far north as they were allowed to fly—up to the Manchurian border—although we actually had slightly fewer aircraft of all types than the Communists had MIGs alone!

However, the balance swung in the enemy's favor with every mile we pushed north. The nearer the enemy got to his Manchurian base—which we were not permitted to bomb—the less opportunity our planes had to destroy his supplies as they moved down from the Yalu River to the battle line.

The tragedy of the "frozen front" was that in the end it cost the UN command half as many dead, wounded and missing as the defense of the Pusan perimeter, the Inchon landing, the 1950 advance to the Yalu River and the grim winter retreat from North Korea combined.

When I arrived in the Far East in the spring of 1952, only one issue blocked an armistice: the future disposition of some 90,000

U. S. ARMY PHOTO

THE MINUS........

Korea sums up [illegible]

General Clark says the Korean war had these detrimental results:

1. For the first time in history, the United States signed an armistice without victory.

2. The Chinese and North Korean Communist armies learned techniques of modern ground warfare through fighting us.

3. We were trapped—in a justifiable cause, but trapped nevertheless—into fighting the enemy's kind of war at a time and place of his choosing.

4. Because we had air supremacy, the enemy had to develop good camouflage and other ingenious ways to circumvent our air power. Because Red planes rarely penetrated to the front, we neglected camouflage, massed in narrow valleys and generally ignored even routine antiaircraft precautions. Had the enemy launched a real air offensive, we would have suffered heavily initially.

5. Our men, even at the front, became accustomed to luxuries we will never be able to afford again.

6. We continued to increase the number of supporting troops behind the man with the gun. Since the Communists outnumber us and our allies, to survive we must reverse the trend and train every man in the ground forces to be a front-line infantryman.

enemy prisoners who had indicated they would forcibly resist repatriation to Communist North Korea or China. All other major disagreements had been ironed out in nine months of acrimonious armistice negotiations.

The Reds insisted the prisoners must be returned to them; the U.S. government declared no prisoner would be forced to return. More was at stake than the custody of 90,000 human beings. In this or any new war with the Communists, the principle of granting a combatant permanent asylum in the free world would offer millions of men in the robot armies of Russia and her satellites a future holding something besides death or a return to Communism. The Reds recognized our stand for what it was—a bonus to defect—and fought it with propaganda and a shooting war.

Arguments Got Nowhere With the Reds

We pointed out that, by their own admission, they had already released 50,000 South Korean prisoners "at the front" (actually the Communists had impressed the South Koreans into the North Korean army). Moreover, we said, Russia had recognized the principle of voluntary repatriation by offering Axis war prisoners in World War II the choice of a new homeland. These arguments may have embarrassed the Communists, but they stuck to their guns for another year. So did we—and the guns, not the arguments, brought the truce with our POW provisions.

Whether this moral victory—and it was a victory—was worth 14 months more of stalemate and 130,000 additional UN and South Korean casualties, only future events can decide.

Since it was our government's policy not to seek a military decision in Korea, my job, as I saw it on my arrival in the Far East, was to make the stalemate more expensive for the Reds than for us, to hit them where it hurt, to worry them, to convince them by force that the price tag on an armistice was going up, not down.

I decided first that there was a lot more we could do in the way of bombing North Korea. A resurvey of targets revealed a plum ripe for picking—the North Korean hydroelectric complexes which provided much of the power for the Communist war machine in Manchuria and serviced what remained of North Korean industry. These generators and dams had been spared, first because we had hopes of using them when we raced into North Korea after the Inchon landing, and later because a truce seemed imminent. I discovered I had authority to bomb all but the biggest plant: at Suiho, on the Korean side of the Yalu, 36 miles northeast of the Manchurian town of Antung. The Japanese-built dam and its six generators comprised the largest hydroelectric installation in the Far East, designed to produce a maximum of 640,000 kilowatts. But it had been out of bounds to our bombers because of its proximity to the border.

General O. P. Weyland's Far East Air Force prepared plans

Intelligence agents reported a Communist plot to assassinate Eisenhower in Korea

INTERNATIONAL

President-elect Eisenhower keeps his campaign promise to visit Korea. Here he talks with Gen. Clark (left) and Eighth Army commander Gen. Van Fleet after inspecting U.S. Marines

for the destruction of the smaller plants, and I notified the Joint Chiefs of Staff in Washington of my intentions. To my surprise and pleasure, they authorized me to bomb the Suiho as well.

While I was preparing this jolt for the enemy, I discovered another provocative but peaceful course of action open to me. Some 27,000 Korean prisoners of war had been reclassified as civilian internees in accordance with the Geneva convention. They were refugees from North and South Korea, persons once considered security risks—a whole miserable grab bag of men, women and some children swept up in the retreats and advances of the first 18 months of war. They had put themselves on record as not wanting to be delivered to the Communists in any prisoner exchange.

With Washington's approval and to the accompaniment of outraged howls from the Communist truce negotiators at Panmunjom, the internees were released in Operation Homecoming during June, July and August of 1952. A month later we reclassified 11,000 more and released them during October and November.

Meantime we had adopted a firm attitude at the truce talks. In fact, Vice-Admiral C. Turner Joy, the outgoing chief of the UN armistice delegation, had recommended in May that we suspend negotiations until the Communists accepted our proposals, or at least came up with something that substantially met our terms. Suspension of the truce talks would have left the negotiating machinery intact, but denied Communist General Nam Il and his associates the use of full-dress meetings for propaganda and vilification.

I had endorsed Joy's recommendation, but Washington felt it was premature. Nevertheless, in early June, I received our government's reluctant permission to recess the talks for three-day periods, whether the Communists liked it or not. The first such recess was called on June 7th by Major General William K. Harrison, Jr., who had succeeded Admiral Joy. The action surprised and confused the Reds.

Soon thereafter, Field Marshal Earl Alexander, Britain's Defense Minister, arrived in Tokyo with Selwyn Lloyd, British Minister of State for Foreign Affairs. The British had been restive about our conduct of the truce talks and, I felt, wanted to name a representative of their own to the negotiating team. I was dead set against it and welcomed the opportunity to explain my position to Alex, an old friend. I felt sure that the Communists would exploit any division of opinion on our side at the conference table; at the very least it would give them a good reason to stand pat and wait for us to make new concessions.

I had served under Lord Alexander in Italy during World War II and had a tremendous personal regard for him—as a soldier, as a friend, and as a man who understood the American point of view. In face-to-face talks, I believe I convinced him of the inadvisability of adding a British representative to the truce team. At the same time I invited him to assign a British general officer to my UN staff in Tokyo. Alexander agreed to the suggestion, and later nominated Major General Stephen N. Shoosmith, a comrade in arms of the Italian campaign. Shoosmith served with me until the end of my tour in the Far East, and proved a sound and capable deputy.

When Alexander left, I felt we had done much to bridge whatever misunderstandings existed on the conduct of the war and the truce negotiations. It was all the more disheartening, therefore, to get a blast of criticism from the British press even before he got home.

This time the British were aroused by our June 23d bombing of the Suiho installation. Why hadn't I consulted Alexander, who had left on June 18th, before making such a provocative move? As a matter of courtesy I would have informed Alexander of my plans to raid Suiho, but authorization for the attack did not arrive from Washington until after he had gone.

The British critics of the raid expressed fear that the Communists might break off the truce talks in protest. Events proved otherwise; in fact, we made four more raids on Suiho, the last less than 60 days before the armistice. I believe that our application of force speeded up rather than delayed the Communist acceptance of an armistice; handling the Reds with kid gloves merely would have encouraged them to make more demands.

Urged Using Two Nationalist Divisions

I also had urged on the Joint Chiefs of Staff something even more provocative than bombing dams and power stations—a proposal that two of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's Chinese Nationalist divisions on Formosa be made available to me in Korea. To my mind, the proposal had the following advantages:

- The UN would be tapping a man-power pool of close to 500,000 anti-Communist fighting men who were not getting any younger.
- By rotating Chiang's divisions two at a time to the Korean front, we could give fresh battle experience under favorable conditions to men who had tasted defeat in 1948 and 1949. To cut the costs of rotation, the first two divisions could leave their equipment behind for the use of succeeding units. Korean experience would heighten the Nationalists' potential threat to the Communists on the Chinese mainland.
- Although I had every confidence these divisions would give an excellent account of themselves, Korea was the safest place to find out whether they would fall apart fighting their old enemies.

When I visited Formosa 10 months later, Chiang actually offered me three divisions, plus supporting air units. In two days of informal conversations with Chiang, I found the generalissimo in complete agreement that his troops should be given Korean battle experience and then rotated back to Formosa.

I liked the spirit of the Nationalist soldiers I reviewed and was impressed with their physical condition. What I saw of their training was excellent. Although this army is receiving no replacements and its average age is growing higher than that of armies of most other nations, it is suffering no combat casualties. Its only attrition is suffered through illness and permanent injury sustained in training. However, I never received an answer from Washington on my proposal to use the Nationalist soldiers in Korea.

In June, 1952, I also sent the Pentagon the first of a series of recommendations to increase the size of the South Korean ground forces. Some of the recommendations were my own; others originated with General James A. Van Fleet and were strongly endorsed by me.

As UN ground forces commander, Van felt keenly the pinch of our chronic man-power shortage. By hoarding equipment and supplies he had actually trained more units of the Republic of Korea (ROK) than had been authorized by Washington, but official approval was necessary before they could be used at the front.

As a matter of record, the first authorization to expand ROK ground forces (by about 70 per cent) came on October 31st, two days after the Republican Presidential nominee, Dwight D. Eisenhower,

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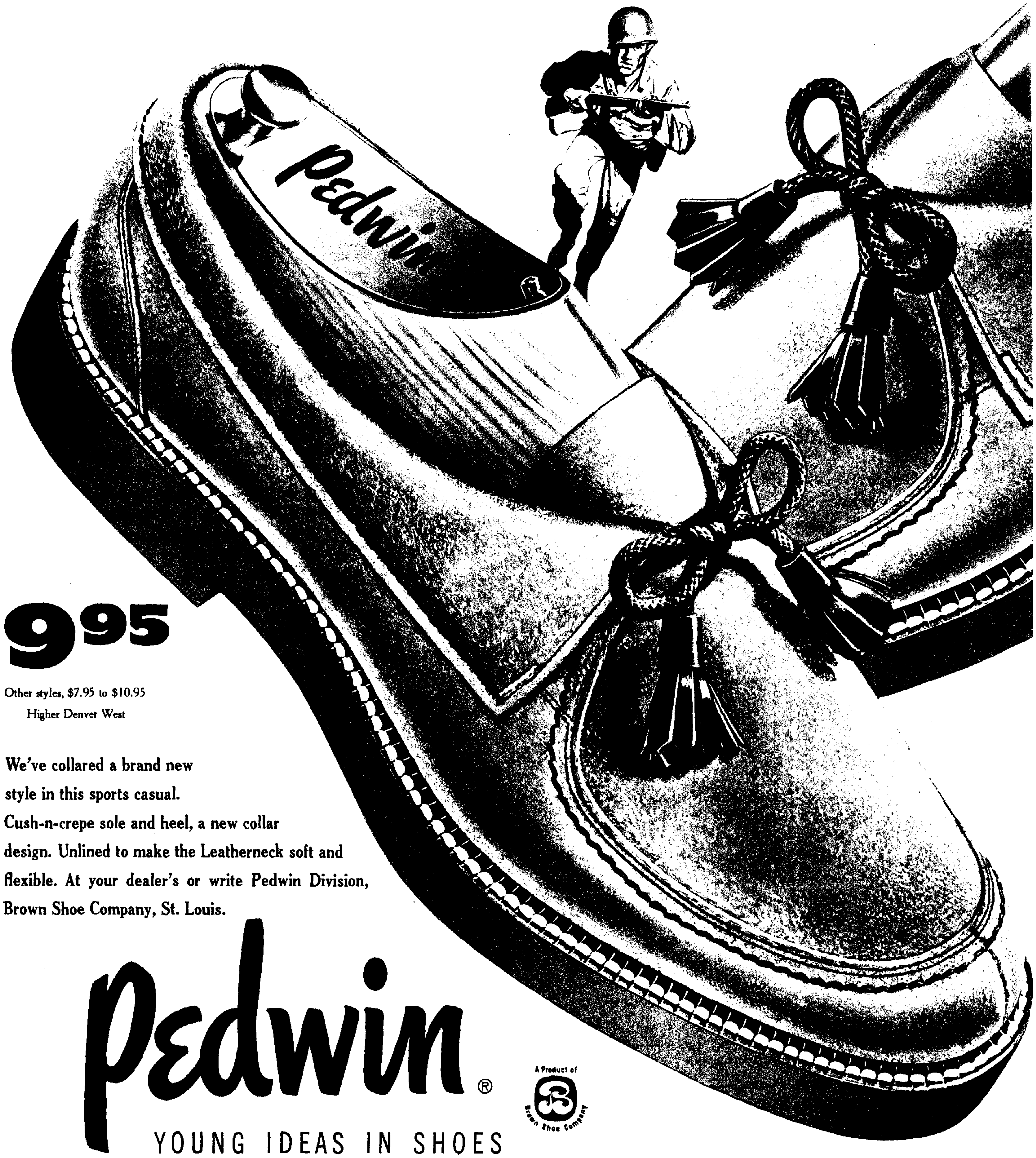

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.50

LATHER or BRUSHLESS

Old Spice

AFTER SHAVE LOTION

SHULTON

made public portions of a letter signed by Van Fleet expressing pessimism and exasperation over the delay. The size of the ROK army immediately became a campaign issue.

I don't think any competent American military man ever seriously believed that ROK ground forces could take over the entire UN front against the Chinese and North Koreans. Brave as they are, the ROKs lack trained senior officers, man power and logistical support units. But I do believe Washington dragged its feet about getting more of them into the field.

Lacking man power to attack effectively on the ground, I confined our aggressive tactics to the air war and the Panmunjom conference table.

Throughout the summer of 1952 the UN and Communist armistice teams met frequently in executive sessions without budging from their positions. General Harrison proved adamant in dealing with the Reds. Harrison, a classmate of mine at West Point and a close friend, had a splendid battle record as a division commander in World War II and was loved by his men. A deeply religious man, he figuratively wielded both the Bible and his .45 at Panmunjom with good results.

Finally, in September, we got around to doing what we had wanted to do in May. General Harrison summed up our position and gave Nam Il 10 days in which to accept one of three ways to dispose of Chinese and North Korean prisoners who refused to return to their Communist homelands.

When the Reds rejected all three plans, Harrison on October 8th recessed the truce meetings indefinitely; he said the UN negotiating team would not return to Panmunjom unless the Communists either accepted one of our plans or came up with an acceptable written counterproposal.

Morale Problem Raised

Our action put an official stamp on what everyone had known for months—that the truce had been postponed indefinitely. It also raised a morale problem among our troops, most of whom had been hoping against hope for an early end to the shooting war. On the other hand, the continued fighting enabled us to develop more new, young, battle-wise officers and noncoms.

Actually Korea produced a bumper crop of leaders who are magnificent assets to the armed services of our country. I have in mind such men as Brigadier General John H. (Mike) Michaelis, who won fame as a regimental commander in the 25th Division and is now commandant of the Corps of Cadets at West Point, and Major General P. D. Ginder, commander of the 45th Division. Ginder arrived in Korea a colonel and by virtue of his leadership qualities advanced swiftly to two-star rank.

I and many other officers chafed under the conditions of defensive war, none of us more than General Van Fleet. He occasionally submitted plans for limited offensives in narrow sectors. Except in rare instances I rejected them; there was no point in losing men if we weren't going the whole hog. However, I did give permission for the Sniper Ridge-Triangle Hill operation that began on October 14, 1952.

As originally conceived, two battalions—one from the U.S. 7th Division and one from the ROK 2d Division—were to seize two separate but well-defended terrain objectives about 2,200 yards apart. These objectives—Triangle Hill on the left and Sniper Ridge on the right—gave the enemy excellent observation to our rear in the Kumhwa Valley and permitted them to pepper our main supply route with artillery.

Backing up our infantry for the attack were 16 battalions of artillery—approximately 280 guns ranging from 105s to eight-inchers. Several hundred fighter-bomber sorties were arranged to insure maximum close support. The field commanders concerned estimated the operation would take five days and cost us approximately 200 casualties.

On the jump-off day, the infantry committed was doubled to four battalions—two against each objective—for a total of approximately 4,000 men.

What began as a limited objective attack developed into the heaviest UN-initiated fighting in a year—a grim, face-saving slugging match in which each side threw in more forces whenever the other gained a temporary advantage. The Chinese were dug in deep, fought stubbornly and well, and had as much if not more artillery than we did.

Heavy fighting raged for 14 days and spasmodically thereafter for another month. We won Jane Russell Hill—actually a corner of Triangle Hill—and about half of Sniper's Ridge. We suffered more than 8,000 casualties (mostly ROKs), out of all proportion to our gains. The enemy lost at least 12,000 men, but I considered the operation unsuccessful.

The heavy fighting around Triangle Hill put the Korean war back in the headlines in the United States at the height of the Presidential election campaign. The fact that it had become the most unpopular war in U.S. history led the Republican candidate, Dwight D. Eisenhower, to promise that, if elected, he would visit Korea to find a way to end it.

When the news of Mr. Eisenhower's election reached me in Tokyo, I was as delighted as anyone would be whose close friend of 40 years had been named President. Ike had been two years my senior at West Point, where we had become friends as members of the same company, quartered in the same barracks. In 1942, when we were both major generals, General George C. Marshall, then Army Chief of Staff, had asked me who I thought should lead the American forces in a cross-Channel invasion of France. My answer was Eisenhower. When Marshall asked Eisenhower whom he would like as his deputy, Ike named me. As it turned out, I was Ike's deputy for that year's North African invasion. After the war, when Ike was president of Columbia University, I conferred with him while preparing my book Calculated Risk.

I got word on November 21st that the President-elect was coming to Korea. As soon as the news was out, President Rhee announced that a rousing reception would be given Mr. Eisenhower in Seoul, with parades, dinners and mass rallies. However, I had been notified that security precautions were paramount and, on instructions from Washington, passed the word to President Rhee that his plans had better be canceled. We had intelligence reports that the enemy was infiltrating agents into the Seoul area to assassinate Mr. Eisenhower.

Secret Service men flew to Tokyo a few days before the President-elect's scheduled arrival in Korea; the exact time, date and place of his arrival were classified top secret. Together we went over a proposed itinerary, which included briefings at Eighth Army Headquarters, visits to American, UN and ROK front-line units and a stop at a fighter-bomber squadron.

No Tip-Off on Ike's Arrival

Because my departure from Tokyo would be a tip-off that Ike was on the way, I left my plane parked in its usual spot at Haneda Airport and took off in another from a military field outside Tokyo. I landed at Suwon Air Force Base, below Seoul, and drove to Eighth Army Headquarters in the Korean capital after dark. An hour later Ike and his party arrived.

The first thing Ike asked was, "Where's John?" His son, Major John Eisenhower, was then Assistant Division G-3 of the 3d Division. "John will be here first thing in the morning," I assured him. I explained that John, too, was being watched, and moving him down to Seoul in advance would have given the show away.

The next morning was devoted to briefings. That evening President Rhee called on Ike. They had a brief social talk, not touching on any of the knottier problems that confronted us. Ike explained that time did not permit his attending any social functions.

I had received no instructions from Washington on what Ike wanted to discuss with me, but I had prepared a list of subjects I thought would interest him. These included a detailed estimate of the forces and plans required to obtain a military victory in Korea should the new administration decide to take such a course.

The most significant aspect (so far as I was concerned) of the President-elect's visit was that I never had the opportunity to present this estimate for his consideration. The question of how much it would take to win the war was never raised. It soon became apparent, in our many conversations, that he would seek an honorable truce.

I also reported personally on the sadly depleted ammunition stocks in the Korean theater, later to be the subject of a Senate investigation. The facts were these: there were shortages in ammunition of certain categories in the Far East theater at various times after I assumed command. The shortages existed mainly in rear-area stockpiles, not in forward combat zones, and when the situation demanded it, local commanders were authorized to and did shoot ammunition above the quotas set for them.

Of course, if the enemy had launched an all-out offensive at the time our ammunition reserve was at its lowest, we would have had a critical shortage and increased UN casualties as a result. The enemy did not launch such an offensive, however, and we had enough ammunition to meet the limited attacks he did make.

My concern over the ammunition

shortage dated back to May, 1952, and was expressed in numerous messages I sent to the Department of the Army. Who was to blame for the situation? The answer was outside my province.

Ike's tour of forward units was uneventful. Each night we returned to Eighth Army Headquarters, where we usually had a highball before a late supper. The President-elect seemed to me a much more preoccupied man than during the days when soldiering was his only profession.

The President-elect and his party left Korea December 5th. For months after his visit, there was no change in the tempo of the war and no move by either side to resume negotiations at Panmunjom. If anything, indications were that the Reds had dug their heels in deeper.

On December 13th, the Executive Committee of the League of Red Cross Societies, meeting in Geneva, adopted a resolution proposed by the Indian delegate recommending that sick and wounded prisoners be exchanged in advance of a truce. The resolution passed, 15 to 2—with Russia and Communist China opposed. It was hardly an auspicious omen for an armistice.

On February 19th, however, the Joint Chiefs of Staff advised me that a similar resolution might soon be introduced in the United Nations General Assembly. They suggested that I pick up the ball in advance and put the proposition of exchanging sick and wounded POWs directly to the Communist commanders.

I did so three days later in a letter to General Kim Il Sung, North Korean premier and commander in chief, and General Peng Teh-huai, commander of the Chinese forces in Korea. They did not reply until March 28th. Then they not only agreed to the exchange of sick and wounded prisoners, but proposed a resumption of full-dress truce negotiations. Something had happened in the meantime—Soviet Premier Joseph Stalin had died on March 5th. I don't pretend to know what, if anything, the death of the Soviet dictator had to do with the Communist about-face—except that it signaled at least a temporary change in Red tactics all over the world.

Another Effort to Negotiate

I immediately proposed an early neeting of liaison officers to arrange or the exchange and to renew truce iegotiations—provided the Commuiists were prepared to accept our last proposals or come up with something constructive of their own.

To our surprise, the Reds gave in on lmost every disputed point. For the irst time, they dropped their insistence hat all prisoners of war be repatriated, y force if necessary. They proposed hat prisoners who didn't want to re-urn home be turned over to the cusody of a "neutral state" after a truce. nd they agreed to an exchange of sick nd wounded prisoners.

Little Switch—the exchange of sick nd wounded—began on April 20th. n six days, the Reds returned 684 ail-ng POWs, 149 of them Americans; we ook seven days longer to hand over ,670 North Koreans and Chinese.

I was at Panmunjom to greet the rst of our men back from two and hree years in prison camps. Some were suffering from malnutrition and tuberculosis, many had crudely treated wounds and nearly all had some form of parasitic infestation. They seemed dazed and curiously unexuberant—different from the men who were returned after the armistice was signed. As each man stepped down or was carried from a Communist vehicle I thought: Well, that's one more of our own back.

Reds' Cruel Political Weapon

I thought I knew everything about Communist cynicism until I learned that, for propaganda purposes, the Reds had deliberately held back the more seriously sick and wounded prisoners in order to make a "good impression" on the world with the first batch. Furthermore, as crude as their medical care was, it had been used as a political weapon. Prisoners who accepted or pretended to accept Communist doctrine got the "best" medical treatment when they needed it; the rest were haphazardly cared for or went without.

Among the Little Switch returnees were prisoners who the Communists thought had been more or less won over to Communism—the so-called "progressives."

Let me say here that I believe our special treatment and partial segregation of "progressives" was a mistake. Someone in Washington was apparently frightened at the possibility that our American boys might spout the Communist line.

Actually, only an insignificant percentage of the men—even though all the prisoners had been subjected to months and even years of intense propaganda—were deeply and lastingly affected by the Red preachments. Many of the POWs underwent physical and psychological torture before they signed germ-warfare "confessions" or "peace appeals." Some men pretended to swallow the Communist arguments to escape threatened execution, others because it was the line of least resistance.

But, as one returnee explained to the press, "There's nothing the matter with our minds that can't be cured by a beer, a blonde and a home-town newspaper."

As for the American prisoners of war who later refused to be repatriated, I believe they succumbed to Communist pressure through weakness of character, a sympathy for Communism that may have antedated the Korean war, or simply because they had gained physical advantages in captivity.

The best thing the armed forces can do to prevent future defections of this sort would be through an educational program designed to acquaint our men with the mind-annihilating tactics of Communists. The Army cannot be expected to mold a man's character in the 18 months that it has him; the real responsibility for shaping his character rests with his family, his schools and his church, which influence his life during the 18 to 20 years before the Army gets hold of him.

In the next issue, General Mark W. Clark will conclude The Truth about Korea with suggestions for an American Far Eastern policy

An Open Letter to the Motorists of America

THE TREND toward greater horsepower through increased engine speed and higher compression is causing thousands of motorists to experience costly and annoying engine "ping" or "carbon knock" in their cars. Engine "ping" creates loss of horsepower and gasoline mileage. Continued "ping" can even ruin an engine in a short period of time.

This has brought about the need for "new and improved gasoline" and "additives" about which you have seen and heard a great deal in recent months.

Apparently, gasoline refiners are divided in their thinking on how to eliminate "ping" trouble. Some refiners advocate the use of additives in their gasolines, and others recommend higher octane for gasolines.

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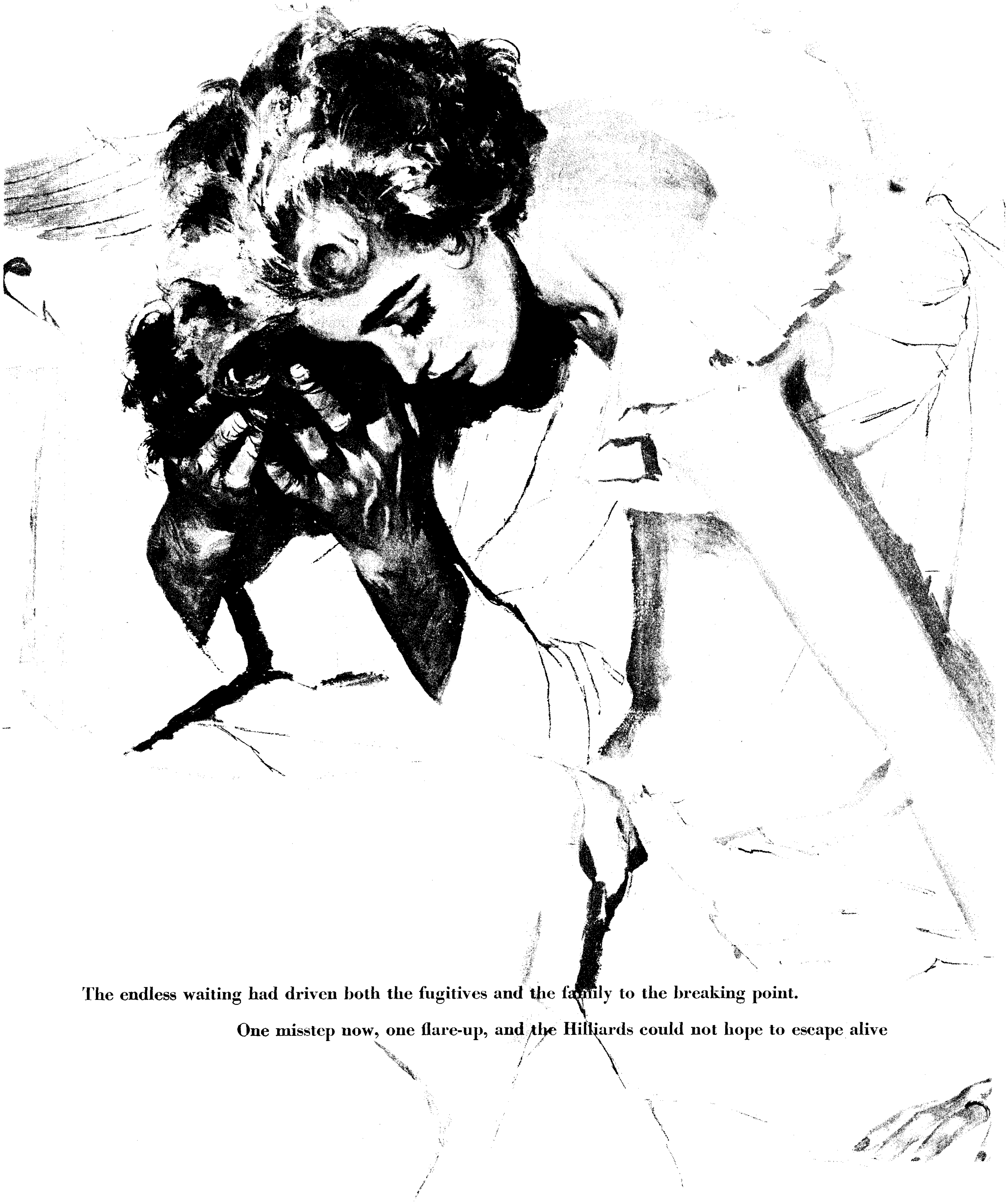

The endless waiting had driven both the fugitives and the family to the breaking point.

One misstep now, one flare-up, and the Hilliards could not hope to escape alive

The Desperate Hours

By JOSEPH HAYES

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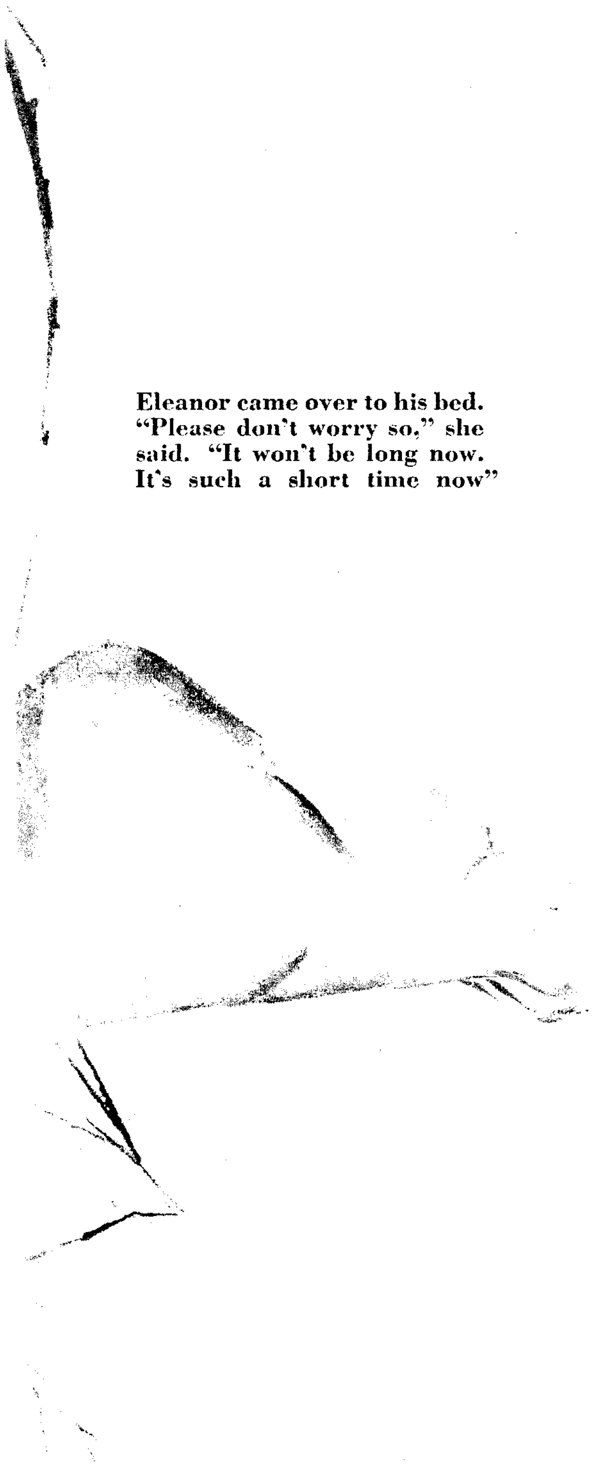

Eleanor came over to his bed. "Please don't worry so," she said. "It won't be long now. It's such a short time now"

The Story: For almost two full days, Dan Hilliard, Indianapolis businessman, and his family had been held captive in their own home by three escaped convicts: Glenn Griffin, his younger brother Hank, and a middle-aged thug named Robish. Threatening that one of the family would be killed if the police learned of his whereabouts, Griffin forced the Hilliards to shield him and his cohorts. Originally Griffin had planned to stay at the Hilliards' only one day, until midnight Wednesday. His friend Helen Lamar was due to arrive then from Pittsburgh with money: he wanted to hire a local hoodlum to kill Jesse Webb, the deputy sheriff who, two years before, had caused his arrest. But Helen Lamar, fearing capture by the police, mailed the money to Griffin from Columbus, Ohio, in care of Hilliard's office. Meantime, Webb headed the intensive search for the fugitives, with local and state police and the FBI participating. Webb wanted especially to get Griffin, who had once shot Webb's uncle and crippled him for life. On Wednesday evening Cindy, the Hilliards' teen-age daughter, kept a date with Charles Wright, a young lawyer; she did not dare tell him of her family's plight but accidentally left her house key with him. By then Hilliard realized that even when the money arrived and the three men left, they would undoubtedly take one of the family along to ensure a safe getaway. The next day Hilliard, in desperation, wrote anonymously to the police, warning that his family would be endangered if the police interfered with the criminals' escape. When Floyd Patterson, a trash collector, guessed the fugitives' identity, Robish followed him from the house and killed him. A check signed by Hilliard's wife Eleanor was among the papers found by police in Patterson's pockets. That night Griffin ordered Hilliard to dump the stolen escape car in the river; afterward, walking home, Hilliard was seen by Charles Wright. Knowing Wright was concerned and suspicious, Hilliard pretended he was drunk. Later, young Hank Griffin had a fight with his brother and escaped the house in Cindy's car.

THE THIRD OF FOUR PARTS

After leaving the Hilliard house in Cindy's coupé, Hank Griffin drove west for four blocks before he spotted the first patrol car. Instinctively he made a sharp right turn. Two blocks farther on, in the shadow of a dark service station, he saw another. He knew immediately why they were there, and he felt in the pocket of his sweater for the gun. If he were going to be charged with murder anyway, why not make it one that he himself—and not that stir-crazy Robish—committed?

He drove at a normal rate of speed, passing another police car. In the back of his mind he knew that he was forgetting something about the girl's coupé, something important that made it almost as dangerous as the gray sedan. But what?

Whatever it was, the cops didn't notice; they didn't follow. But they were there, all over the neighborhood. He wondered what was going to happen to the Hilliard girl. It was funny, but now that he was away from the house, the girl didn't seem so important. He couldn't have done anything anyway about Glenn's intention to take her along when he left.

Is that why I walked out? he asked himself. No—he'd walked out because he wasn't the dumb jerk Glenn thought he was. Glenn, the wise one who always knew the answers, was sitting back there in a trap and didn't know it.

But what am I going to do? Hank thought now. Back there, with the gun on Robish and Glenn, he'd had some definite plan. Something about heading west out of town, then doubling back to the Chicago road, which he knew would be blocked close to the city but comparatively unpatrolled farther north. He could be in Chicago by morning. He glanced at the dashboard; the gas tank was almost empty. And he had no money, only the few coins he'd fished out of that desk drawer in the den. That meant he'd have to pull a job on his own.

This thought—together with the idea of a big strange city like Chicago and the anticipation of the long ride ahead, absolutely alone—made him feel suddenly weak.

He knew what was coming, what the quiver in his stomach meant. In a few moments, when the attack hit him, he wouldn't even be able to drive. With the slow panic settling through him, he gripped the wheel and took gulping breaths of the cold night air. "They'll have you back in stir in less'n a hour," Glenn had said. Back in stir and that damn' doctor asking questions again. "How often are you subject to these paroxysms, Hank? How old were you when they began, Hank? Don't lie, Hank, I'm trying to help you. You're sick." Help, hell! Nothing helped. Nobody ever helped. Nobody cared enough.

And that girl, he thought, that Cindy Hilliard. You don't even know her. She never said a word to you, hardly. She won't even look at you. She hates you.

The violence inside him was mounting and becoming insistent. He hated it, whatever it was, but even worse than the helplessness and the shaking was the disgust and self-loathing he felt.

A car passed him and a laugh floated back to him—a girl's laugh, tremulous and happy. It brought back in a rush the hungry hollowness he had felt whenever he had looked at Cindy Hilliard.

He would have to stop the car. He searched frantically for an alley or a side street, but it was too late. He was shaking violently now, gasping and writhing; he felt that the parts of his body could not possibly stay together. And as always, he hoped that this time he would die—not wake up, never have to face anything again, never have to make decisions. He wished he would die and never know it. Dying wouldn't be so bad if you didn't know it was happening.

The whole house was dark now—until Dan switched on a lamp in his son's room and stood blinking at the sailing-ship designs on the shade. Ralphie opened his eyes and sat up expectantly, with just a touch of defensiveness and guilt in his expression.

Dan felt a quick surge of rebellion. He couldn't do it. They were demanding too much now.

"That Miss Swift," Ralphie said. "She teaches fifth grade, but what a dope. Thought I was playing a game."

"Thank God she did," Dan said, going over and closing the door.

He could not do what Griffin had ordered him to do. Dan knew that this new demand was Griffin's attempt to reassert his control now that his brother had walked out and Robish had the gun. But it was

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more too; it was Glenn Griffin's revenge on the whole family because they had witnessed his cowardice before Robish's gun a half hour or so ago.

"While you was out, Hilliard, this teacher comes to call," Glenn Griffin had explained. "Just passing by and wondering about the brat's health 'cause he missed school today, she says. Your wife handles it clever, but Junior comes downstairs with a book for her to take back to school, he says. Hour later, she calls up. Says she thinks the kid's mother ought to know the kind of games he's playing. Junior slipped the dame some kind of note, see."

"Ralphie," Dan said now, very patiently, "so far we've been lucky. But we can't go on being lucky; next time they'll shoot somebody." His voice rose to a cry. "Ralphie, do you want them to shoot your mother?"

He stepped closer to the bed, feeling the anger rising inside him, the anger he had felt ever since Griffin had said: "You're gonna make Junior understand we ain't playin' games. You're going to give him a lacing, pop—or I'll let Robish do it for you. That brat could foul up everything."

"No," Ralphie said now, "I don't want them to shoot—"

"You *say* no, but you don't mean it. Can't you *mind?*"

Ralphie jumped out of bed and stood in his bare feet in front of his father. "Dad, all I wrote was that we were prisoners, and—" he began.

"Ralphie!" Dan shouted. "Can't you understand? Aren't you old enough?"

IN SUDDEN bewilderment, seeing his father's hand lifted, Ralphie squared his shoulders and closed his lips stubbornly; and in that instant Dan realized that force always threw up this barrier between them, that he could reach his son only through gentleness. He lowered his hand and grabbed Ralphie's arms and began to shake him. "Ralphie," he pleaded in a harsh whisper, "Ralphie, listen to me. Start crying! Cry, Ralphie, *please!*" He was thinking of Eleanor's fright, of Cindy's chalk-white face down there. "Listen to me, son. *Start crying!*"

But the small body was rigid between his hands; the boy kept his eyes closed. With painful reluctance Dan lifted his hand again and brought it down sharply across his son's face.

The tears came then, and the hurt and astonishment. Ralphie was crying loudly, not whimpering. Dan knelt down beside him and felt the boy's hot tears against his own cheek. "Cry, son," he was whispering softly, "go on and cry."

He held the boy close to him and recognized his own longing—the pent-up frustration and anger, and his own fierce desire to cry, to release the awful pressures that for two days had been building up inside him. . . .

In the morning you'll have the answer, Chuck Wright was telling himself. It's almost midnight now; go to bed and get some sleep. But instead, he was driving his father's convertible aimlessly, passing the darkened Hilliard house again and again.

His mind was rebelling at the evasions, at the lies—first from Cindy, then her father. Why had they picked up that big hulking man out east of town this afternoon? And tonight, while Chuck had been parked down the boulevard trying to decide whether to go in and demand an answer of Cindy, why had Mr. Hilliard driven away in that strange gray sedan? And, when Chuck had tried to follow him, why had Mr. Hilliard lost him in that drab neighborhood? It made no sense.

Nor did Mr. Hilliard's explanation make sense. Chuck had to admit that the idea of Mr. Hilliard's being a secret drunkard had rather pleased him at first—the upright, conventional man and his secret vice. But he hadn't swallowed the story, even when he'd let Mr. Hilliard out of the car in front of the liquor store. And when he'd seen the man trudging homeward later—steady and in a desperate hurry—Chuck had been sure it was all a lie.

Desperate—that was the word, Chuck thought now. Cindy and Mr. Hilliard were acting like desperate people. He had to find out why.

Confused and half irritated, Chuck decided to turn around, to go back to the Hilliard house and knock on the door. But at that point he saw a red glare in his rearview mirror. There was no siren wail, but a dark prowl car eased alongside and edged him to the curb in silence. Chuck Wright, feeling his breath catch as the red light clicked off, sat waiting. . . .

"Here he is," Deputy Tom Winston said.

Jesse Webb pushed aside his coffee cup and sat with his shoulders hunched over the wooden chopping table. He was in the kitchen of a darkened little restaurant less than a mile and a half from the Hilliard house. He was grateful now for action of any sort; now that Helen Lamar had dropped out of sight in or near Columbus, Ohio, he was tired of waiting for someone else to make a move.

He looked up into the face of the young man whom the uniformed trooper was ushering in through the back door. He was in his mid-twenties, Jesse judged, and well dressed. His eyes were gray and questioning, but unfrightened and a little defiant.

"Having a good time?" Jesse inquired laconically.

"I don't follow you."

"Been drinking?"

"No."

"Wonder why the questions?"

"Sure."

"Any idea?"

"No."

Jesse sighed. "Let's have your driver's license," he said.

WITHOUT hesitation or fumbling, the young man took his license out of his wallet and handed it to Jesse.

Charles Wright, Jesse read aloud. "Business?"

"Attorney. Hepburn and Higgins. Guarantee Building."

"Anything else?"

"Anything else what?"

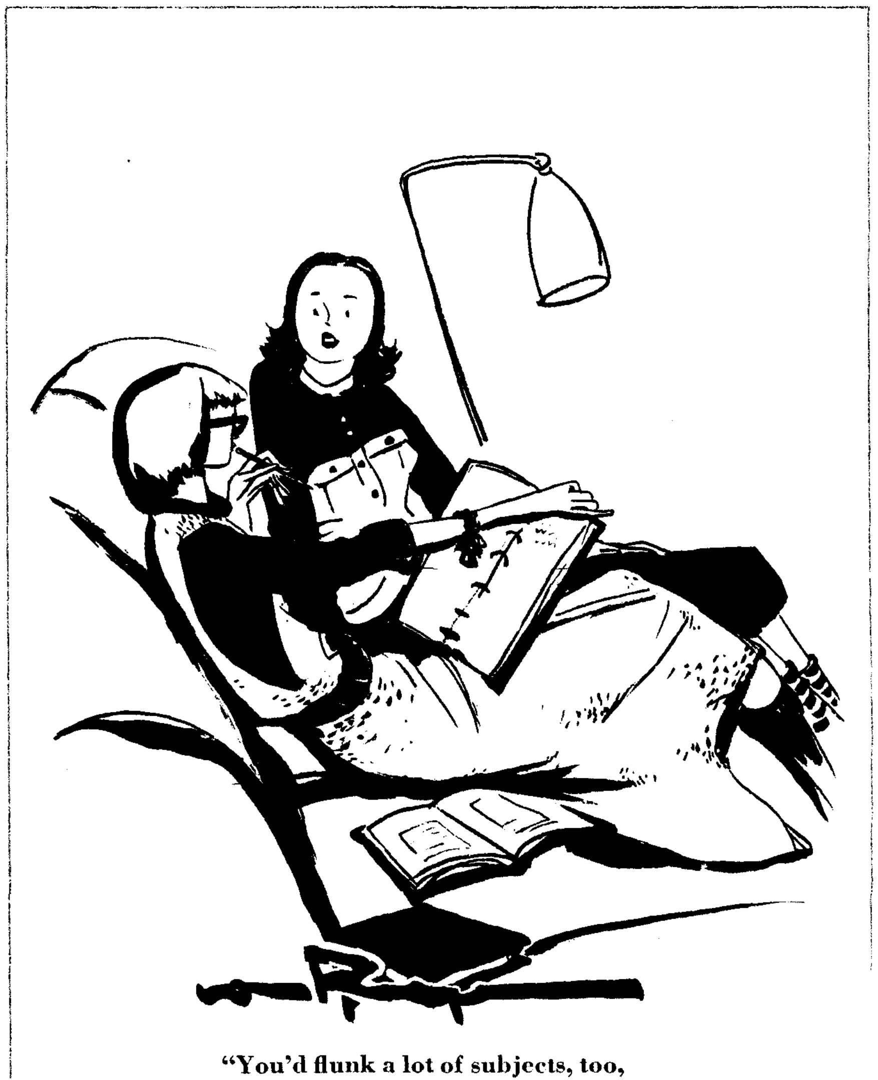
In a swift and unreasonable wave of irritation, Jesse Webb stood up. "Look, Mr. Wright," he said, "we're not in court. Let's not be cagey. What have you been up to the last hour—driving around in circles? Let's have it."

"Okay, Deputy," Charles Wright said then, "but what's this all about?"

"It's none of your damn' business what—" Jesse began, but he heard Tom Winston beside him clear his throat in warning, and he broke off, his voice dropping. "Okay, okay. Does your firm handle criminal cases?"

"We're strictly corporation law. But you haven't answered my question."

"Don't get fresh," Tom Winston put in mildly. "What Deputy Webb is asking is whether you'd take on a crimi-



COLLIER'S

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WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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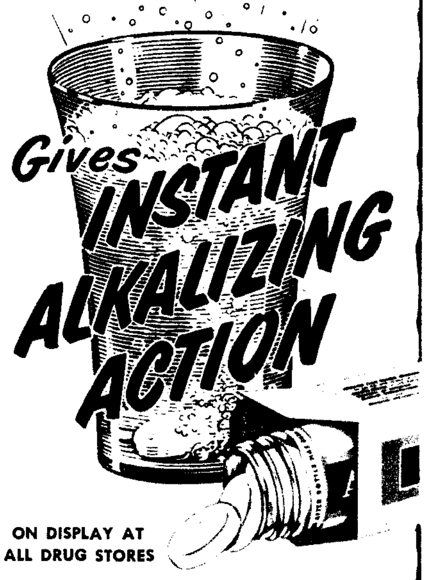

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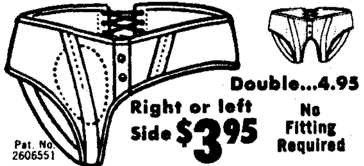

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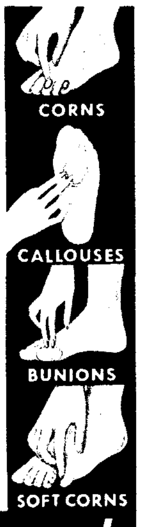

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nal case, maybe try to help some rat for a fancy fee."

"What rat are you referring to?"

Jesse Webb took over again, speaking evenly: "We're referring to three rats who broke out of the federal pen in Terre Haute yesterday morning. Don't you read the papers? Don't you listen to the radio?" As the young man shrugged his shoulders, Jesse saw—or thought he saw—a certain quick alertness in the gray eyes. "Well, we have reason to believe these men are in town, or damn' close to town," he went on. "The fact is, Mr. Wright, we have some reason to think they might be in one of the houses in this neighborhood. So when someone starts cruising around—" He stopped then, certain for a second that he'd seen a change of expression on the stubborn-looking face before him. "What's up, kid?" he asked curtly.

"Nothing."

"You know something?" Jesse asked.

"Of course not," Chuck insisted.

"Don't you lie to me!" Jesse snapped. "Your face looks like I kicked you."

"Well, it's kind of a shock, I guess. I never thought of anything like that."

"What were you doing in that car, Wright? What's the deal?"

Charles Wright smiled then, a tight sort of smile that never reached his gray eyes. "Well, it happens my girl friend lives around here," he said. "And just now, when you said—"

"What's her name?"

There was a slight pause then, a pause that Jesse Webb didn't like.

"Her name's Allen," Charles Wright said firmly, "Constance Allen. But I took her home about an hour ago. We—we've just decided to be married, you see, and that's why I kept driving around. I just didn't want to leave her, I guess." He smiled again.

"What's her address?" Jesse asked wearily as he sat down again.

"I don't see that—I mean, I'm sure she's all right."

"Where does she live, Mr. Wright?"

"On Oxford Street, just off Kessler Boulevard. She works in our office. I'm not sure of the exact number."

"Okay," Jesse said slowly, sighing and reaching for his coffee. "I guess we can look up the number. Go on home and forget this happened."

As Charles Wright turned toward the door, the deputy's voice stopped him: "Wait a minute. Just in case you might be tempted to talk this up somewhere tonight, in some bar or tomorrow in your office, I want you to read this letter and then think about the man who wrote it."

JESSE watched the younger man read the letter, and he saw on Charles Wright's face the same emotion that he himself experienced every time he even thought of the pitiful words on that sheet of white paper. He had to fight the unnerving concern that he had begun to feel—almost a personal responsibility—for that man and his family, whoever they were.

"Don't make any more fuss about starting your car than you have to, Mr. Wright," he said softly.

"But even if you did know the house, Deputy—"

"Yeah?"

"I guess it would be pretty dangerous to attempt to close in, wouldn't it?"

"Dangerous for those scum," Jesse said, angry that the young attorney had put his own feelings into words.

Charles Wright turned on his heel and walked out.

"The boy's got a good question there, Jesse," Tom Winston said. "What *do* you have in mind? Suppose those three are sitting nice and cozy in that Allen house on Oxford Street. How do we—"

"We're not to that point yet," Jesse snapped. "Did you get the rest of the names filled in on that map?"

"Most of them are there. But we haven't had time to do all the cross checking we ought to, and you didn't want us asking questions. No directory's up to the minute, Jesse. You can see yourself—"

They studied the map together. Finally Jesse got up and took his cup to the coffee urn in the corner. He stood with his back to Tom Winston. "I didn't see any Allen on Oxford, Tom," he said slowly.

"No, but—"

"Tom, get moving. Find out where that young man lives, who his girl friend really is. Also, check his story about the law firm."

LOOK IT UP!

(And add to your sum of useless knowledge)

The choice is easy to make,
A person's in no dilemma
If he's choosing between a stay
In Bermuda and, say, a maremma.

* * *

A word seldom used
Is trinal;
The same might be said
Of rhinal.

—THE WORDMONGER

Tom Winston shrugged and walked toward the door. "If this keeps up, we'll be suspecting one another," he said wryly. "You're not a cop, Jesse, you're a bulldog." . . .

Behind the wheel of his father's convertible, Chuck Wright drove without direction, waiting for the dazed numbness to leave his mind. You've got it now, he kept telling himself over and over. You've got the whole picture and it's worse than anything you could have imagined.

He drove south to his parents' house, left the big car in the garage and got into his own small sports car, all the while remembering in amazement how he'd lied to the police. The lie had come to him full-formed and detailed, complete with the name of Constance Allen, who worked with Cindy in the office but lived on the south side of the city. He had lied, he realized now, with the same instinctive cunning that must have prompted Mr. Hilliard to invent that story of his drunkenness.

Cindy is in that house now, he thought, with those three men.

He didn't start the motor, recalling again Cindy's question of last night. "Do you have a gun, Chuck?" He leaped out of the car, ran into his parents' house, and climbed up the back stairs to the attic. In less than ten minutes he came down again. When he got back into his car he had a loaded gun in his hip pocket—a rather odd-shaped Japanese automatic he had brought home from the Orient as a war souvenir.

But before he could turn the car around on the wide street, he remembered Mr. Hilliard's letter, phrase by phrase. He didn't make the turn; instead he headed south, away from the Hilliards' house. Take it slow now, he warned himself. No one would thank him if he tried to play hero and something went haywire. Cindy would hate him forever if he did something wild and reckless that could end in bloodshed. What could he do anyway? The decision wasn't his; it was Mr. Hilliard's.

But Cindy was in that house!

Chuck knew he was not acting properly or legally in working against the police—but how could he do otherwise? The Hilliards were hostages. Hostages—the word brought him a quick memory of the war, and with it the thin edge of an idea. Perhaps he could do something by himself, working cautiously and alone.

AT THE club where he lived, Chuck picked up the evening paper, opened it in his room and found, on page two, pictures of the three criminals. As he gazed at their hard, mean faces an overpowering sense of bitterness and frustration came over him. Then, with one sudden violent swipe of his hand, he knocked over the floor lamp and sent it crashing against the wall. The bulb exploded with a noise like a pistol shot.

That's it, he told himself harshly, smash up the furniture! That'll help a lot. Cindy didn't crack up; and her father—he went back into that house tonight empty-handed, alone.

Chuck Wright was seeing Dan Hilliard in a new light. He felt a slow but expanding respect for the man, mingled somehow with shame for himself. He remembered the way he had always looked down on Dan Hilliard and his life—conventional and dull, empty. But a man didn't fight like that for an empty life; Mr. Hilliard was fighting for something that was precious and vital to him.

You're going to fight like that for something that's precious and vital to you, Chuck told himself. You're going to follow Mr. Hilliard's lead and do nothing, Chuck. Nothing.

He took the gun out of his pocket and laid it on top of the bureau. Then, out of habit, he began to empty his pockets. There was something about Mr. Hilliard's letter that, so far, he had not grasped. Now, abruptly, he realized that he had not thought about what would happen when those three men left the house. What if they took Cindy along with them?

Before the full impact of this possibility hit him, Chuck came across an unfamiliar object in his pockets. He turned it over in his fingers before he drew it out and looked at it. It was the key to the back door of the Hilliard house. He had intended, but forgot, to give it back to Cindy today. He held it tightly in his palm for a moment and then slowly put it back in his pocket. There had to be a way that he could make use of it. . . .

It was one o'clock on Friday morning. Dan Hilliard was gazing at the illuminated dial of the clock on the table beside the bed. In eight and a half more hours the mail would arrive at his office, bringing Griffin's money.

He used what he thought must be the last strength of his will to tear his thoughts away from that time when Griffin and Robish would leave. He lay there tense, alert, like a jungle animal in his lair. They've brought me to this, Dan thought. They've turned my house into a jungle of snarls and clashes and brutish fear; and their world has become my world.

As he had lain there, unable to sleep, he had devised a plan for the time when the men would leave; it amounted to little more than a threat, but it might give Griffin pause if he tried to take any of them along. But no matter what happened, Dan knew that he didn't have a chance, really. In the end his whole life and the lives of his family would be changed in some terrible way. He didn't know how, and it was probably better that he didn't, he decided.

Since the rebellion and departure of his younger brother, Glenn Griffin had changed; he had become frighteningly quiet. He seemed a different person—the arrogance thin and unconvincing, the swagger gone, the cruelty more pronounced. Dan recognized and faced that change for what it was: Griffin was on the verge of hysteria. In the pay-off tomorrow, Dan was not sure now that he could even reach the cool intelligence in Glenn Griffin that he had come, to some extent, to depend on.

And what if the police caught or killed Hank Griffin within the next eight hours? They could trace the clothes, which were Dan's, or the car, which was Cindy's—

Dan sat up abruptly. From the other bed Eleanor whispered: "Dan? What is it, darling?"

"Nothing," he said.

He heard her get up and come over to his bed; she was beside him, holding him, but not crying. "Please don't worry so," she said. "It won't be long now. It's such a short time now."

"I love you, Ellie," he whispered, his throat parched and tight.

"I love you too, Dan," she said. "Always."

As he lay there with his arm around her, he realized that no matter what happened, the police would have a hard time tracing the car back to Cindy. It would take hours, perhaps days, because he himself had removed the license plates from that car and put them on the gray sedan. They were now, he hoped, at the bottom of the river.

But that meant that Hank Griffin, perhaps unaware of it himself, was driving a car with no license tags on it. Someone would notice—perhaps the police. And what would that mean?

HANK GRIFFIN always emerged from the quivering depths of his paroxysms with a feeling of lightheadedness. It had taken him a few minutes tonight, sitting limply behind the wheel of the girl's car, to realize where he was, and why. Then he had made a decision—or the decision seemed to have been made for him somehow. He had to get back to Glenn.

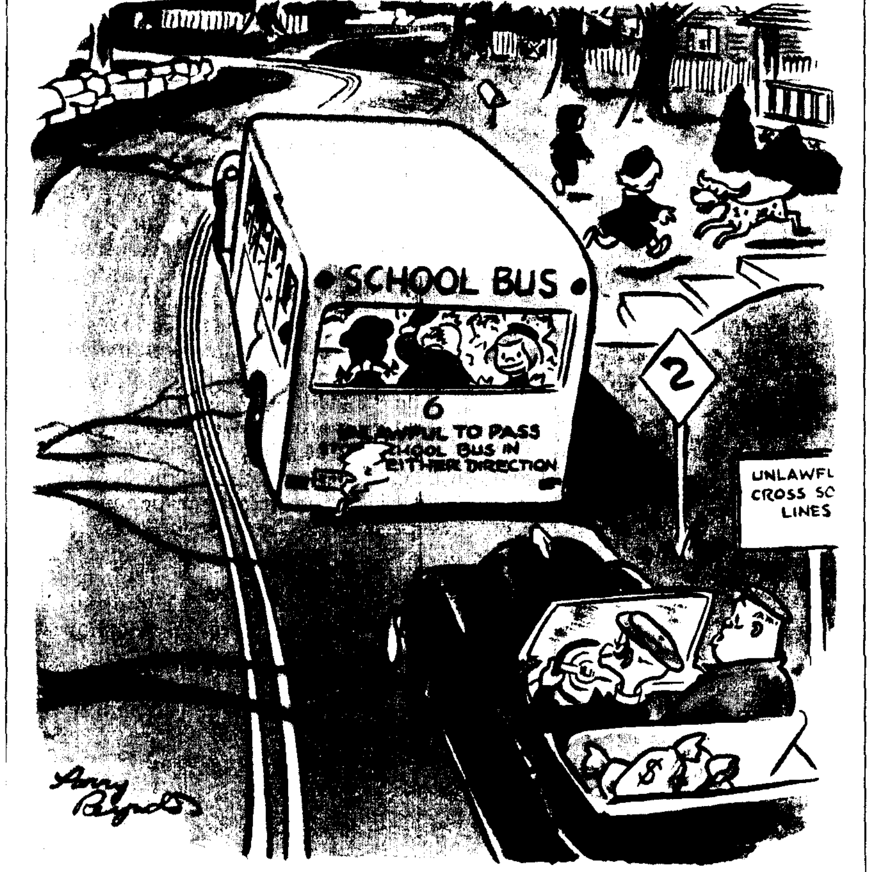
It was this one thought, in sharp focus, that had brought him to U.S. 40, the main highway west of the city, in search of an all-night diner where he could place a call to the Hilliard house. He would warn Glenn about the coppers in the neighborhood and he would arrange to meet him, and they would go to Chicago together instead of to Cincinnati. They could send for Helen Lamar.

I must have been nuts, he thought. I must have been loonier than Robish to have turned on Glenn like that.

After he made his call, all his worries would be over. Glenn would know what to do, even how to get past those cops back there. Hank felt a quick surge of joy. He had to watch out for roadblocks, though, he warned himself. But he was sure no one would take a second look at him, alone in the girl's car.

Why did he have to keep thinking

BUTCH



"I think this's been th' most nerve-rackin' getaway I ever remember"

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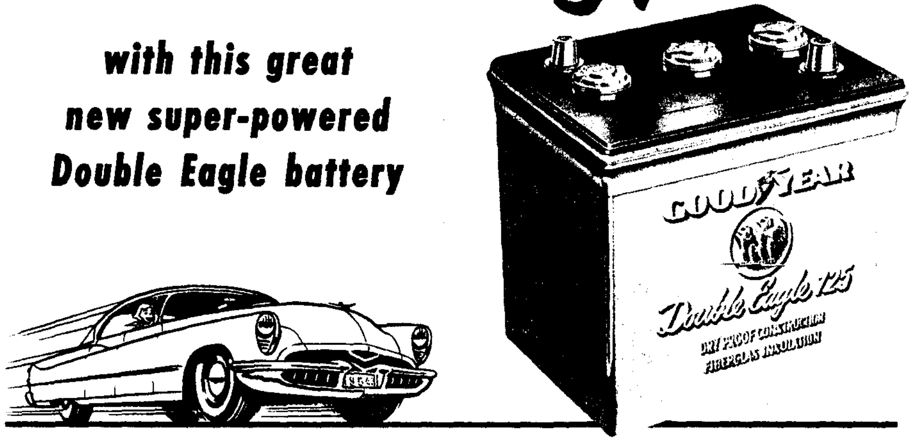

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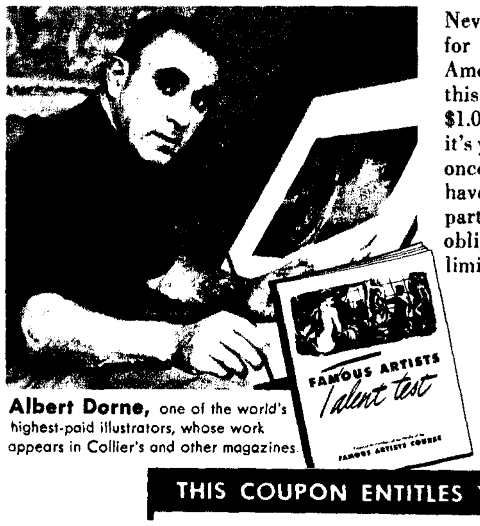

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about the girl? He felt that somehow he had been tricked—though he didn't know how, exactly. But he shouldn't have gone soft like that. Angrily he shook his head and touched the automatic in his sweater pocket.

A huge truck charged past, then nosed off the highway in front of him, toward a diner on the right side of the road. Hank swore and whipped the wheel to the left to avoid hitting the rear end of the trailer. He was twenty yards beyond the diner now. He jammed on the brakes, pulled the coupé onto the shoulder of the road at an angle and climbed out.

THE air, raw and windy, struck him full across the face. He walked, with just a suggestion of his brother's jauntiness, along the pavement, then across the parking area and into the small, steamy diner.

There was only a wall telephone. He scowled at the truck driver, who was sitting on a stool at the counter, and crossed over to the black metal box on the tile wall near the side door. He had trouble finding the name in the directory, and then he forgot the number and had to look it up again. Then, while the telephone in the Hilliard house rang, he remembered that he had very little change left, not more than enough for one gallon of gas; he'd have to set up a meeting place fairly close by.

When he heard Hilliard's voice at the other end of the line, he spoke sharply: "I'm calling Mr. James," remembering that that was the name Helen Lamar had used.

It was then that he caught sight of a dark-blue uniform in the doorway of the diner. Under the wide-brimmed hat, the state trooper's face had a young, weathered look, and he was leaning across the gleaming counter speaking to the counterman when Hank heard his brother's voice at the other end of the line, low and harsh, "Hello? Hello? Who is it? Hello!"

Hank had gone stiff and helpless. In a faint whisper he said his name; and only that, and hung up the receiver, because the man in the blue uniform was coming around the counter toward him. He recalled in a flash that it would be a murder charge this time—the chair. The trooper's broad, bony face blurred before his eyes, and he dropped his hand carelessly into his sweater pocket.

"That your black coupé out there, mister?" the trooper asked, not unpleasantly. "Did you know you don't have any license plates on her?"

Already Hank's hand was moving, and too late, with the gun in mid-air, he realized that there was no cause for him to fire; the trooper hadn't recognized him. But by then the trigger was pulled and the shot thundered in the small room. Someone cried in terror and amazement, and the trooper bent forward, his hand clawing at his holster.

With the acrid smell of the gunpowder in his nostrils, Hank fired once again, higher, and missed; he heard the bullet smash into a plate-glass window. Then, for the first time fully realizing what was happening, he whirled and lunged out the side door.

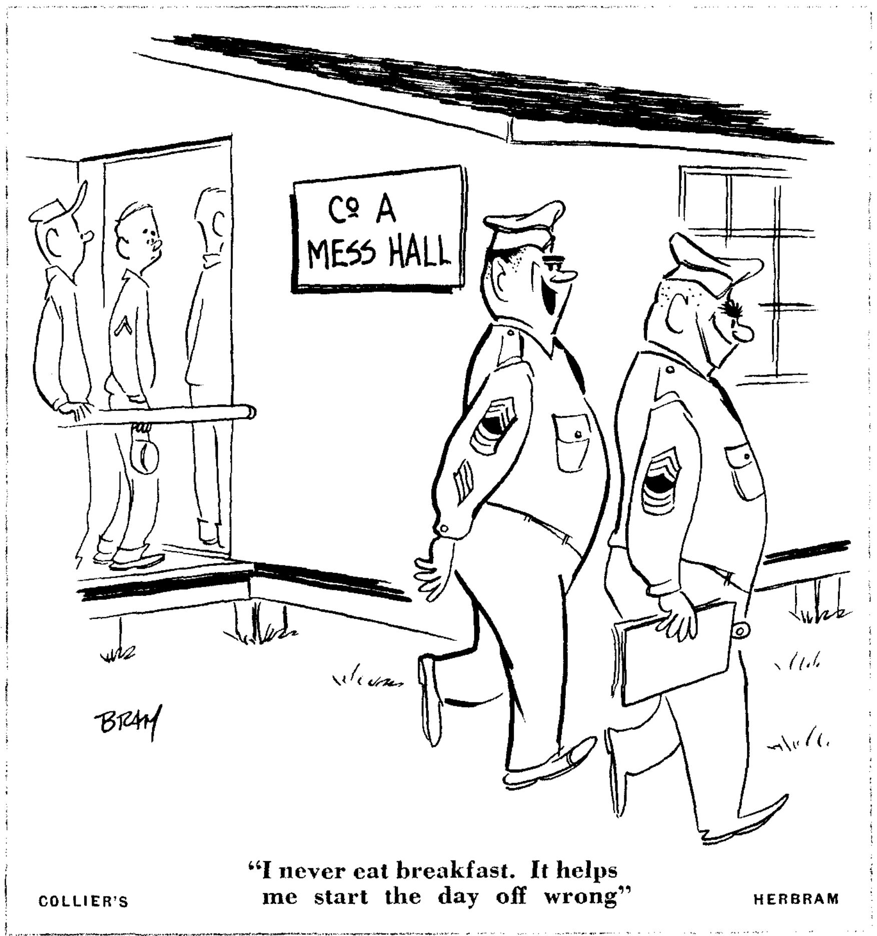
The cold night air took his breath away. Glenn, he thought desperately. Glenn, what now?

He was running toward the highway, toward the car. A spotlight came on in front of the diner, throwing grotesque shadows. Another trooper, he thought, as he ran. The automatic was still clutched in his hand, warm and heavy now, but useless to him because he could think only of running and of the breath that wouldn't come. He kept hearing Glenn say: "They'll have you back in stir in less 'n a hour."

Behind him there was the sound of a shot and he heard the bullet whining past his shoulder. He was not going to make it. Then the glare of the moving spotlight caught him as he half stumbled, half ran to the middle of the highway. Somewhere deep inside him, the familiar, racking shudders were beginning again. He remembered the thought he'd had earlier: Dying wouldn't be so bad if you didn't know it was happening to you. This isn't right, he thought now. You shouldn't have to know.

The next bullet hit him, a sharp lance of pain in his calf; he felt himself stop without falling, and only then did he see the approaching truck.

Hank seemed rooted there on the highway in a sweeping flood of light, watching the truck charge at him. The pain in his leg reached hotly up toward his brain; he was deafened by the blast of the horn and the hiss of air brakes. Unable to move, he watched the great square truck swerve to his left; the fender brushed him as the cab and trailer buckled. Then the spotlight beam from behind him shone on the silver-colored side of the trailer as it skidded around toward him. The moment of death itself brought amazement: it had happened—and to him.



COLLIER'S "I never eat breakfast. It helps me start the day off wrong" HERBRAM

AT ABOUT two fifteen in the morning, a time when Chuck Wright was normally sound asleep, he was aroused from a troubled and shallow semiconsciousness by a demanding knock on his door. By the time he had got up and stood looking into the impassive face of Deputy Sheriff Jesse Webb, Chuck was alert and cautious, keenly aware of the growing tension inside him.

"I couldn't sleep, Mr. Wright," Jesse said quietly and stepped inside. His glance seemed to take in every detail, including the fact that Chuck still wore his shirt and trousers. "I guess you couldn't either," he said. He stooped down and righted the floor lamp Chuck had smashed. "Rough stuff, Mr. Wright? Marines, wasn't it?"

"You know. Why ask?"

"Now that's what a man likes at this hour—friendly co-operation," Jesse said. He sat down on the edge of the bed. "We're slow, Mr. Wright, but we get there. You could save us time, and my hunch is that those people up there have only a certain amount of time to spare. You know the people I refer to, Wright?"

"You think I should?"

"Damn it," Jesse said. "I *know* you do! You can't cribbage around with the police like this, Wright. There's no one named Allen on Oxford, and I found out from your boss that this Constance Allen, your supposed girl friend, lives away out on the south side of town. Now if you don't start talking, Wright, I'm going to slap a charge against you—aiding and abetting—but before that, I'm going to get the names of those people!"

"Stop rubbing your knuckles, Deputy," Chuck said coolly. "I don't bully and—" He hesitated then, seeing an odd look in Jesse Webb's eyes.

Webb's attention had been attracted by an object on top of the bureau. He strolled over and picked up the Japanese automatic. He gave it a thorough examination, even checking the clip. Then he turned and gazed at Chuck Wright.

"I didn't want to have to use it," Chuck said finally, his gaze meeting the deputy's.

Jesse Webb got a cigarette out of his pocket and lighted it. "You had me going," he conceded, blowing out the smoke slowly. "You're not fronting for those three, are you? You want to kill them just as much as I do." When Chuck said nothing, Jesse added, almost too casually, "What's her name?"

Chuck took a deep breath. "All right, Deputy," he said, "you've got it right—so far. But I'm not going to give you the name. Those people have gone to a lot of trouble—Heaven only knows how much—to keep this from getting to the police."

Jesse Webb smashed his right fist down on the bureau top. "What the hell do you think I'm going to do when I find out?" he cried. "What kind of idiots do people think the police are? Do you think I'm going to blow up the house to get those rats?"

"What *will* you do?" Chuck Wright asked.

The question riled Jesse Webb, because of his own uncertainty. "I'll be ready for them, that's all," he said. "They can't stay in there forever."

"There can't be any shooting when they go," Chuck said. "You read Mr. —you read that letter."

Jesse Webb shouted: "Yes, I know that too!"

"But there might be shooting, mightn't there? You can't control that completely. One guy, just one man, has to get the wrong idea and be tempted to pick one of those crooks off when they come out." Chuck reached out and took hold of Jesse's arms with both hands. "Even in the war, we had more control than you'll have, Deputy," he said desperately, "and even then orders didn't always hold a man when he got jumpy. There *can't* be any bloodshed!"

SHAKING his head, Jesse pushed the younger man down to a sitting position on the bed. There was no trace of anger in his voice now, or of annoyance. He spoke in a soft, almost gentle manner: "There's going to be blood, young man. I guess you better get that straight right now."

He knew he was arguing with himself, sharpening his conclusions for someone else so as to get them clear in his own mind. "Glenn Griffin's not going to take anyone along for a ride and then just drop them off with thanks for the pleasant company. So what are we going to do about that? We're going to get as many of those three as possible without sacrificing anyone else. What else can we do, Wright? But we can't help those people unless we know their name!"

"I can't make the decision for them," Chuck said. "I can't tell you, Deputy."

Jesse turned away and stubbed out his cigarette. "Okay, okay, kid," he said flatly. "I don't know what I'd do if I were in your shoes. But I'm in mine and I've got a job. This Constance Allen doesn't have a phone, but I can drive out there." He sighed. "I been trying to save time, that's all," he said. "I guess this Allen girl can tell me who your girl friend really is—"

The jangle of the telephone interrupted his words, and without so much as a glance at Chuck, Jesse picked it up. Chuck stood up, a cold fear inside him as he heard the deputy answer, then say, "Speaking, Tom."

As Jesse listened to the voice on the other end of the wire he gazed steadily at Chuck, his face impassive. "Dead?" he said into the telephone. "What about the trooper?" He listened a moment and then nodded. "Fifteen minutes, Tom," he said and hung up.

Chuck felt as if his voice were frozen in his throat. "Put on your shoes, Wright," Jesse Webb said, involuntarily dropping his arm against the holster under his coat. "I'm going to show you the kind of filth you're letting this girl of yours take chances with." As Chuck numbly pulled on his shoes, Jesse said quietly: "It may be good news, kid. One of them's dead."

To Chuck Wright "dead" seemed a flat and inadequate word, when applied to the body on the highway, which he saw, along with Deputy Sheriff Webb, only eighteen minutes later. He turned away and took a few uncertain steps along the edge of highway, seeing the overturned trailer-truck, the harsh glare of spotlights, the oddly white faces of the curious spectators. He was hot inside, and sick, and the siren wail still echoed in his ears.

A strange voice, joining those of Jesse Webb and the other deputy, Winston, made Chuck stop, listening, watching as the three of them edged away from the blanket-covered figure. "Mackenzie didn't even know the slob had a gun," the hard, crisp-voiced little man in the state-police uniform said. "Well, son, you ready to treat this seriously now?" he said to Webb. "Two shootings enough for you?"

"Don't you start riding me again, Lieutenant Fredericks," Jesse Webb warned in a tense whisper, starting to walk away.

But the lieutenant followed him. "Mac's on an operating table, Webb," he said. "If we'd been moving all day instead of playing around—"

Jesse Webb turned and faced the older man. "Look, Lieutenant," he said, "I don't think anything we could have done would have saved your trooper. Ringing doorbells and flashing red lights might have killed other people, though. I'm damn' sorry about Mac, but you stay away from my throat, Fredericks."

"Personal grudges have no place in police work," the state policeman said curtly.

"Personal grudges, hell!" Jesse Webb exploded. "Let's get on with the investigation, Lieutenant. Who does the car belong to? Where'd he get the car?"

CHUCK turned and walked slowly along the highway toward a car parked some distance away, at an odd angle on the shoulder of the road. Behind him he heard Winston say: "That's the heck of it, Jesse. It'll take some time to trace that car—there're no plates on her and there's no registration card. That's the only reason Mac stopped in the diner. We can't check the clothes labels until the stores open in the morning. But I've roused Bonham out of bed to work on the motor serial, and there's the gun, of course—if it's registered at all. We're already working that angle. Car probably belongs to a woman. A few hairpins—"

Chuck had paused five yards from the black coupé. The sight of it—even more than the shocking evidence of vio-ence around it—struck him with the mpact of a blow. He had no idea how long he stood there, limp and suddenly cold.

"Well, kid?" Jesse Webb had come up behind him and was speaking softly. "You know who that belongs to, don't you? Let's you and me drive by the house now."

But Chuck could only shake his head, a haggard, negative movement hat caused Jesse Webb to swear under his breath and stalk past him to he car. While the deputy probed about n the car with a flashlight, Chuck didn't move. Let that bullheaded state policeman back there get hold of the ame, and then what? Sirens, spot-ghts, tear gas? No, thanks.

Abruptly then, an idea returned to im. He thrust his hand into his trouser pocket. Perhaps there *was* something he could do. With the key to the back door of the Hilliard house in his dry, cold palm, he turned around and walked back to the little group of spectators and looked for a taxi driver who could take him back to his club.

When the driver wanted to discuss the shooting, Chuck said only: "Step on it, and no talk. We'll read all about it in the morning paper."

TWENTY minutes later, hunched over the counter in the diner, waiting for the coroner's and any other reports, Jesse Webb was trying to make sure that the story did not reach the morning paper. He and Carson, the FBI man, were explaining to a young reporter named Ernie how important it was that the dead boy's brother should not learn of his death. "If Glenn Griffin gets hold of this and gets scared—" Jesse began.

But Ernie cocked his blond head and pursed his lips. "Jesse, you got a job," he said, "but I got one too. This is a big story and I can't sit on it."

"There are human lives at stake," Jesse said firmly. "Make it an accident—unidentified victim."

"I'll talk to the editor. But I got to write it."

With the old hopelessness returning, Jesse only nodded. It was strange, but in the last few hours he had almost forgotten Uncle Frank and whatever personal reasons he might once have had for wanting to get Glenn Griffin. What concerned him now—and on a deep personal level—was the plight of that family, whoever they were. As yet he hadn't had time to consider what Hank Griffin's actions tonight might mean to them. He'd get to that, though. Working in this tedious and laborious manner, checking motor serials and the like, he'd have plenty of time—maybe too much.

As it turned out, however, Jesse had no time at all. Before he could believe it, the long wait was over. He looked up from the counter and saw Tom Winston half turning from the telephone on the wall, and motioning to him. He got up and joined Winston as Tom turned from the telephone that Hank Griffin had used more than an hour ago. "Outside, Jesse," Winston said, and together they went out the same doorway through which Hank Griffin had fled after shooting the trooper.

In the cold wind, Tom Winston turned his ruddy face to Jesse. "The gun," he said quietly. "The little black automatic Griffin used on MacKenzie—it's registered in the name of Hilliard. Daniel C. Hilliard."

That was all there was to it. After all these hours, it was as simple as that. Jesse's memory didn't falter. He did not have to think back slowly and uncertainly over the list of old Floyd Patterson's customers. The name *Eleanor Hilliard,* signed on a check, was very clear in his mind. And just as clear was the map of the neighborhood, the location of the house. He knew everything now, and there was no explosion of joy, no particular triumph. There was only the inevitable question: Where do we go from here? . . .

Forty-five minutes later—it was almost 4:00 A.M. and very dark—Jesse Webb was driving a borrowed brown car whose appearance could in no way be associated with the police: he was approaching the Hilliard house from the west on Kessler Boulevard. In a very short time now he would have a

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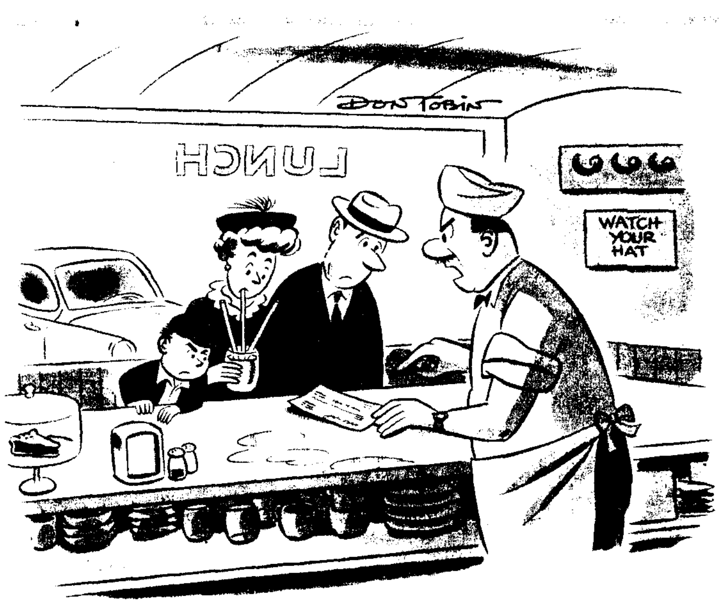

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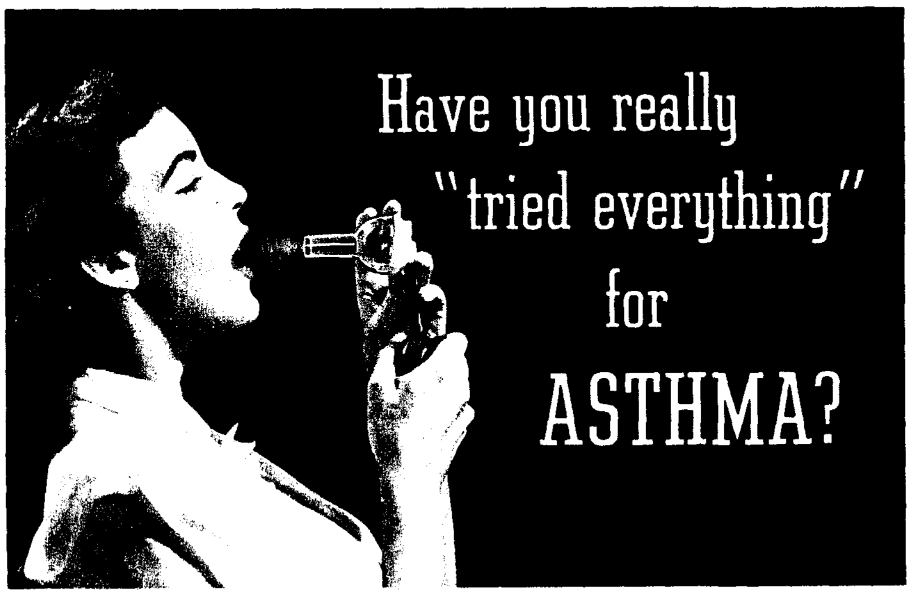
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complete report on this Daniel C. Hilliard, but he could already judge a few factors for himself: good income, quiet sort of life, excellent neighborhood.

Slowing down, he held the car to a steady crawl as he passed the house, which was on his left. It was a rather large place, he saw, set off by itself, with flat fields to the west, and two or three wooded lots to the east. On his right there were no buildings of any sort, only an expanse of meadow with a realtor's sign advertising lots for sale. They chose well, those three rats, he said to himself.

In the house itself he saw no signs of activity; it was completely dark. But in the driveway there was a long, recent-model blue sedan with its nose pointed toward the street. That meant they were still in there—one or perhaps both of them. As he came abreast of the next house, the one nearest the Hilliards' he remembered the map. Walling, he thought, Lester Walling.

At the first cross street he made a left turn, intending to drive all the way around the block. But he remembered then that, on the map, it was not an ordinary block here; there was no street or road behind the Hilliard house for perhaps a quarter of a mile. It was this area north of the house that he was particularly interested in as he finally turned left again on the graveled back road that paralleled the boulevard. His job now was to find a place for a lookout, a place where a man or preferably several men could keep watch. This was what he was considering when he suddenly caught sight of something that caused him to stop the car.

WHAT he saw first was a gleam in the woods. But when he got out and walked back to investigate with his flashlight, he found a small low-slung foreign sports car half hidden in the trees. He dismissed at once the idea that it might be another getaway car: it was too conspicuous, too small. He found no identification in the glove compartment. He picked up from the seat a small cardboard box; it was empty. On the lid were three Oriental-looking *symbols in a vertical line.* They meant nothing to him and he was about to replace the box when it occurred to him to smell it. The odor was distinct: acrid and metallic—the smell of gunpowder. And then he remembered the odd-shaped automatic pistol on top of the bureau in Chuck Wright's room. He fixed the number of the license plate in his mind and drove hurriedly toward the all-night restaurant where Winston, Carson and the others were waiting.

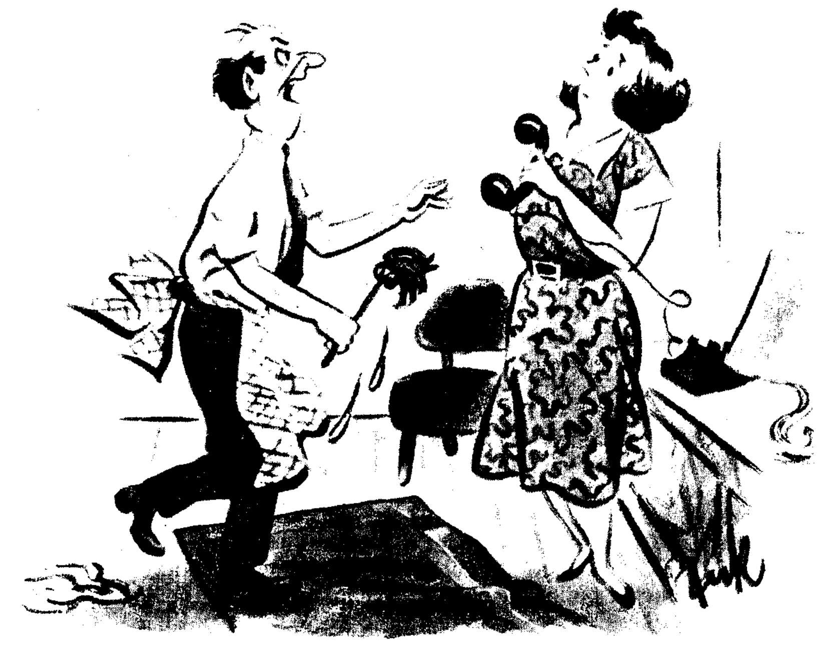
TIME seemed to stand still for Chuck Wright. He was looking forward to dawn. He was lying in the high grass behind the garage, but even in the darkness he did not want to show his head around the corner of the building any more times than was necessary. Nothing moved now, in or near the dark house itself, and he heard no sounds except an occasional car passing on the boulevard; but he could not see well enough to tell whether the men inside the house were keeping watch out the rear windows. Before he dared make any move at all, he had to know pretty well where those men were located inside.

With luck, after it was light, he would be only the two of them against him and the advantage of surprise on his side. Very soon now, he thought, the police would have the name, the address, everything. If the police started to close in, prodded by that impatient state-police lieutenant, somebody had to be inside to see that nothing happened to the Hilliards.

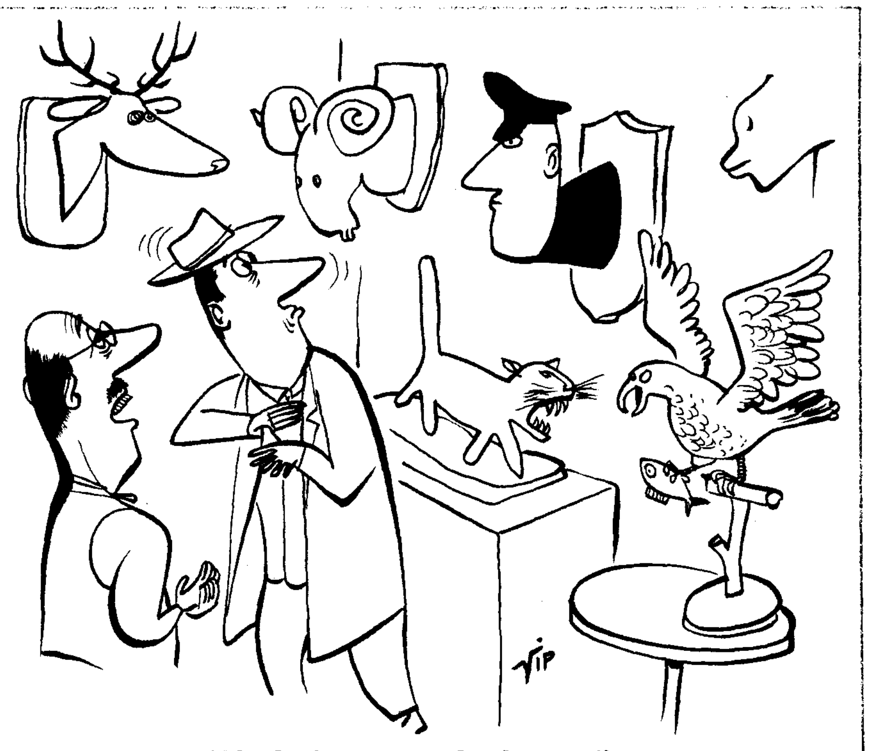
The thought of the family inside the house moved him strangely. It was the first time in his life—in this unlikely place and at this unlikely hour—that he had ever felt such outrage and compassion. He was involved now, one of them. And with this realization, he felt a certain new strength—not the cocky strength of the Marine, who really hadn't cared much one way or the other, but the solid, knowing determination of a man who was not going to let anything happen to people he loved.

That word "love" scared him once, he recalled, in that far-off time when he had been too blind and stupid to know what it meant. Now he was going to see to it that nothing happened to Cindy or to any of the people who *by his own secret and mystifying adop*tion, had become his family. . . .

It was a murky, cold dawn, and i came well after six o'clock. By this time Jesse Webb was ready for it—as ready as he would ever be; it had been



COLLIER'S **"You might at least have told him I was painting a chair . . ."** KIRK



COLLIER'S "Oh, that's a mounted policeman" VIRGIL PARTCH

determined at that meeting in the all-night restaurant that if Glenn Griffin and Robish came out of the house with a member of the Hilliard family, they were to hold fire and wait.

Lieutenant Fredericks had insisted, with some vehemence, that this was stupid and irresponsible, because those filthy killers would not allow their hostages to live anyway. "You're putting a tool in the hands of every felon in the country!" he had said.

BUT the decision had gone against Fredericks. Now all precautions had to be taken, nothing overlooked. Jesse himself propped a ladder against the east side of the Wallings' house and climbed carefully, in the first light of day, while Tom Winston and Carson showed their badges to the startled people inside and explained what was taking place, although not completely why. Looking cautiously over the ridge of the roof from his vantage point on the ladder, Jesse ascertained that a man stationed here could command a fair, though incomplete, view of the Hilliard residence. From higher up, it might be possible to see more.

An hour later, therefore, two police officers were seated in a television installation-and-repair truck three blocks away, wearing the coverall uniform of an established local dealer and waiting for their signal to appear at the Walling house; there they were to set up, innocently and as slowly as possible, a television antenna on the Walings' roof.

At seven fifty, in the attic of the Walling house—where a police-radio apparatus was being assembled—Jesse Webb received word from the Statehouse that the license plates attached to he foreign sports car had been issued o Charles K. Wright, Jr. Jesse paced he attic, bent forward, his head narowly missing the low beams. He hadn't slept or shaved. He felt tired nd excited and on edge. Where was hat Wright kid? And what was he up o? Didn't the young fool realize that he could foul up everything now if he tartled or frightened those two caged nimals in there?

Jesse was still angry at himself over nother report he had received sevral hours ago, this one from the telehone company. Since Wednesday morning—in the two full days since the three men had escaped—one long-distance telephone call had been received at the Hilliard number. This had been a person-to-person call, collect, to a Mr. James from a Mrs. Dixon, and it had been placed at a bus-station booth in Circleville, Ohio. Trust those rotten, clever swine! Helen Lamar, too smart to place a call from Columbus, had bought a car and traveled south twenty-six miles, and there, no longer under surveillance, had called from a town Jesse had never heard of.

What arrangements she had made with Glenn Griffin, Jesse did not know, but he had hopes of finding out very soon now, because at three twenty-two this morning, barely an hour after Hank Griffin was killed, a Mr. James in the Hilliard house had placed a person-to-person, prepaid call to a Mrs. Dixon at a number in Cincinnati. Did this mean that Glenn Griffin knew or suspected what had happened to his brother? Did he want to make sure that Helen Lamar was still waiting? Whatever the answer to that might be, the number had been traced; and the FBI and the Cincinnati police were closing in on Helen Lamar.

Tom Winston, climbing up the attic stairs and speaking as he came, said: "A man and a redheaded girl just left the house, Jesse. They're walking along the boulevard, toward the bus stop, probably. The guy has a big freckled face and he looks even worse than you do—which is saying something. The girl's a beauty and she looks sore at the world."

"Griffin and his pal are cocky, aren't they?" Jesse Webb said softly. "Letting them out of the house even now. Getting real cocksure, aren't they? That leaves the little boy and the wife. I guess they figure two are enough to take with them." Then, in an angry whisper: "But they aren't taking anybody—they aren't going anywhere."

AFTER a long ride in numb and total silence, Dan and Cindy stepped out the rear door of the bus into the nine-o'clock crush on Monument Circle in downtown Indianapolis. With the hurrying crowd jostling them, Cindy rose up on her toes, and Dan was astonished to feel his daughter's

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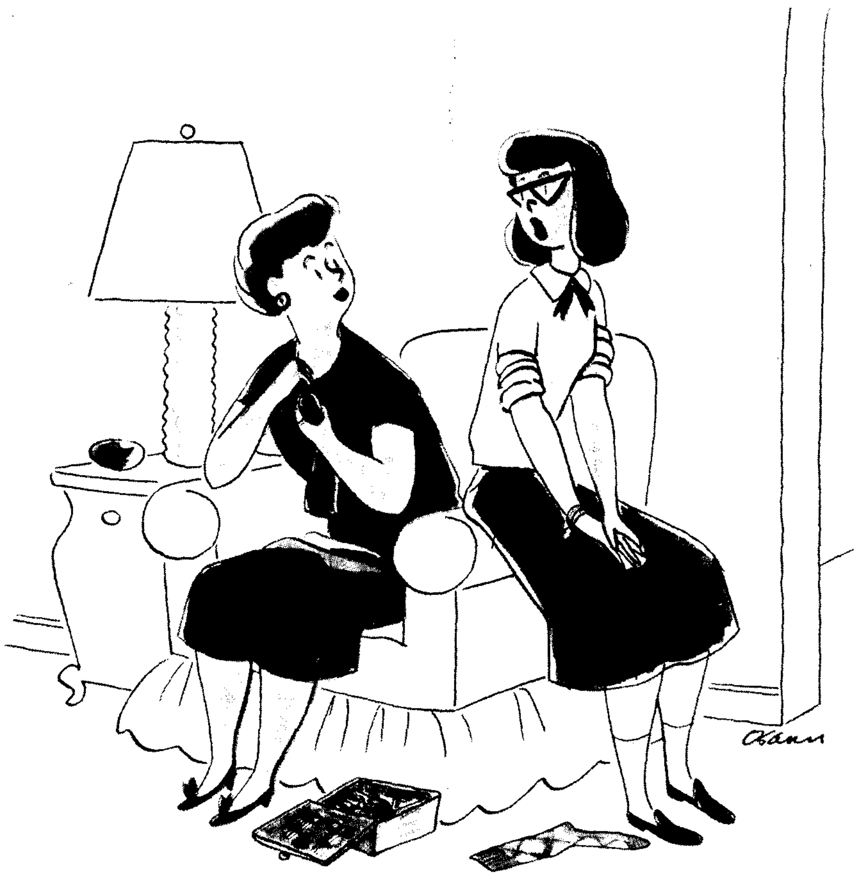

COLLIER'S "I promised Ted I'd wait for him. He's going to visit his uncle in Oregon for a week" KATE OSANN

lips on his. While he might normally have been embarrassed by such a gesture in public, he found that instead he was grateful—grateful and humble, and yet beaten down with the despair that had been mounting in him all night.

In his office, as nine thirty slowly approached, Dan told himself again that panic was his enemy now. The trick was to let the hopelessness of the situation deaden his emotions. He thought of the plan he had devised last night in that eternity of sleeplessness. It was simple, really: in those last frantic moments, with the money in hand, he would force Griffin to take him, and only him, along. If Griffin refused, Dan would remind him that he, and only he, knew the name of the man Griffin was paying to kill the policeman; and only he knew the policeman's name. The killer-to-be was named Flick; the policeman, Webb.

IN THAT nightmarish scene between the two brothers before Hank Griffin left, Glenn had shouted the two names and Dan had made a point of remembering them. Flick and Webb—if the police had those two names, the criminal's warped revenge could not be carried out.

But there was a loophole in his plan, an awful possibility that last night Dan had not been able to consider. It came to him now, a sharp stab of actuality that made his plan seem only an impossible figment of his sickened imagination. Last night he had not known that Griffin intended that Cindy should hand over the money to the killer.

Later this morning, when he and Cindy returned to the house, Cindy would know the killer. She would have seen him, spoken to him; she would be able to identify his face, his voice. She would be a far more likely hostage for Griffin to take along than Dan, who knew the hired killer only by name.

What would happen, Dan wondered now, if he tried to carry out his plan anyway? Would Griffin see through the empty threat? Dan intended to take that chance. Perhaps Glenn Griffin would be unable to consider all the angles; he seemed to be cracking up. There had been a blurred look about his eyes this morning, a harsh red line on his underlids, a loose wetness about his lips. But what if his cunning mind found the loophole in Dan's plan? If he was far enough gone in hysteria to risk the noise, he would probably kill Dan outright and then take Cindy along in the car.

Dan glanced at the clock on his desk again—twenty-two minutes after nine.

Then, because it was a way to fill those last few minutes, he unfolded the morning paper. He stared directly into the face of young Hank Griffin. Over the photo were the words:

FUGITIVE KILLED, TROOPER WOUNDED IN GUN BATTLE.

Before Dan could read the accompanying account of the incident, there was a knock at the door and his secretary came in. "Letter for you, Mr. Hilliard," she said. "Special delivery." She laid a white envelope on his desk and went out, closing the door.

As he reached for the envelope Dan remembered one more astonishing fact, one that explained the unpredictable and doubly dangerous stranger that Glenn Griffin had become overnight: Griffin had spent the night with his ear close to the radio; so he had known this morning exactly what had happened to his brother.

Dan slit open the envelope then and counted five one-thousand-dollar bills. He took out three of them and put them into a plain white envelope from his drawer and carefully placed both envelopes in his breast pocket. . . .

Acutely aware that it was now nine thirty, Eleanor sat upstairs in Ralphie's room. She had locked the door, and she and her son were playing rummy. She could hear, from below, the eternal chatter from the radio, and above it, occasionally, the voices of the two men calling to each other from the front to the back of the house. She could make out only a few of the words: ". . . roof of the house next door . . . coppers? . . . fixing the television." Then there was silence. In a moment she heard Griffin's voice, almost lost in Robish's heavy, taunting laughter: "If that Hilliard is pulling anything—if he ain't doing just what I told him—" . . .

But Dan Hilliard, at this point, was doing exactly what he had been instructed to do: he was at the Guarantee Building, where Cindy worked, handing over to her the envelope containing the three thousand dollars. Then, still following orders, he left the building and walked around the corner to his bank.

At ten minutes of ten Dan spoke to a teller who had served him for ten years. The teller complied with his request without asking questions, but when Dan had left the bank, his brief case bulging with small bills, the bewildered teller examined the two one-thousand-dollar bills Dan had given him in exchange.

Three minutes later the teller's bewilderment had deepened, because in that time he had spoken through the grilled window to a young man who showed an FBI badge and asked him, please, to place those two bills aside until he received further instructions regarding them.

Less than five minutes later, Special Agent Carl Merck of the FBI was speaking by radio to Jesse Webb in the cold attic of the Walling house. A few minutes earlier, Jesse had been standing on the ladder propped against the Wallings' roof, watching the Hilliard house and trying to calm the growing tension he felt. Now, what Jesse was considering was not the information he had just received from the man named Merck—although the money angle explained why the two fugitives had stayed in the house so long—but a movement he had seen behind the Hilliard garage while he had been standing on that ladder. He hadn't dared use the binoculars then, but he had his own idea as to what that movement was. And he was not sure there was anything he should, or safely could, do about it.

LONG before Glenn Griffin, inside the house, had noticed it, Chuck Wright had become aware of the activity atop the Walling house. And, instead of attempting to enter the Hilliard house just after dawn as he had planned, he had waited in the woods behind the house, watching. Now, at six minutes past ten, he was overcome with impatience. If those men *were* police and they intended to close in he would have to get inside the house before any trouble started; but he couldn't be sure. Crouched behind the shrubbery, he was concentrating on the head that appeared momentarily from behind the curtains in Mr. Hilliard's den.

You've got to divert their attention he told himself. You've got to get tha guy to the front of the house. Bu how? He wanted to distract the two men, but only a little, and not alarm them into action—some natural sound that could be explained away easily But what?

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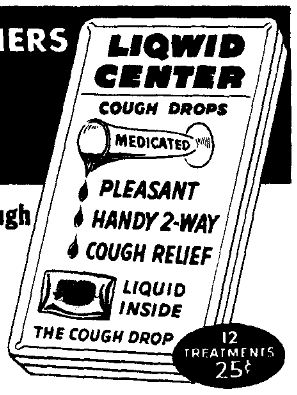

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He gazed up at a tall, dead oak tree on the far side of the Hilliards' house. In the wind, branches from the tree often dropped, sometimes with a startling clatter, to the roof. With an idea taking form in his mind, Chuck picked up a two-foot length of broken bough. The wood was rotten and crumbling. Would it make enough noise? Could he throw it all the way up and over the pitched roof so that it would drop onto the front part of the house? And would the men inside stop to consider what had caused the sound, or would it startle them into violent action? Most important, would it lure that man from Mr. Hilliard's den, even for a few seconds?

He would have to take the chance. He grasped the bough firmly, drew back and threw it as hard as he could. The wood soared up in a high arc, cleared the top of the house and dropped out of sight. Chuck crouched down again and waited. There was a mild thud and then a soft, scudding sound as it tumbled down the far side of the roof. The curtains at the window were drawn back quickly. Chuck caught a glimpse of a square, ugly, unshaven face. Then the curtains closed again.

Chuck was up now and running hard in a crouch. On the back porch, trying to control his heavy breathing, he put the key into the lock on the back door. From inside the house he heard two men's voices, and then a woman's. He edged the door open, stepped inside, closed it and locked it behind him.

Without pausing, he crept down the basement stairs, hearing thunderous steps overhead and then a deep voice: "All clear here, Griffin."

Farther away a lighter voice, strangely high-pitched and uncertain, called: "Okay, we take the woman's word for it. This time."

"Who's jumpy now?" the first voice said. "A branch off a tree and you start hoppin'." A mocking laugh followed the words.

Chuck took up his position directly under the basement stairs. The Japanese automatic had already begun to feel natural in his hand.

IT WAS a long, narrow room with a bar along one side and booths along the other. Cindy, sitting in a worn, shabby booth, could think only of the man who sat across from her. He had been prompt, arriving exactly at ten thirty—the time that he and Glenn Griffin had arranged by telephone before Cindy and her father had left for work this morning. Cindy knew what he wanted, why he was here; in a sense, she was helping this small, well-dressed, pale-eyed stranger to commit a murder.

"You know my name, Miss?" the man asked politely.

She shook her head, feeling a quick choking anger mingled with the disgust and contempt. She did not want to know the name of this man who spoke so softly and pleasantly; she knew only what he was going to do in exchange for the money she was about to give him. Cindy felt herself trembling all over. Those same well-manicured hands that were now resting flatly and calmly on the table would hold the gun that would kill a man, a policeman.

Cindy opened her purse and took out the white envelope her father had given her. The man took it in silence, nodding, and put it in his inside pocket without glancing at it.

Then, without warning, a shadow fell across the scarred tabletop. Cindy saw the man across from her look up, and she followed his gaze. She was staring into the big, red face of a tall, muscular man, who stood casually beside the table with his hands in his overcoat pockets.

"What you got in your pocket, Flick?" the man asked in a hoarse, ugly voice that was somehow gentle. "You can hand it over. And you can both come down to the station and answer some questions."

Cindy's mind was a blur of confusion. This can't be, this isn't happening, she thought desperately. They're ruining everything!

The big man was speaking to her then: "I'm only following orders, Miss. If you've done nothing, they won't hold you."

For the first time since it had all begun two days ago, Cindy began to cry—in rage and frustration and despair. It was over now, all of it; and in the little she had been asked to do, she had somehow failed. What would happen if she didn't return to the house by eleven thirty, as Glenn Griffin had ordered? What would he do when this pale-eyed little man didn't telephone him that he had received the money? What would happen to the others?

BY NOW Dan Hilliard was back in his office, waiting for Cindy. He too was recalling Glenn Griffin's insistence that Cindy return to the house with Dan. Did that mean Griffin intended to take Eleanor and Cindy along—possibly on the theory that two women in the car with them would provide the safest cover?

It was not going to be that way, Dan vowed to himself. He was going to see to it—

When his office door opened, he stood up at once, expecting Cindy. But a man came in—a very tall man wearing a battered, water-stained hat. His eyes were bloodshot and his manner, as he crossed the room to stand in front of Dan Hilliard's desk, was slow and definite. The man looked at Dan for a long moment, and Dan felt his blood chill. Then the man pulled open his trench coat and Dan caught a glimpse of a badge, a leather holster, the butt of a gun.

Very slowly, then, Dan sat down.

"My name's Webb, Mr. Hilliard. I'm a deputy sheriff. I got your letter."

Dan sat stiffly, stunned. It *can't* go like this now, he thought. Not when you've finally got their money in your pocket! "I don't know what you're talking about, Deputy," he said.

Jesse Webb seemed to lose his temper. He pulled his hands out of his pockets and rested them, palms flat, on the top of Dan Hilliard's desk, his lean body hunched forward. "Look," he said in a hoarse, cracked voice. "Look, Mr. Hilliard, I wouldn't be here if I didn't have to be. It's taken a long time, but I'm here, and we don't have time to waste now, do we? So let's have the rest of it, straight and fast and from the beginning. Then we can decide what we're going to do about it. Damn it, Hilliard, start talking!"

The emotion Jesse saw on Dan Hilliard's face then, or some flicker of memory inside himself, stopped him. He straightened, taking a deep breath, and looked past Dan Hilliard, out the window.

"Sorry," he said gruffly. And then in a much softer, much gentler tone he added: "But what are we going to do about it? That's the question now. What do we do, Mr. Hilliard?"

—JOSEPH HAYES

(This is the third of four parts.)

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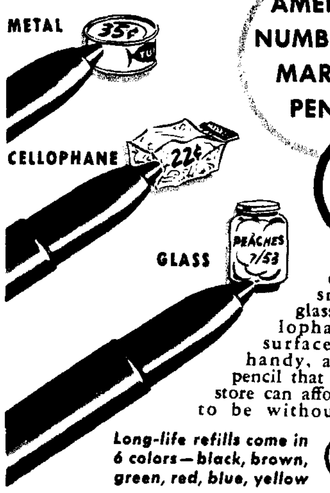

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Dangerous snail (top) is a disease bearer of type that has infected 140,000,000 people in Far East and Africa. Strange, harmless variety of snail (bottom) sends up snorkel-like tube to breathe air from surface when under water

Such Interesting

By JAMES POLING

They can grow a new head, change their sex at will and go without food for years. Some of them have even been outlawed by Congress

THE Congress of the United States recently struck a blow against snails. It passed a law imposing a one-year jail sentence and a $500 fine on anyone who brings into the country a live snail not approved by the Secretary of Agriculture. Congress' concern struck me as curious enough to warrant investigation, since a snail, to me, was just a slow-moving animal to be found in home aquariums or, better still, sautéed in olive oil and garlic and served on a dinner plate. That Congress had passed a law against them was, I discovered, one of the least curious facts that could be cited about snails.

You can cut off what serves for a snail's head and he can grow another. Some snails are bisexual; others change sex with confusing frequency. There are snails that feed men, and those that can kill men. One member of the family has carried a deadly disease to more than 140,000,000 of the world's population. Another species, a voracious plant eater, after a journey of some 8,000 miles is now set to invade our shores. If he does, he may threaten many of our garden crops. This marauder —the giant African—is the snail that finally stirred Congress into action.

Up to now there have been 45 known snail invasions of the United States. Some of these attacks cost us millions of dollars in crop damage and control measures. But none has come up to the giant African's potential. A six- to nine-inch Goliath-among-snails, he has 80,000 teeth, set on a ribbonlike tongue, which can saw through plant life like a rasp—and an insatiable appetite! He is a determined traveler; like all snails, he carries his own roadbed with him, a silvery trail of mucus he lays down as a highway to protect his single foot from sand and grit.

The giant African snail began his 8,000-mile journey in the general direction of our shores at the beginning of the last century, after the governor of Réunion, a French colonial island possession in the Indian Ocean, imported living specimens from Africa for breeding purposes. A young lady in whom the governor was interested, it seems, had developed a taste for snail soup.

Once he was on the march, Goliath couldn't be stopped. Poison bait, live steam, flame throwers and cyanide gas have been used in a futile attempt to slow his snail's pace. He destroyed young tea plants in Ceylon, ravaged rubber plantations in Malaya and went foraging in the gardens of Java, Sumatra and Thailand. By 1930, he was even eating the whitewash off walls in Singapore. In the following 15 years he advanced on New Guinea, the Marianas and the Hawaiian Islands. In his methodical way, he'd reached our threshold.

Soon after the end of World War II, customs inspectors began to encounter Goliath in agricultural shipments entering our West Coast ports. Worse still, several of his kind were found munching lettuce in San Pedro, California, water-front warehouses. The National Research Council, a government-supported group that investigates matters of scientific concern to the nation, was called upon to find a way to stop the invasion.

Dr. Francis X. Williams, an entomologist who had conducted a successful fight against insect invaders of the Hawaiian Islands, was sent to Africa by the council to learn all he could about Goliath's habits and his natural enemies. In a small jungle south of Mombasa, in Kenya, he discovered a David who he hoped might defeat Goliath. David was a small cannibalistic snail whose one interest in life seemed to be to slaughter the giant African and feast on his meat.

The National Research Council worked out a plan to establish colonies of the two snails on Agiguan, an uninhabited island in the Marianas, and let them battle it out. David, it was hoped, would succeed where flame throwers had failed.

But rounding up a sufficient number of Goliath's natural enemies to colonize a small island was not easy. The problem of carefully plucking live snails from their native habitat and shipping them thousands of miles to a strange environment called for another kind of expert. The job was assigned to R. Tucker Abbott, associate curator of mollusks at

Snails travel over special, self-made highways. By secreting mucus from their bodies, they lay a thin trail, smooth enough to protect their sensitive single foot from dirt and sand

SNAILS

Target of Congressional legislation is the giant (nine inches) African land snail which has 80,000 teeth and a taste for fine garden crops

the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. Abbott, an internationally known authority, was the man I went to for guidance when I set out to learn why Congress had grown so exercised over snails. He turned out to be a slight, Boston-born young man of thirty-five, as jaunty as the brilliant bow ties he favors. In describing his work he said, "I'm a malacologist. That's just a fancy word for a specialist in the study of the invertebrate, shell-building mollusks."

Since snails can be found practically anywhere—in the high Himalayas, the desert, the jungle, Antarctica, the seven seas, in fresh-water ponds and streams and even in hot springs—Abbott, whose work has taken him to many of these spots, says he was not surprised when, in 1950, he was ordered to Mombasa to hunt David.

Once Abbott reached his destination, it took him half a day to find his first specimen, since David turned out to be a shy and retiring snail about the size of a marble, who spent a good deal of his life between meals dozing under a few inches of jungle leafmold. Because he was in a hurry, Abbott set up shop in a thatch-roofed hut on the beach and put a price on David's head that would, he knew, assure him the enthusiastic co-operation of the local population.

The natives soon formed lines outside the hut where the strange *bwana* was paying two cents for each *doo-doo* (David, in native dialect). Within 10 days Abbott had 2,000 *doo-doos,* the economy of that whole section of the Kenya coast had been disrupted, and the local storekeeper had sold out his entire stock of cigarettes to the now prosperous inhabitants.

But Abbott soon discovered that *doo-doos* had a healthy appetite for one another as well as for Goliath. In order to transport them to the Marianas intact and undigested, he had to induce them to estivate. "That's what snails do in dry, hot weather when food and water run short," he explains. "They crawl into their shells and sleep, or estivate, until conditions are more to their liking. Some species have been known to estivate for as long as four years without any nourishment."

They're Liveliest in the Rainy Season

But Abbott was working in the height of the rainy season in Mombasa, when *doo-doos* are in their liveliest, most frolicsome mood. He tried to drive them into estivation by using artificial heat in various forms—and killed them off faster than he had collected them. One night he went to bed in disgust and left some live snails free to roam around his hut. In the morning the walls were covered with their tracks, which stopped abruptly where they had dropped to the floor—in a state of estivation.

"The gas lamps I'd been burning," he says, "made my hut unnaturally dry. Those snails spent all their stored-up moisture laying their slimy roadbeds for their nocturnal crawlings. When they found they couldn't replenish their stock, they probably said, 'Boys, we're really in dry country now. We'd better pull into our shells.' I took the rest of them up to Mombasa, rented the driest hotel room I could find, and let them all crawl themselves into estivation. I bet that hotel manager is still trying to account for the tracks on his walls and furniture."

With his charges sleepily stowed aboard an airplane, he flew them to the battlefield at Agiguan. It was, at best, an indecisive encounter. "At last report," Abbott says, "David and Goliath both are flourishing. That law passed by Congress will help keep out the giant African, of course, but I still think our best way to stop him is by having alert customs inspectors.

"They'd better be sharp-eyed. Goliath is vulnerable to frosts; on the other hand, there are many areas in the Southwest and the South where he could live for years. Only a few would have to slip through to cause trouble. They're bisexual, which means they can procreate without a mate, they lay 300 eggs at a sitting, and they sit often."

However, the threat posed by Goliath doesn't worry Abbott as much as the possibility that disease-carrying species, the host-snails, against which the law is also aimed, might establish residence here. He met his first specimen of these alarming invertebrates during World War II, and won for himself wide recognition as the world's leading authority on them before he had even graduated from college.

At the war's outbreak, Abbott was still studying at Harvard as the prize protégé of William Clench, the country's leading teacher of malacology. Even then his passion for snails drove him to seek their company under the most improbable circum-

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stances. Once, on a cruise, he earned a shipboard reputation as an eccentric because of the eagerness with which he collected discarded silk stockings from the ship's stewardesses.

"Don't get ideas," he says, telling the story on himself. "I ran ocean water from the ship's salt-water taps through the toes of those stockings. Then I borrowed the ship's doctor's microscope and found I'd picked up a beautiful lot of tiny snails."

Assigned to Medical Research

In the middle of the war, Abbott, who had enlisted in naval aviation, was abruptly transferred to a naval medical research unit and sent ashore right after the invasion of Leyte to see what he could do about preventing our troops from catching schistosomiasis, a dangerous disease which afflicts about 140,000,000 persons mostly in the Far East and Africa.

Schistosomiasis is contracted by bathing or swimming in fresh water infested with a host-snail. The snail itself is harmless but it acts as host to a parasitic fluke, or worm, whose larvae attack man. The larvae usually settle in the human liver, creating a blockage and fever condition that is fatal, if untreated.

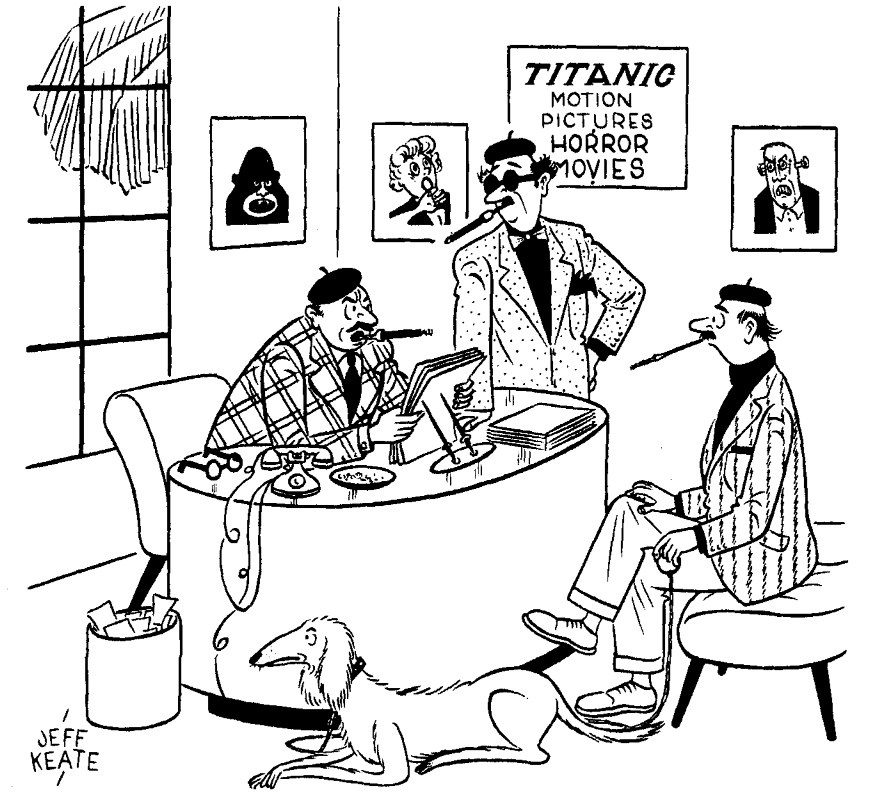
The only way to lick the larvae is by destroying the snail, since the fluke's young will die unless they find and fasten onto a snail within 35 hours after they are turned loose in the water. That's where Abbott came in.

The female snail of the species responsible for the epidemic—whom Abbott nicknamed Little Yellow Eyebrows—did her best to outwit him by laying an egg that was not only smaller than a pinhead but, also, cleverly camouflaged to look like a fecal pellet. It took him three months to identify and isolate this egg, months spent in frantic, around-the-clock snail collecting, dissecting and study. During that time 1,717 Americans came down with "schisto." But once he'd found the egg it was a simple matter to analyze it, develop a chemical that would destroy it and remove the threat of schisto from the streams and ponds our soldiers were bathing in.

Although only very few of the 100,000 types of snails thought to exist are dangerous enough to come under the provisions of the law, those few can wreak havoc, Abbott says. The Department of the Interior's Bureau of Fisheries is concerned, along with Congress, about the possibility of their entry, because fish eat snails and people eat fish. Happily, our climate and other factors protect us from the most deadly species—the beautiful cone snails, found in the Pacific, which have a sting venomous enough to kill a man. But as Congress knew when it passed its legislation against undesirable snails, disease bearers similar to those that ravage the Orient have been discovered on our own doorsill. They have been found in Puerto Rico, the West Indies and the northern part of South America. A snail capable of carrying disease actually got loose in this country a few years ago and bred by the hundreds of thousands. Fortunately, however, it never became infected.

In 1947, a puzzled geologist sent the Smithsonian's Division of Mollusks a handful of strange snails he'd found in Lithia Springs, Florida. They were turned over to Abbott, who had just joined the staff. He was dismayed to discover that the snails were *Thiara,* a genus never before known to this continent. *Thiara,* another host-snail, entertains the Oriental lung fluke, whose handiwork Abbott had seen too much of in the Far East.

He hurried to Florida and found the sandy bottom of Lithia Springs paved with the snails: about 400 to the square foot. After some laborious detective work, he found an aquatic-plant and fish dealer in Tampa who recalled having obtained some small snails with pretty reddish-brown shells from a West Coast importer of aquatic life in 1937—before we knew of *Thiara's*



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deadly characteristics and before the days of snail legislation. About 1940, he recalled, he'd been washing out a bucketful of aquarium plants in the springs and had dropped a snail into the water. That one had been enough to start the colony.

Luckily, Abbott's studies showed, the host-snail had been uninfected when dropped into the waters of Lithia Springs; no trace of the lung fluke existed. With his mission accomplished, Abbott turned to the fascinating problem of how a single snail could multiply into the thousands of *Thiara* he found in the springs.

The mother snail of this species is a molluscan kangaroo, who carries her young in a brood pouch just under the skin of her back. The tiny, red-shelled youngsters can be seen easily through the mother's skin, crawling about in their protective chamber. They emerge, at the rate of one a day, through a small birth hatch located on the right side of the mother's body.

How do they originate? Despite intensive study, Abbott has never found sperm. "In fact," he says, "I haven't even found any males." The mother *Thiara* either reproduces without benefit of the male, he says, or she has the ability to become a male for a fleeting period while retaining her female characteristics.

That doesn't surprise Abbott particularly. "You soon get blasé," he says. "Anything can happen in a snail's sex life." He cites a bisexual snail that literally makes use of a sort of Cupid's arrow. The male half of the snail manufactures a pointed calcium dart, ¼ of an inch long, and uses it to prod his sluggish female half into action during the mating season. Science hasn't yet decided, it seems, whether this dart-wielding male acts from instinct or whether he goads his partner in calculated, thought-out malice. Snails do have brains (Abbott has dissected a microscopic brain from a snail whose head was only 1/20th of an inch long), but no one has yet figured out to what extent they make use of them.

A Snail's Anatomic Growth

The new law applies only to live snails, not to their skeletons, or shells, which the mollusk wears uniquely outside his skin. The skeletal structure begins to develop at an early stage in the snail's existence, frequently while he is still in the egg, and continues to grow during the animal's life. It is manufactured by a flap of skin called the mantle, which is filled with a network of minute tubes. These tubes produce a solution of calcium carbonate, or liquid cement, that hardens as soon as it is secreted. The endless patterns and colors found on snail shells are produced by a series of pigment tubes, also in the mantle, which stain the layers of liquid cement as they are deposited.

Snail shells pour into the country by he millions annually. Some are used for commercial purposes (for souvenirs and decorations); others are bought by shell collectors, and gathered for cientific purposes. Snail shells are of value to the malacologist because many pecies of snails are never taken alive and their skeletons offer the only source of information about them.

The Smithsonian's Division of Molusks has 17,000,000 shells, a large maority of which are snail shells and epresent the world's largest collection. Contributions of new shells are reeived from all over the world at the ate of about 20,000 lots a year. The Institution even has one batch that was collected for it by a group of indignant hermit crabs.

One night during a field trip in Samoa, Abbott put some fresh shells he had carefully cleaned out on a mat to dry. In the morning they were gone, and had been replaced by a clump of battered old shells.

"I'd been raided by hermit crabs," he explains. "The hermit has no shell of his own and lives in a dead snail shell. He also has a very tender rear end, so when he's not living in the shell, he carries it over his rump for protection. He's very choosy, and always on the prowl for a newer better home-and-rear-end protector. The crabs had smelled my drying shells, raided them, and left me their discards."

Outsmarting the Hermit Crabs

Abbott got his revenge, however. The hermit crab can be forced from the inner recesses of his borrowed shell by blowing into the shell's mouth. The heavy concentration of carbon dioxide in the expelled breath forces the crab out in search of oxygen. Abbott found a colony of crabs, huffed and puffed them free of their shells, tossed them into the deep waters of the bay, and sat back. The irate crabs scurried around on the bay's bottom in search of nice new shells to fit their exposed rear ends. After they found satisfactory rump guards, they lugged them back ashore—into Abbott's waiting hands.

But even with the Smithsonian's huge collection, the information we have about snails, Abbott laments, is all too meager. Out of 100,000 species, we know the full life cycles of only about 50. The world of snails is still a world shrouded in mystery.

Abbott, however, had cleared up one aspect of that mystery for me—why the Congress of the United States had felt it necessary to make the importation of some snails a penal offense. It was a matter of simple justice that I could, in turn, contribute something to his knowledge of snails.

I discovered he'd never eaten one. He didn't think he really should, he said, until he'd had a chance to study snail gastronomy as extensively as he'd studied the other literature on snails. Three Martinis blotted out that peculiar reasoning and we went in search of a snail dinner.

When the snails, sizzling in their shells, were placed before us, he studied them solemnly, then announced, "*Helix pomatia,* first described by Linné in 1758." He took one between his teeth and nibbled on it gingerly.

"I thought it would be gritty," he said with surprise. "This fellow has about 50,000 teeth, you know. They're microscopic, but they're hard and they can rasp away material harder than his own shell."

Once he was satisfied his own teeth wouldn't be in competition with *pomatia's,* he ate with gusto. Then he took out a pad and wrote:

> *Helix pomatia,* Linné, 1758
> (On menu as *Escargots Bourguignonne*—1 dozen, $1.75)

"A scientist should always make an on-the-scene record of pertinent data," he said. "*Pomatia* has a very delicious, protein flavor. I wonder what *Helix aspersa* and *Otala lactea* taste like?"

He seemed happy, as if the world of snails had suddenly taken on new horizons for him. At the very least, he had garlic on his breath and a new research project on his mind.

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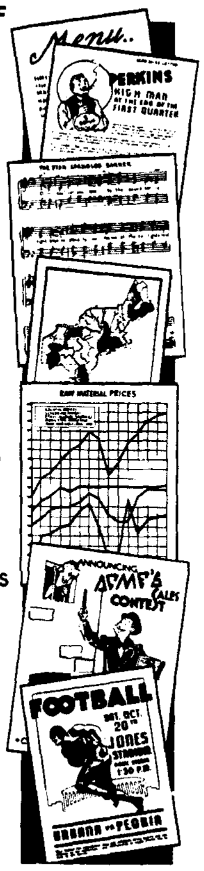

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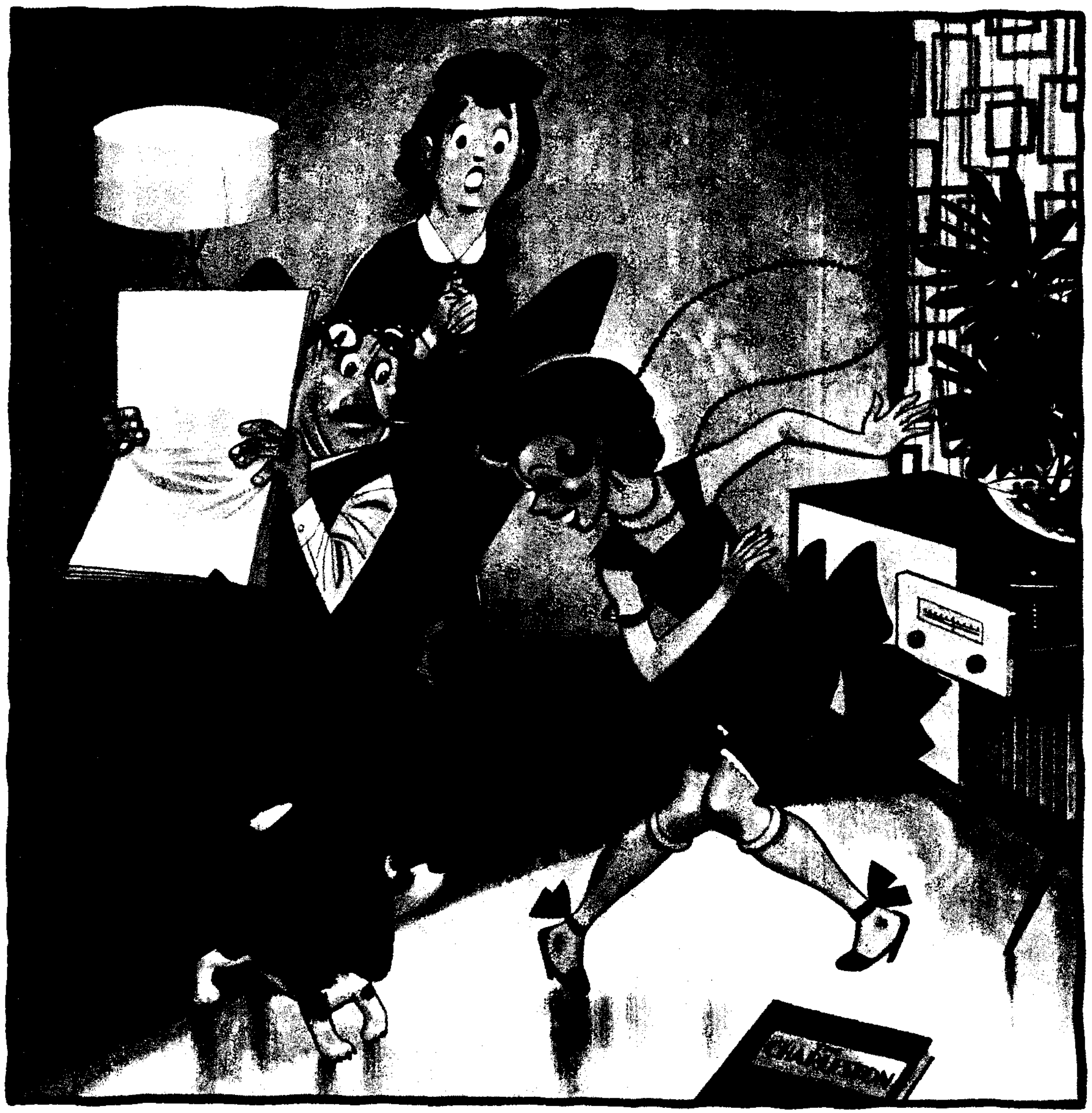

LOWELL HESS

Crazy Mixed-Up Kids

FROM TIME TO TIME we feel it our journalistic duty to report on the state and trends of women's fashions. And this time we must confess that the report is not cheerful, nor is the prognosis encouraging.

For one thing, we can no longer keep silent about the vogue for something called "the Italian boy haircut." And we are not cheered by the report that the oracular M. Christian Dior has decreed hemlines are to rise. Now, you youngsters may consider all this chic and charming. But to some older, if not wiser, heads, the current drift of fashion seems headed toward a repetition of certain earlier tonsorial and sartorial affronts of which the present generation can, blessedly, be only dimly aware. Nevertheless, let them take heed before it is too late.

First off, be assured that this "Italian boy" business is rank deception. The new bob is actually a somewhat disguised version of the spit-curl hairdo which Clara Bow popularized back in the 1920s. It's strictly a throwback to the cartoons of John Held, Jr. As for the threat of higher hemlines—well, young ladies, you should have seen your mamas when *they* were young ladies. Waistlines well below the hips, and the terminal point of dresses well above the knees. Base this on hosiery rolled below the knees, top it with a cloche hat as encompassing as a football helmet and you've an ensemble guaranteed to give your elders, with a remembrance of things past, a chill of foreboding.

The dictates of fashion being what they are, we realize we are trying to outshout the whirlwind when we utter this warning. But warn we must. It cannot be mere coincidence that the Charleston is kicking up its heels again, or that we saw a Dartmouth undergraduate in a coonskin coat at a football game last fall. These are straws in the wind. Girls' round garters with satin ribbon bows may be just around the corner. So, young friends, be alert and beware. One generation of flappers and sheiks in one lifetime is quite enough, believe us.

Where the UN Fell Down

WE SHOULD LIKE to add a postscript to the stirring account of Major David F. MacGhee's ordeal in Korean prison camps, titled Some of Us Didn't Crack, which appeared in our two previous issues. As any reader would inevitably be, we were impressed by the loyalty and fortitude with which the major and others like him withstood privation and torture at the hands of their Communist captors. But we were also impressed, in a less admiring mood, by the seeming indifference shown toward these prisoners by the UN military command.

Major MacGhee was a prisoner for almost two years and ten months. During that time he and his fellow POWs were virtually without unbiased news from the outside world. The North Korean General Nam Il told some of them of the dismissal of General MacArthur from his Far Eastern Command. And once an imprisoned officer was able to steal an old copy of Newsweek from a Korean interrogator. The effect of this one magazine, the major told us, was terrific. It was passed around and read in secret, and discussed with great, though guarded, enthusiasm. But beyond those two incidents there was nothing.

As we read Major MacGhee's story, which he wrote in collaboration with Collier's own Peter Kalischer, we were reminded of another article by Mr. Kalischer which this magazine published a little more than a year ago. Writing from Korea of the propaganda efforts aimed at persuading Communists to surrender, the author had this to say: "Twenty-four hours of every day the United Nations command bombards the enemy on and behind the front lines with ideas and information—by short- and medium-wave radio stations in Japan and Korea; by leaflets dropped from planes and shot out of guns; and by airborne and front-line loud-speakers."

Now, if our military leaders could take that much trouble to get ideas and information to the enemy, why could they not have done as much for their own men who were captives? They knew the location of the five major POW camps in North Korea. They sent B-26s and B-29s on bombing missions in the vicinity of those camps almost nightly. If they could bomb, why couldn't they drop leaflets or circle the camps with slow voice-planes, as they did over much more heavily defended enemy positions?

We don't have the answer. But we have an idea that the apparent neglect of these men may have accelerated the breakdown of moral fiber which Major MacGhee noted in the camps, and for the number of "progressives" and "canaries" among the prisoners. One cannot readily forgive these turncoats and informers. But one can imagine that their faithlessness was made easier by the fact that their own country seemed to have forgotten them.

These men didn't know how the war was going. They didn't know who was President of the United States. They didn't even know who had won the World Series or a hundred other things that a normal young American would be eager to hear about. They may readily have thought they were expendable. And so they lost spirit and hope and loyalty. They adopted the attitude that they had better look out for themselves, because nobody else was going to look out for them.

In such a newsless, cheerless vacuum of suffering and privation, and under the incessant pounding of Communist propaganda, it is remarkable that men like Major MacGhee remained steadfast. It is remarkable that only a handful of Americans stayed behind when repatriation finally came. But we feel that the majority of loyal POWs is no credit to the military command which, to our way of thinking, inexcusably neglected them.

If, unhappily, hostilities break out again in Korea or elsewhere and involve this country, there will be more American prisoners of war. We hope then that our psychological warriors will be as ready to do something for the aid and comfort of those prisoners as they were to sell the Communists the idea of giving up in Korea.

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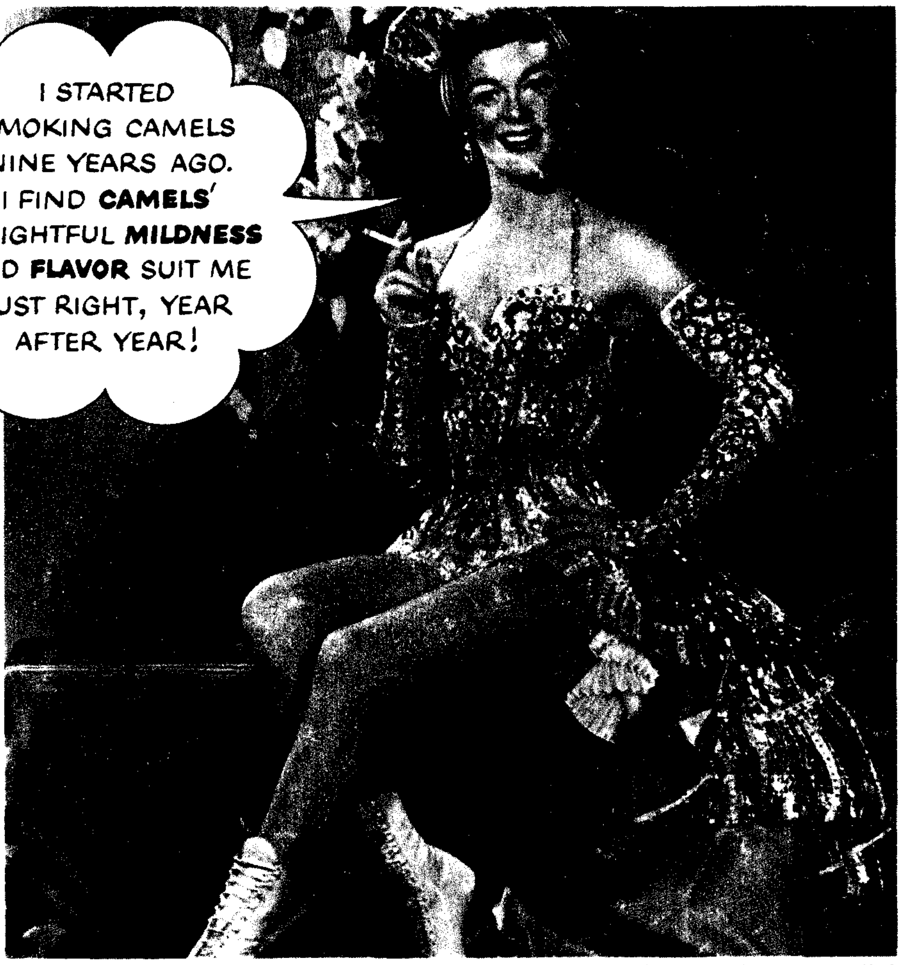
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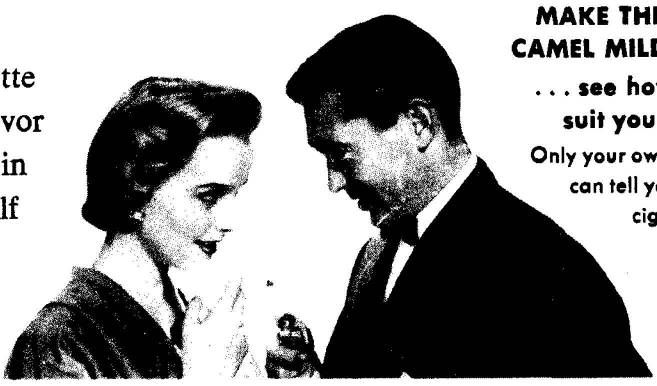

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